1932

BUJAMA

THIS BOOK BELONGS TO

Hilton, Esther

BWANA

ANNUAL OF ROOSEVELT HIGH 1932

ST. LOUIS, MO.

BWANA

I have come back, my river,
I have returned to you.
In my journeys, far and near,
I have found no stream your peer,
Nor found your equal in the whole world through.

I have come back, my river,
I have delayed too long;
But the notes of other streams,
That have murmured in my dreams,
Have hushed their voices in your great home song.

I have come back, my river,
No more we two shall part,
For I love the length of you—
And the breadth and strength of you—
And all your wealth of wonder fills my heart.

—Frederick Oakes Sylvester

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Mrs. Frederick Oakes Sylvester

Dedicated to Ol' Man River

Ol' man river dat' ol'
man river,
He must know sumpin'
but don't say nuthin,
He just keeps rollin' he
keeps on rollin' along.

BWANA

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Mr. Charles Ammerman, Assistant Principal
Miss Gertrude Blodgett, Dean of Girls

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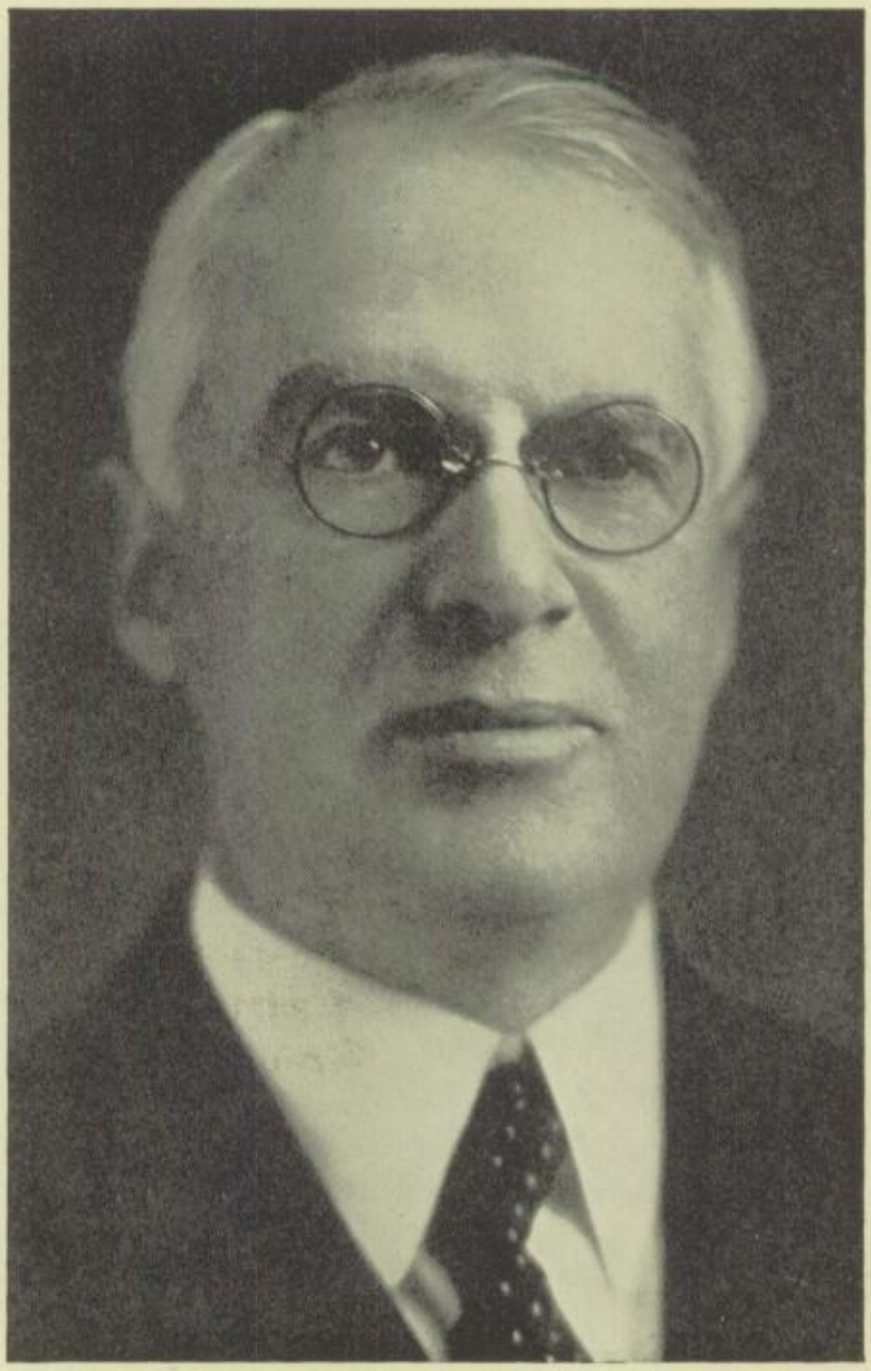
BWANA



MR. MAYNARD M. HART, Principal

BWANA

THOROUGHNESS

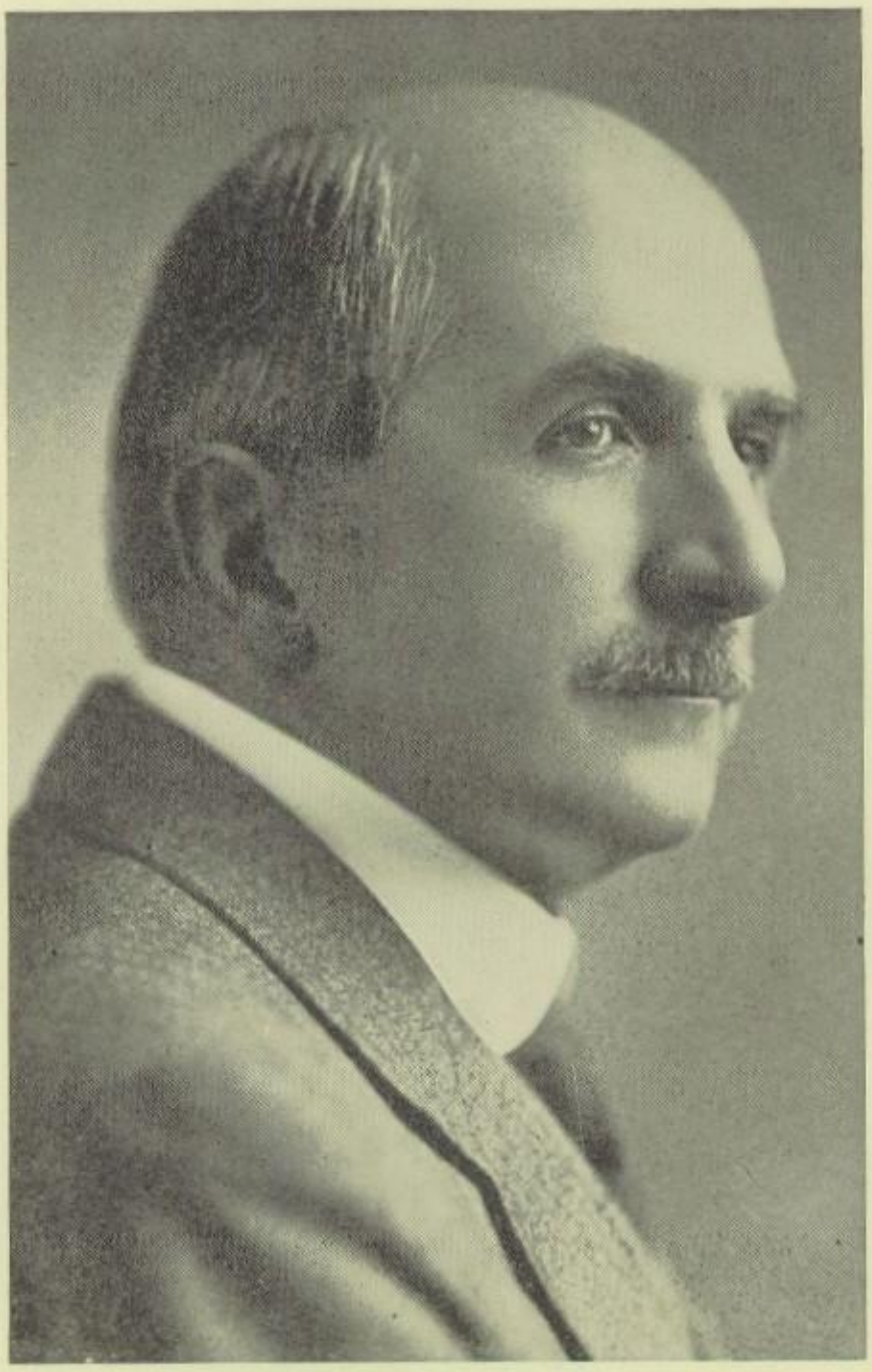
IT IS somewhat strange that in all the varied experiences of life we are prone to overlook more than we should the value of the trait known as thoroughness, which is an undoubted factor or element of success. It is true that abilities or talents may make a dazzling showing for a time; definite and comprehensive training can and does stand us in good stead; but in the end it is thoroughness that proves itself to be "the fabled tortoise in the race" and is, in fact, one of the secrets of real greatness. The records of history indicate very clearly and forcefully that those who have gained distinction have been the men and women who have done one thing well. Temporary defeat or discouragement has never turned them aside from the successful accomplishment of their purpose.

If the late Thomas Edison had a motto, it must have been, "This one thing I know—electricity." There is no doubt whatever that it was through persistence and continued effort that this wizard of the laboratory was enabled to procure over a thousand patents and thus fairly revolutionize modern living. As we all know, very many of the conveniences or comforts that we enjoy today have been the outcome of Edison's painstaking efforts and of the long vigils through which he patiently labored. This man did not belong to the class of those who ever watch the clock and meet nearly every request with a complaint.

I have often wondered what would happen, if in the world of industry or science we were satisfied with sixty-five per cent efficiency. What would we think, if, in the building of Eads Bridge, about sixty years ago, those in charge of its construction had been content with even ninety-nine per cent efficiency? Many more questions of a similar type could be raised to bring home the compelling thought that we should always strive for excellence and perfection in everything that we undertake. And let us remember that the key to such success lies through thoroughness.

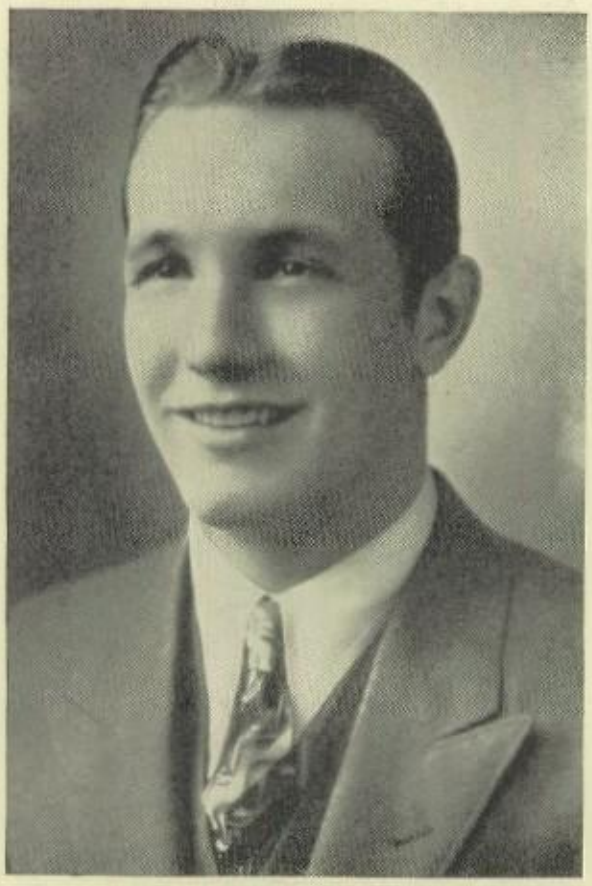
MAYNARD M. HART

BWANA

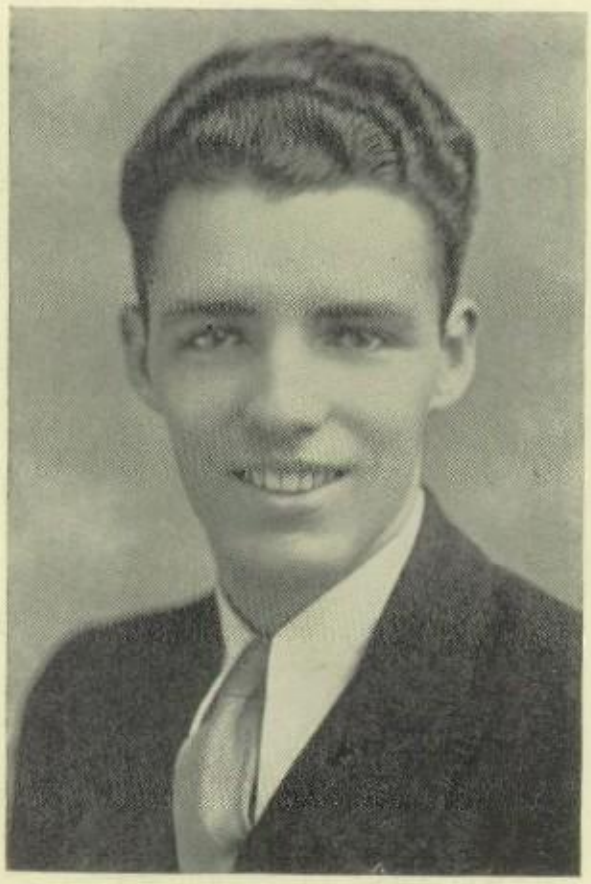


MR. CHARLES AMMERMAN
Assistant Principal

BWANA

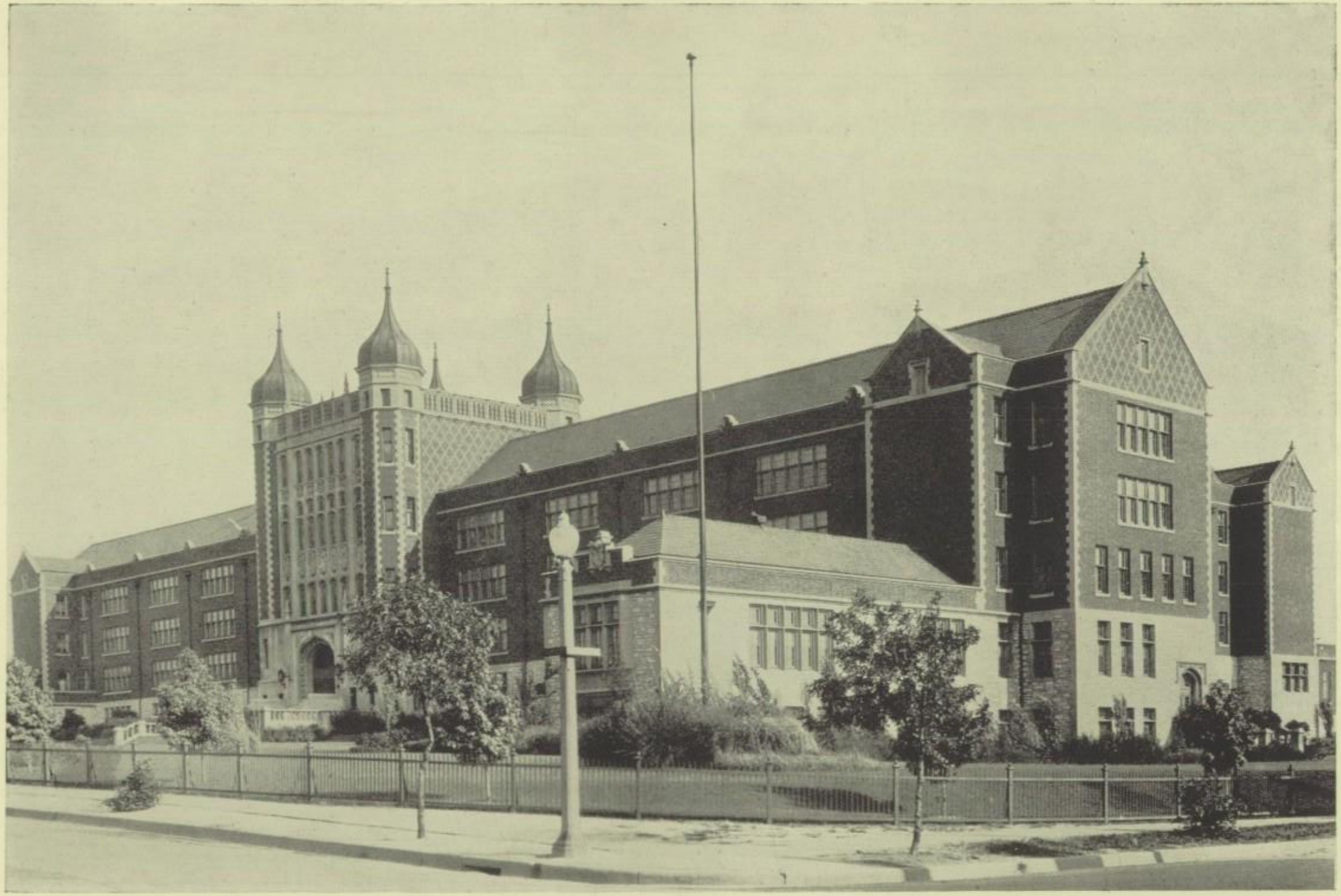


HARRY BABBITT



ROBERT GRODZENSKY

Mayor of Roosevelt High School



ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL

BWANA

EXPLORERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

TO-DAY many people seek enjoyment and pleasure aboard the excursion steamers on the Mississippi River, but I wonder how many of them, as they gaze at the huge industrial plants which one sees along the river's shores, think of the first white men who navigated that broad stream, those courageous men who braved every hardship to know this region.

Let us first consider the great work of De Soto, who died in the attempt to find fabulous wealth in what is now Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, and whose body was committed to the keeping of "Ole Man River." De Soto, a Spaniard, commissioned by King Charles V, with a company of about seven hundred men, started from Cuba, and in May, 1539, landed in Tampa Bay, which he called Bay of the Holy Spirit. Led by untrustworthy Indian guides, the party marched through swamp lands and were confronted by all sorts of hardships, including the attacks of the hostile Indians. Finally De Soto's expedition reached the present site of Memphis, Tennessee, but still they had not found the expected cities of gold and silver. The lure of wealth drew the doomed explorers on, and the party crossed the river only to find conditions here as bad as in the land they had just quitted. De Soto, ill, at last gave up the quest and died in 1542. His body was placed in a coffin made of a hollowed tree trunk and in the dark of night was gently lowered into the depths of the great river which he had discovered.

No more expeditions of this sort were undertaken until one hundred and thirty years later, when Joliet and Marquette, two names which since have been inseparable, started on a perilous voyage down the Mississippi River in several frail canoes. These men, however, were not making their voyage for the sake of worldly riches, but their chief motive was to spread Christianity among the heathen Indians. We find that, as a whole, the voyage was a success, for most of the Indians welcomed "pale face Black Robe" (Marquette) and his companion and listened with interest to the priest's teachings. This voyage proved fatal to the frail Jesuit priest, who, although he completed the greater part of the adventure, became seriously ill and died in a little hut in the region now known as the state of Michigan. This bold venture enlightened white men considerably, for they no longer supposed that the Mississippi River flowed into the Pacific Ocean. Therefore, let us not forget the work of these two intrepid explorers—the frail Jesuit priest and his friend.

And now, last but not least, let us turn our attention toward probably the most ambitious, but most unfortunate explorer of all—LaSalle. He left France at the age of twenty-four and came to America, where, hearing wild tales told by the Indians, he resolved to occupy, in the name of France, the land explored by Marquette and Joliet. In 1679 LaSalle, after much trouble and difficulty, was successful in launching a small vessel which was to bear him to

Courtesy of Anheuser-Busch Co.

DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

the Chicago portage. Fate seemed to be against the adventurer, however: his ship was lost, his base was taken by Indians, and he had to spend many days looking for his men. It was not until 1682 that LaSalle's canoe floated from the Illinois River onto the broad bosom of "Ole Man River," but here again he met with disaster. Ice floes stopped his progress; he had to search the wild region for a lost comrade, and the Indians along the river's shore were usually hostile. Early in April he reached the Gulf of Mexico, and with great ceremony claimed the great region which he had explored in the name of the King of France.

Every student of American history is familiar with the next phase of LaSalle career: how he secured the help of France and intended to establish a great French empire in this country. Again fate was cruel, for his expedition, while sailing in the Gulf of Mexico, missed the mouth of the Mississippi River and was wrecked upon the shore of Texas. While trying to make his way back to Canada overland, this brave Frenchman was murdered by one of his own men, and with him died the French hope of a vast empire in America.

There were, of course, in addition to those explorers already mentioned, many other men who endured great hardships and even died in the attempt to penetrate the unknown wilds of the Mississippi region, but these are the earliest known explorers.

OLIVER OLDENDORPH

MISSISSIPPI

Mississippi
Indomitable river,
Shall you forever
Sing?
Interminable from your
Source, you roll
Seaward.
Immortal,
Perpetually
Peerless, and
Invincible.

—William Kerchanske
Term 7

ICE GORGE AT ST. LOUIS, JANUARY AND FEBRUARY, 1905

BWANA

THE NAME MISSISSIPPI

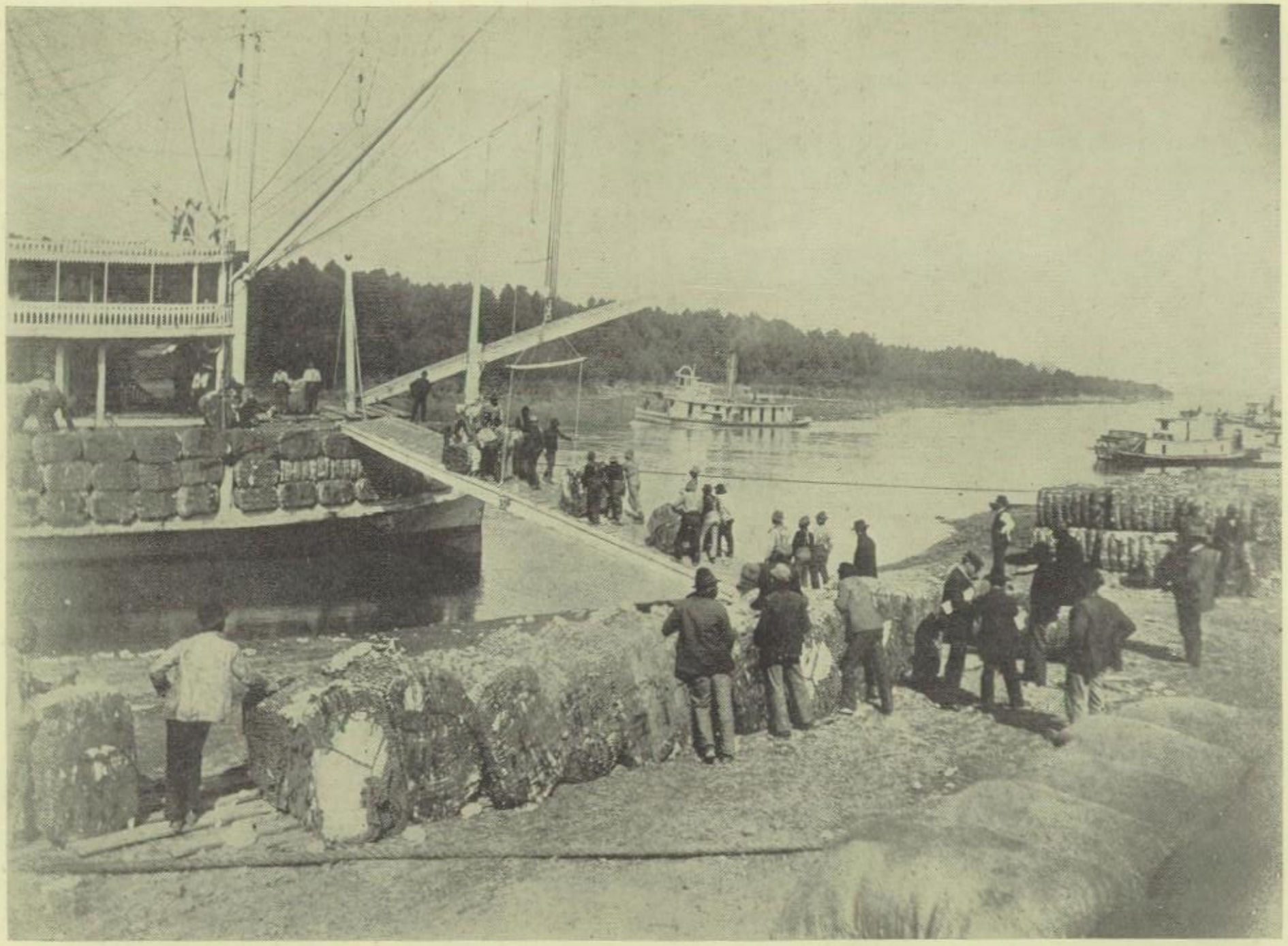
MANY times we have uttered the name of Mississippi as the name of that great river that winds its way past our front door, but never have we realized what this name means. The Algonquin Indians, a tribe that inhabited this part of the continent before the conquest, called it *Mech-e-se-be,* which means Great Waters, or Father of Waters. This name is very fitting, for the river is the main stem of the greatest drainage system in North America.

During his explorations, Cortez discovered a fork-like stream entering the Gulf of Mexico. He lost no time in making a chart of the river in 1520 to send to his ruler, Charles V of Spain. He called this river *Rio del Spiritu Sancto* (River of the Holy Ghost). "As far as we know the maker of the maps indicated the river on hearsay—for there were stories afloat of mighty streams and monsters, cities of gold and precious jewels, man-eating trees, and men like gods." Long before De Soto invaded the shores of this great river, Cabeza de Vaca, a Spanish explorer, came across the stream while sailing along the Gulf of Mexico at about ninety degrees longitude off the coast of Louisiana.

The intrepid De Soto on his perilous march up the continent from Florida with his splendid army discovered the Mississippi in 1541. He called it *Rio Grande.* He died soon after his discovery; his body was consigned to the swift current of the river he had discovered. Garcillasso lived to write an account of De Soto. He called the stream *Chucagua* although it was later found that this was the early name given to the Ohio River. Ortelios made a chart of the interior course of the river; it was the first of its kind. Explorers of later years that came upon the river called it by various names such as *Chucagua, Canaveral,* and *Rio de las Flores.* Penalosa, the Spanish governor of New Mexico, made a map in which he indicated the stream as *Michipi.* This was the pronunciation he obtained on a visit among the Quivera Indians who were not of Algonquin stock. In rambling through volumes of the *Jesuit Relations* which were edited by Thwaits, you will find that Allouez, the Jesuit missionary, is credited with using the word *Mississippi* for the first time by priest or pioneer.

The Spanish explorers gave the river names such as *Palisado* because of the logs seen floating down stream from time to time. *Escondido* is another designation because they found the course of the river was so diffcult to follow. The French called it after their patron saint, St. Louis, after their renowned *Baude* and after their great statesman Colbert. Itasco is the Latin for true head, which is the name of the lake from which the stream starts its journey through the fertile valley of the Mississippi. The name Mississippi was given to the river by the Indians and it is this name which holds true to the present day. "It comes easily to the lips and in its very sound seems to give us a picture of the mighty river, rushing ever onward towards the Mexican Gulf."

ROBERT MARTINEZ



WHARF AT VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI

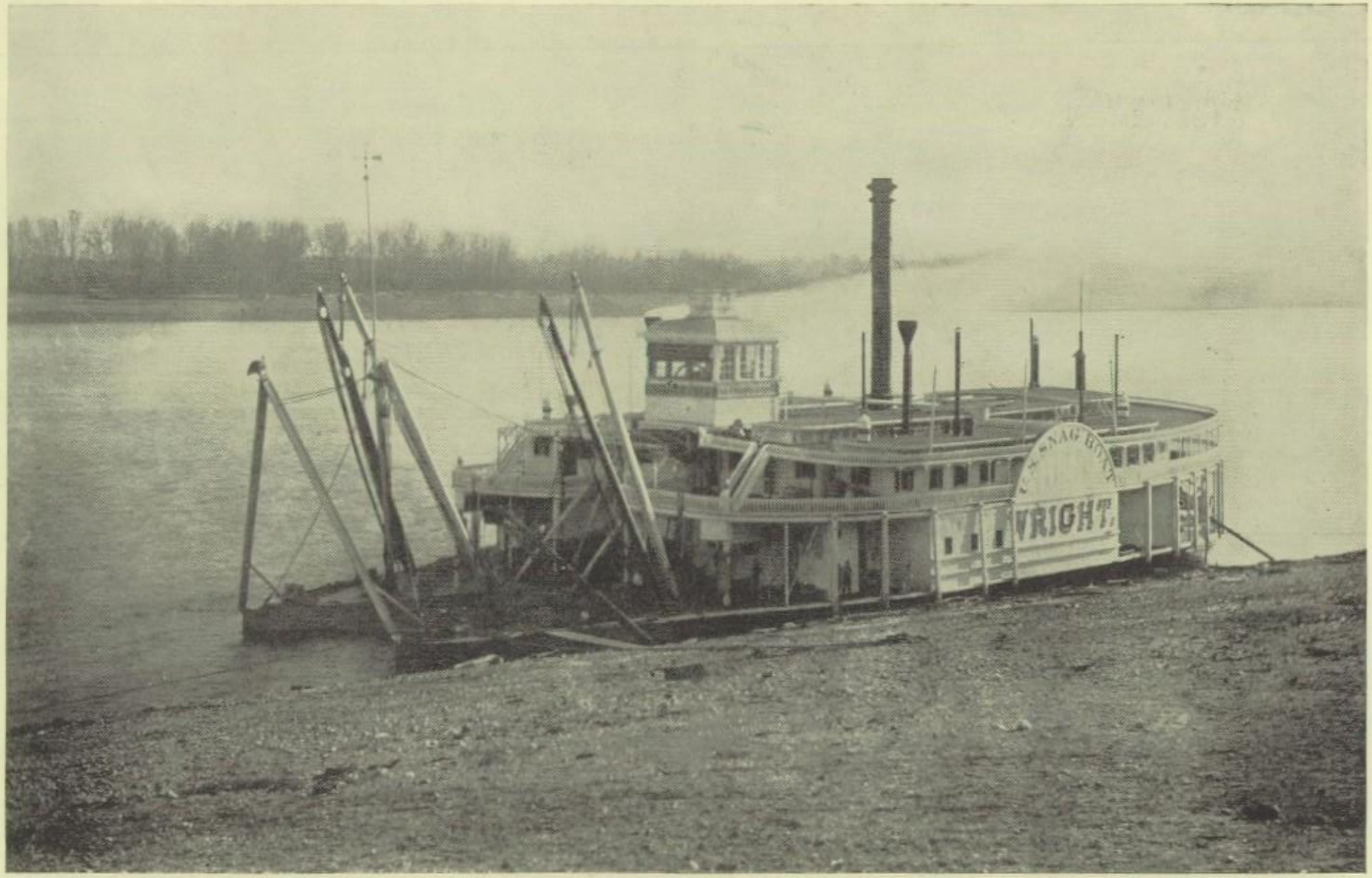
SNAGBOATS ON THE MISSISSIPPI

SUNSET! The glories of a summer sky are reflected in the placid and limpid surface of the Father of Waters. Over land and water the hush of early evening has descended; all Nature is basking in the glories of a river sunset. A low, sullen boom! All is again still, but a drama of special significance is being enacted before the startled eyes of the watcher. Great fleecy, white clouds of smoke, and licking, angry tongues of fire suddenly arise from an old river steamer, long abandoned, lying half in, half out, of Ol' Man River. What a picture, painted on a background of exquisite coloring and beauty!

This seeming drama is one often enacted by the crews of the two Government-owned and operated snagboats, the *Horatio G. Wright* and the *John N. Macomb.* Its meaning is obvious to those initiated into the mysteries of snagging. The *Verne Swan,* an old steamer, struck a snag in the river and sank. For many years it lay there, buffeted by winds and storms, shifting its position but slightly. This summer the snagboat *Macomb* was ordered to remove the wreck from the river. The crew boarded her, saturated the contents of the cabins with kerosene, and set them on fire. After the exposed part had burned, the remains were blown to bits by dynamite placed in the submerged hull. Thus the obstructed passage was cleared.

This duty is but one of the many performed by the snagboats. They patrol the river at its lower stages, from August to February of the following year, and during this period remove from the river approximately fifteen hundred snags and wrecks. The wrecks, such as the one just described, are steamers and barges that have sunk through being pierced and battered by snags, or perhaps by storms, though the latter cause is comparatively less frequent.

Every year thousands of acres of trees fall into the river, due to the erosive power of the current. During the space of the year many changes take place, both in the course of the river, and in the channel. The change in the channel is due to the shifting of sand on the river bed, and changes occur in the course on account of the constant beating of the current against the banks on both sides. Especially do the latter changes occur when the river is in a flood, for then the water goes on its way with many a rush and roar. Consequently, when the current eats in at a certain spot, all the trees within its reach fall



UNITED STATES SNAG BOAT

into the water and become snags. Often these are full-grown trees, some eighty or ninety feet in length, and two or three feet in diameter. Of course, these are a great menace to all steamers.

Recently, a rather unusual piece of work was done on the Mississippi a short distance from St. Louis; much publicity was given to it. Over fifty years ago a huge span of a railroad bridge across the river fell while a long string of freight cars was passing over it. The railroad company immediately removed that part of the debris that showed above the water, but there still remained a large amount of it below the surface. Consequently, it obstructed the channel and proved to be dangerous to all boats passing through. At length, the snagboat *Wright* was ordered up river to clear the channel at this spot. It spent many weeks at this task. Great masses of iron, the remains of the cars, and various other obstacles were removed in this manner: huge chains were passed by divers around the obstacle and made fast, the snagboat was then steered back and forth over the place, until the obstruction was freed from the river bed. Then the wreckage was dragged up stream a short distance and dumped into a large hole in the bed.

The two snagboats, the *Wright* and the *Macomb,* are built similarly to other river steamers, except in regard to the position of the engine room, and the construction of the hull. There is a twin hull on each of the boats; the ordinary boat has one. Snags are caught in between the two prongs of the twin hull. The machinery in the engine room is all placed forward, instead of farther back, because the snags come in at the front, and the apparatus used for this task must be coupled to the engine.

In all other respects, however, the snagboats are like most of the present-day river steamers. The *Wright* and *Macomb* are both sidewheelers of practically the same dimensions and equal power as follows:

Length: 80 feet.

Beam (hull): 62 feet.

Beam (overall): 92 feet.

Draft: 4½ feet.

Boilers (Mississippi type): 5 feet.

Engines: 600 horsepower.

Snagging appliances: 600 horsepower.

BWANA

The cabin arrangements, the dining room, and the pilot house all are similar to those on the river steamers. Comfort is the main idea on snagboats and the meals served are like those offered by large hotels.

The two snagboats are operated under an act of Congress passed in 1887. An annual appropriation of $100,000.00 is made, and this sum is divided, half going to each boat.

Each one has a certain route. The *Wright* operates from Cairo upstream, and the *Macomb* from Cairo to New Orleans. Much work is done yearly by them. Recently, however, United States engineers have protected the river banks with dykes, and with mats made of willows and concrete, so that now the duties are less onerous. This does not mean, though, that there is much rest for the boats and their crews. Day after day, year after year, Ol' Man River rolls on toward the sea, and as long as he persists in his whimsical way of changing his course, the snagboats and dredges will continue to keep the channel open for river steamers.

THELMA HOLLOWELL

THE RIVER

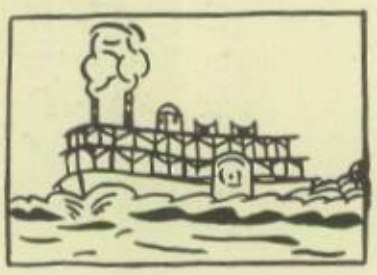
Thru ages and ages of history untold,
The river has flowed with pride;
The river knows more than any man,
But silently flows by my side.

Thru the seasons that come and go,
Summer blooms, fades, and is gone,
Autumn with its golden leaves, winter with its snow,
All pass; the river goes on and on.

Thru all our earthly stress and strife,
Our worries that come and are gone,
While we grow and pass thru life
The river flows on and on.

To me the birds would never sing
And flowers would never grow;
The moon and sun would never shine,
Should the river cease to flow.

—Charles Noble
Term 8

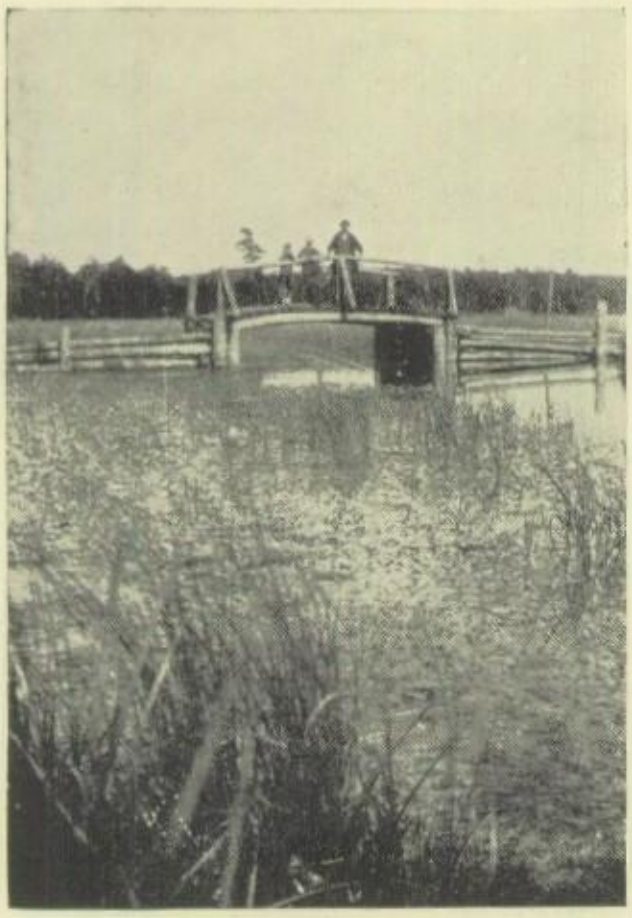


BWANA

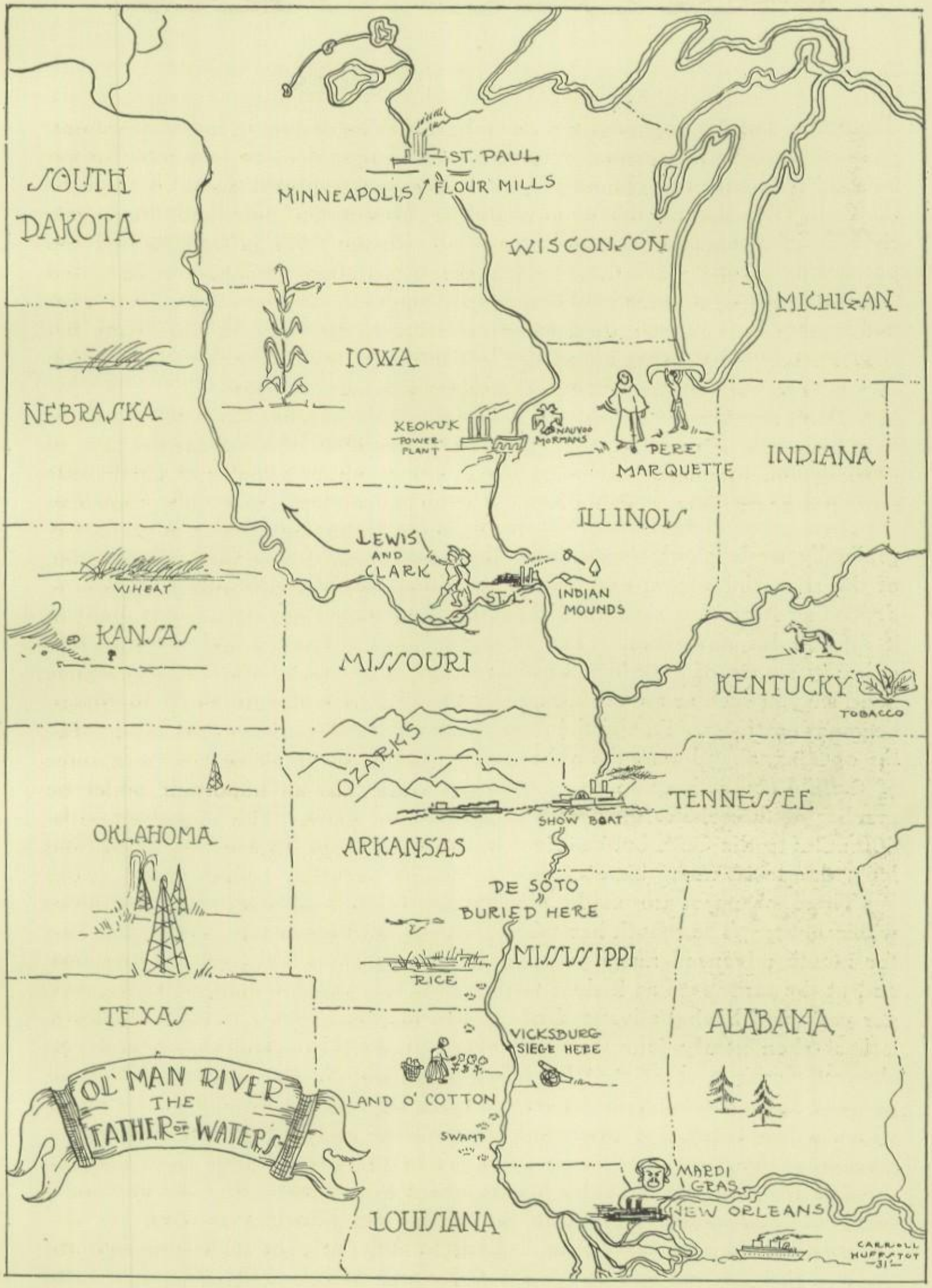
A RIVER OF CHANGES

LIKE a mighty oak with its branches extending in many directions, the Mississippi, even as treacherous as it is, has a hidden power which has lured people to love and respect it down through the ages. From a quiet rolling river it has time and time again changed itself into a terrifying demon. Rising from its bed and angrily overflowing its banks, it has often wrecked and desolated the surrounding country, only to return gradually to its course. For over two centuries, man has tried to control this mighty monarch of rivers but has failed. "I take what I need and so abideth by this, all ye that come within my bounds" is the law which the river expects man to obey.

"Roll on, Mississippi, roll on!" That is what she has been doing for the last hundreds of centuries. Several small streamlets trickle from the foot of a mountain, converge, and form a small stream about a foot and a half wide and not more than a foot deep. This small stream, commonly known as the infant Mississippi, slowly hunts its way over rocks and gullies, and enters, from fifteen to twenty feet wide and two to three feet deep, into the southern end of Lake Itasca. Lake Itasca, a clear lake fed by five creeks, lies approximately 1330 miles from the mouth of the Mississippi and 1680 feet above sea level. The lake, nearly seven miles long and three miles wide, has an important outlet on its northern shore. This important outlet is the Mississippi, twelve feet broad and twelve to eighteen inches deep. After flowing for several miles through a series of rapids and small falls and broadening out to nearly one hundred and fifty feet, it enters the southern end of Lac Travers, which reaches out ten to twelve miles in length. But the Mississippi must go on. So flowing from the east end of Lac Travers it turns toward its southern route. Continuing onward through many rapids and two more lakes, it then listlessly flows for nearly fifty miles through a section of country that is covered by very tall grass. It is then that the Mississippi meets its first companion, the Leech River. But on and on it rolls, gathering depth and width as it glides southward to the Gulf.



Many, many years ago the Mississippi did not pour its waters into the Gulf. Instead, it emptied into a large lake which covered nearly 1100 square miles centering around the region now known as Cape Girardeau.


SOUTH DAKOTA
ST. PAUL
MINNEAPOLIS / FLOUR MILLS
WISCONSON
MICHIGAN
IOWA
NEBRASKA
KEOKUK POWER PLANT
NAUVOO MORMANS
PERE MARQUETTE
INDIANA
ILLINOIS
LEWIS AND CLARK
WHEAT
INDIAN MOUNDS
KANSAS
MISSOURI
KENTUCKY
TOBACCO
OZARKS
TENNESSEE
SHOW BOAT
OKLAHOMA
ARKANSAS
DE SOTO "BURIED HERE"
MISSISSIPPI
RICE
TEXAS
ALABAMA
VICKSBURG SIEGE HERE
OL' MAN RIVER THE FATHER OF WATERS
LAND O' COTTON
SWAMP
MARDI GRAS
NEW ORLEANS
LOUISIANA
CARROLL HUFFSTOT '31

A small river known as the Atchafalaya (but not the one of today) carried water from this lake into the Gulf of Mexico. After some years of silt depositing and log clogging, the Atchafalaya River became choked. Consequently, since water continued to flow in and not out, the lake overflowed its southern banks and the water picked its course southward until it reached the Gulf. This became the lower end of the Mississippi. Gradually the lower river drained this lake leaving just a small strip of water connecting the two parts of the river.

Just as the river underwent many physical changes years ago, so it is undergoing them even to-day. Experiments show that originally the mouth of the river was probably situated near Plaquemine, a town about two hundred and twenty miles north of the present mouth. It has been advancing like this at the rate of two hundred sixty-two feet a year, which means that, in round numbers, the mouth of the river has been four thousand years in reaching the point where it now lies. The river, unsatisfied, is constantly changing its course. In many cases a bank is underlaid by a layer of sand; the river in rounding a bend will throw its main stream against this sand and gradually wash it out, thus causing the bank to cave in. Ofter the current of the river shifts from one side to the other carrying sediment with it and depositing it on that side, thus changing the channel and sometimes making it difficult for navigation. The Mississippi has shortened its course eighty miles by means of cut-offs. Cut-offs occur in places where the river has a bend shaped such as an U. Gradually the strip of land formed by the bend becomes narrower. Finally the river washes away the land and flows through the opening, abandoning the old course. In time the upper and lower mouths of the old course became clogged, and a crescent lake is formed. A great number of these lakes are found in the south. From Cape Girardeau, it is 600 miles to the Gulf, but the river from this point to the Gulf is 1115 miles long, due to its many bends.

These changes are made sometimes within centuries and sometimes within hours. The mouth has taken years of silt depositing. Assuming that the mouth advanced many years ago under practically the same conditions and at the same rate as it does to-day, which is two hundred sixty-two feet per year, and having advanced nearly two hundred twenty miles means that it has taken nearly four thousand years to do this. The course is often changed within a short time by just a slight shift in the current which will pile silt on one bank and remove it from the other. Cut-offs may result within a few hours, for when the narrow strip of land between the bends gives way, the river immediately takes the new course.

The Mississippi very often undergoes a yearly change. Floods come. Many of their causes are known, but many still remain mysteries, for the "Mississippi is a river *sui generis*." Early in the spring the melted snow from the Allegheny Mountains swells the Ohio and its tributaries, which in turn cause the Mississippi to rise; this increase is called the Spring Rise. Then

from the Rockies comes the June Rise by way of the Missouri and its tributaries. The June Rise often enters the Mississippi before the Spring Rise has subsided. In that case, since more water flows in than the Mississippi can carry down, the river overflows its banks. During these flooded seasons levees break under the great pressure of water. Sand boils, which are the seeping of water from the river through the levee many feet below the surface, are often causes for levees breaking. This water rises to the surface of the ground and begins spreading over the land. The crack formed by the seepage becomes bigger and bigger until finally the levee gives way. Even the boring of many crawfish in levees has often caused them to break. The money that is spent and the lives that are lost during the floods run up to a vast number.

Many suggestions of prevention of floods have been given, some far too expensive to be carried out. Re-forest the mountains to prevent Spring and June Rises. Build dams to hold back the water during floods; they can pay their own expenses by being used for generating electricity. Build higher levees. Straighten the channel. Cries of prevention like these are constantly heard from the people wanting, needing, and even demanding flood control. Colonel Robert Isham Randolph, a flood engineer, states: "When government lands were plentiful, the thousands of people who were driven from their homes should not have been permitted to return to them, but should have been given farms elsewhere. The bottom lands should have been returned to the river and used only for grazing or fish and game preserves, thus leaving them open to absorb the surplus flood water. The trouble with the river is that men have attempted to settle the bottom lands before Nature finished making them. Let alone, the river would have kept on depositing silt in the bottoms until they were built up in vast savannas as high as the highest flood, and the river would have dug itself deep in its own channel and stayed there."

But all of these floods of the Mississippi are nothing more than masks which at times try to hide many of the good qualities of the river. Let us not condemn Ol' Man River by saying it has been a hindrance, because it has been a blessing. Because it has opened a path to the ocean, it has connected the West with the rest of the world. Down through the ages, it has been a source of romance and a means of commerce and pleasure. We are greatly indebted to Ol' Man River.

GERALD COWAN

WHEN OL' MAN RIVER WENT TO WAR

THE Mississippi River, whose beauty had inspired the Indian, whose course had guided the pioneer, and whose commerce had slowly made it the center of the West, was turned, by the advent of war, into a "highway over which the sinews of war were transported." The gay passenger steamers were laden with troops and war supplies. In the past these popular boats had steamed down the great river serenely and majestically, but with the coming of war, boats on the Mississippi were unsafe; at almost every bluff they would be fired upon, then captured, looted, and burned by the Confederates. The White Packets, which had made the river so picturesque, were replaced by armored gunboats with bare sides pierced by cannons. The side-wheeler steamers were made unsightly by barricades of timber and cotton bales. Ironclads, carrying ammunition, horses, and men replaced the freight steamer and ruined the commerce on the river.

The trade, which was destroyed by the war, had not risen to its height in a few years. Back in 1679 commerce began on the Mississippi when the schooner, *The Griffin,* transported goods between two settlements on the upper river. In 1778 Captain Willing, an agent of the Continental Army, took two flatboats of products to New Orleans, exchanged them for arms and ammunition, and then returned to Fort Pitt. The settlers went down the river in small crafts, rude arks, keel boats, barges, and sea-going vessels to find a market for their goods. It was not, however, until after 1811 that trade increased enormously. In that year Robert Fulton and James Livingston constructed a steamboat, the *New Orleans,* at Pittsburgh, which traveled down the Mississippi River to New Orleans. Within ten years, thirty steamers had been built in Pittsburgh, and all the important cities on the Mississippi were engaged in ship building. Steamboat traffic grew very rapidly and exceeded that on the Atlantic Coast. By 1840 the steamboat had reached its height. Not only were gay parties held on the "Showboats," but also numerous freight steamers plied up and down the stream, carrying products from one city to another. This glory was short-lived, for in two years the railroads came into use and competed with the boats; and a year later war was declared.

At the beginning of hostilities, the United States government realized the importance of controlling the Mississippi. It was the great highway to the sea and afforded a ready means of transportation for troops and supplies. The river divided the east and west sections of the Confederacy, and to "split the South" was the aim of the Union. The Federals could not let the river remain in the hands of the Confederates. This war was to be the first important conflict in which steam was the motive power of ships. Much of the warfare would be on the river, for the North wanted to keep the Mississippi open. This necessitated an Inland Navy for which the War department con-

THE ST. LOUIS LEVEE IN 1840

structed a fleet of seven gunboats and a year later added two new types of vessels, the tin-clad and another vessel which had superior power and speed.

With this squadron the government hoped to control the river. The Union fleet planned to enter the Mississippi from the sea and work up the river in connection with the land forces, taking possession of the cities and forts which commanded navigation. At the same time a force from the north would be coming down the river to keep apart the eastern states in rebellion from the western. The entire southern coast from the Rio Grande River to Florida was to be blockaded by ships which would anchor in the harbors, if possible, and keep out the necessaries of life.

In following the plan of moving up the river, the first important forts to control were Forts Jackson and St. Philip. The Confederacy had fortified all the cities on the bluffs, and the Union was attempting to take them and control the river. These forts were near the Plaquemine Bend, a sharp bend about sixty miles south of New Orleans, and therefore they were the first to be attacked. Fort Jackson was on the north bank, and Fort St. Philip, across the river. St. Philip was the fort proper; and Fort Jackson, its auxiliary. Both forts were treeless, and there was no shelter from observation. The Confederacy had few cannons and gunboats, and these two forts were guarded by only four vessels, while the complete fleet consisted of seventeen ironclads. In addition to the lack of vessels, there also was a lack of food and guns at the forts. This resulted in a mutiny, which could not be subdued; the mutineers finally deserted their posts. The Union was more fortunate, however, for she had a strong leader in Admiral Farragut; and her squadron consisted of forty-six ships, two hundred and eighty-six guns, and twenty-one mortars. The Confederacy had the advantageous position, but the Union had more ships, more guns, and better discipline.

With confidence in its large fleet and its commander, the squadron moved slowly up the river and bombarded the forts for eight days. Several of the gunboats anchored across the river, another group rested below the forts, and the mortars were placed with precision in a line ahead. Within two days the bombardment had begun. The mortars fired for days without avail. Admiral Farragut realized the impossibility of gaining the forts by mortar, so he ordered the ships to go up the river. The fleet started but found a line had been placed across the river. The Federals attempted for months to cross the blockade; but it was not until the spring of 1862, when one-third of the line was carried away, that the *Pinola* succeeded in crossing. The entire fleet followed her, and soon the forts were in Union hands. This was the first important victory of the Union on the river.

After the surrender of the forts, the fleet steamed up the river to New Orleans and forced it to surrender. The citizens of New Orleans had confidence in the Confederate force under Colonel Lovell even after the forts had fallen, but the Federals now had the advantageous position and quickly

steamed up the river to New Orleans to find everything in confusion. It had had no food for two days; ships, cotton, and coal were ablaze. Commander Porter sent a demand for surrender. General Duncan refused, so the Union troops landed and seized the guards. The planters refused to fight; to avoid humiliation, General Duncan accepted the surrender. Commander Porter, General Duncan, and several officers went aboard Porter's flagship to arrange the terms. During the conference, the Confederates fired the *Louisiana* and let it drift down the river to the Union fleet. Fortunately, it exploded before it had reached its destination. The surrender of New Orleans was the wedge to open the river for the Union cause.

Admiral Porter, after the fall of New Orleans, played a trick on the South which will long be remembered. He prepared a long raft to simulate a large and heavily armed ironclad. The raft carried casements with dangerous looking wooden cannons and two smokestacks made of hogsheads. Large iron pots of burning tar provided for smoke. On the raft were two large pilot houses decorated with the legend, "Deluded rebels, cave in." A United States flag flew aft and a skull and bones forward. In the dark of night this sham gunboat was pushed into the current to float to Vicksburg. From the fortified cities on the bluffs signal lights flashed, cannons boomed, and in a few minutes all the defence was firing on the giant craft; but this wonderfully built warship went steadily down the stream, not returning a shot. At Warrenton, it was caught by the eddy, but luckily some Union sailors unfastened it just before the *Queen of the West*, now in the hands of the Confederacy, came into view. The crew was so badly fooled that they left the *Queen* drift down the stream away from the oncoming menace. The crew then hurried to the *Indianola*, took off her guns, and sunk her so that the ironclad could not take the ship. After several more miles of drifting, the dummy was sunk, but the *Indianola* was never raised. The sailor's ruse had done its work.

Porter had played this trick to put fear into the citizens of Vicksburg. It was the last fort to fall, and its surrender opened the navigation on the Mississippi for the North. Lincoln, aware of the importance of Vicksburg and the control of the Mississippi River, said, "We may take all the northern parts of the Confederacy, and they can still defy us from Vicksburg. It means hog and hominy without limit, fresh troops from all the states of the far South, and a cotton country where they can raise the stables without interference." The navy tried to capture the city on numerous occasions. Admiral Farragut tried but found that his smooth-bore guns could not reach the bluffs. Then Colonel Ellet and his ramming crew attempted and failed. The Confederacy felt that the fate of Vicksburg would bring down Port Hudson, have the Mississippi open, and sever the East and West; so it placed every available man on the banks to cut off supplies going to the North. This was unsuccessful, and finally on July 4, 1863, Vicksburg surrendered. There had been no surprises, no brilliant tactics, but a slow wearing down process. Vicksburg was

isolated, starved; it held out until all hope was gone. Then General Pemberton surrendered to an army under Grant. The service of the navy during the siege was keeping open the communications, which were entirely by water. Fighting did not cease with the fall of Vicksburg, but its surrender was the turning point of the war.

After the war, the river traffic decreased. The railroad was replacing the steamboat. For many years the railroad had been developing land transportation, and commerce on the river had been declining; today the river traffic is coming into its own again. The government is building an Inland Waterway System, which is to be nine thousand miles of connected waterway; six thousand miles will be laterals and fifteen hundred miles trunk line. The system will join Pittsburgh, Chicago, Minneapolis and St. Paul, St. Louis, Kansas City, and New Orleans. This improvement will give millions of people in the heart of the agricultural country cheap transportation. It will give inland cities direct transportation to the sea. What a future have the cities on the Mississippi River and its tributaries!

LAVINA NIEHAUS

ODE TO THE MISSISSIPPI

Muddy water, slimy bank,
Dirty shanties, dark and dank;
Leaking dories, piles of fish,
Yet all this I would not miss.
Mississippi, I love you!

Chugging steamboats, lazy waters,
Singing negroes, traders, barters;
Busy people—a curious crowd
Make up your life, of each you're proud.
Mississippi, I love you!

"Father of Waters," "River of Gold,"
"Ol' Man River" you're called I'm told;
But whate'er your name
I still say the same:
Mississippi, I love you!

—Virginia Roos
Term 7

THE HISTORICAL RACE BETWEEN THE "ROBERT E. LEE" AND THE "NATCHEZ"

Saint Louis, Missouri, July 5, 1870

Dear Armand:

Well, old chap, here I am! After all those days of waiting I can hardly realize that the big race is over and the *Robert E. Lee,* with me as a passenger, beat out the *Natchez* in that long twelve hundred mile grind from New Orleans up here to St. Louis. Those were the longest twelve hundred miles I have ever traveled, it seems, and we were so hard pressed by the *Natchez* that until after we had passed Cairo, the result was in doubt.

I suppose you remember how I happened to take the trip on the *Robert E. Lee.* Captain J. W. Cannon is an old friend of my father's and when Dad asked permission for me to go along and Captain Cannon consented, from then until the day we left I was in a frenzy of excitement. I was envied by all the neighbors, because the only other passengers besides the crew were a few important personages who were guests of Captain Cannon.

We had rather an advantage over the *Natchez,* commanded by Thomas P. Leather, because we carried neither passengers nor freight, and Captain Cannon, with happy forethought, had arranged for a tender to supply the *Lee* with fuel at various points along the course of the race. The *Natchez,* on the other hand, had made practically no preparation for the race; it carried several tons of freight beside a passenger list which amounted to four thousand dollars in fares.

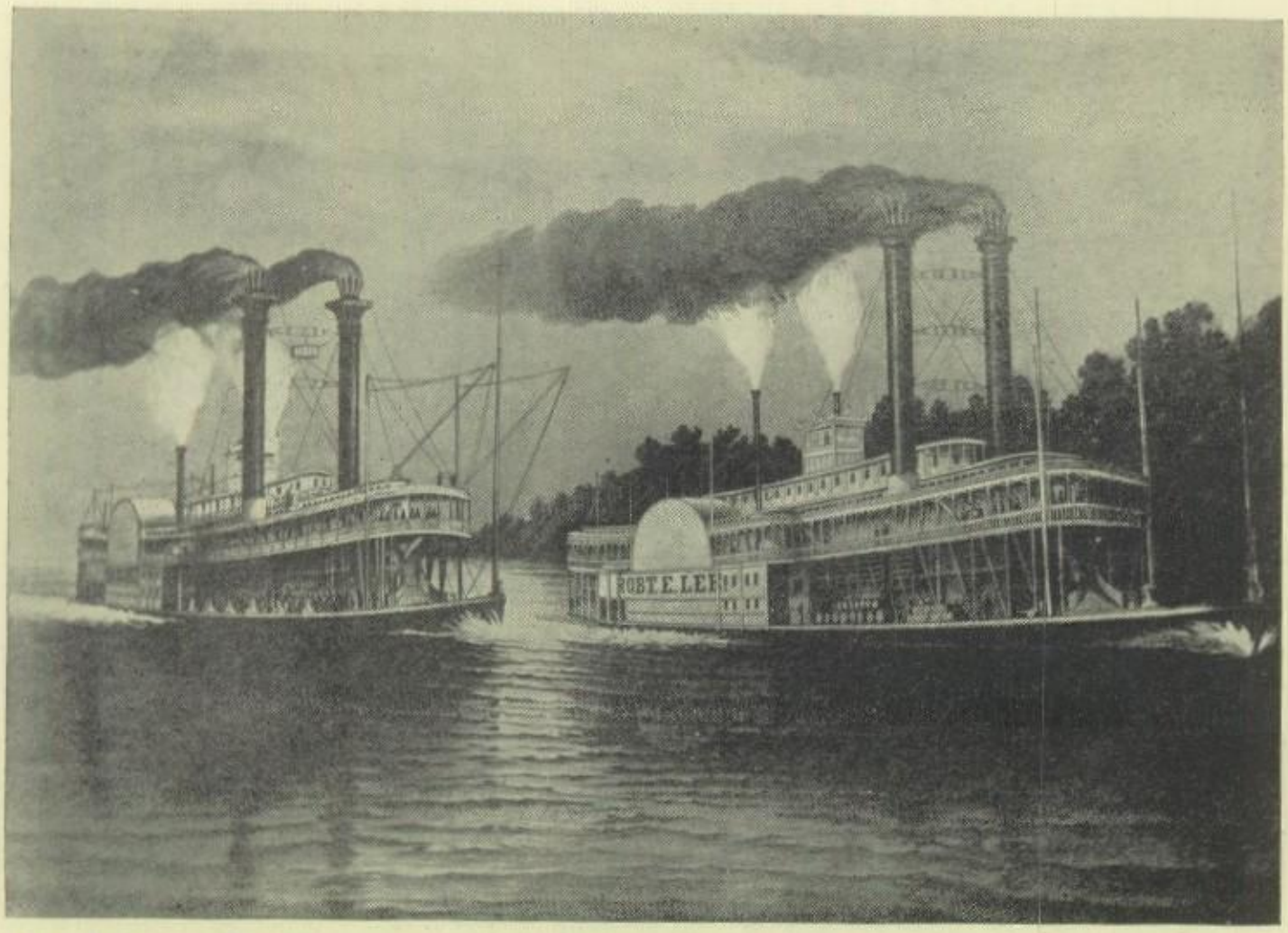
You will recall how we pulled out from the wharf at one minute of five o'clock, four days ago, on June 30, followed after a four minute interval by the *Natchez,* amid the most thunderous cheering that the city of New Orleans has ever heard and steamed up the river, facing a trip of more than one thousand miles up the Great Father of Waters.

Remember how dissimilar the two boats appeared? The *Natchez* seemed the very acme of grace and perfection in steamboats, while the *Lee* was a huge, bulky craft which lumbered along like a turtle. Appearances are deceiving, evidently, as the result of the race indicates. Once we were well under way, Captain Cannon ordered all superfluous material heaved overboard, so over went the cabin doors and windows, and the wheelhouses were ripped off and used for fuel.

We kept gaining, and at Memphis were an hour and ten minutes ahead of the *Natchez.* So great was the interest shown at Memphis that all the merchants closed their shops and the whole town gathered on the river banks to exchange verbal sallies with those on the rival steamboats as they passed.

Speculation was rife as to the ultimate winner and there was lively betting all over the world: Paris, London, and Vienna, reporting the heaviest foreign wagering. It was said that in some of the largest cities in the United States

BWANA



THE RACE BETWEEN THE NATCHEZ AND THE ROBERT E. LEE

MISSISSIPPI

Mississippi, your river supreme,
I hold you in the highest esteem.
Although time continually flies,
You grow younger with each passing day,
Your unconquerable soul never dies,
You ignore the passing of common clay.

Mississippi, to me you seem
To be one long living dream
Whose whistling waves forget the past
As onward you slowly flow.
No one knows how long you will last;
Perpetually you seem to go.

—William Kerchanske
Term 7

more attention was paid to the bulletins of the race than to business affairs during the three and one-half days it took us to reach St. Louis. In Louisville the people were more excited than they had been when Henry Clay ran for president.

We were hours ahead when we reached Cairo and had but a short distance to go. We were skeptical of the reports that the *Natchez* had been forced to stop twice on account of fog and engine trouble; and the stokers were never allowed a letdown from the furious rate at which they had been stuffing fuel into the *Lee's* gigantic boilers.

A little before noon yesterday morning, the Fourth of July, the *Lee* steamed steadily onward up to St. Louis between shores that were crowded as they had never been before to greet the champion of all champions in the greatest race which had ever been run on the Mississippi. At 11:25 on the morning of July 4, the *Robert E. Lee* had accomplished her remarkable feat—negotiating the twelve hundred miles in three days, eighteen hours and fourteen minutes.

With the holiday spirit already prevailing, the arrival of the *Lee* instilled a wild enthusiasm into the St. Louisans and there was revelry all along the levee until late that night. The *Natchez* puffed up to the dock at six o'clock that evening, for the numerous repairs necessary had delayed her progress a great deal. Her time was three days, twenty-one hours and fifty-eight minutes, exclusive of time lost due to machinery repairs and to fog.

The captains of both boats were awarded medals at a testimonial dinner last night and numerous toasts were offered to the two best steamboats, the best captains, and the best crews on the Mississippi.

I shall furnish you with further details of the race when I return, for in one letter I cannot give you a full account of this exhilarating, record-breaking voyage that has given me the greatest thrill of my life.

Sincerely yours,

HENRI
IRWIN JOHNSON

FATHER OF WATERS

Death, what care I about death?
I, the immortal
Shall live forever.
And with my
Swishing, silvery waves,
Washing away the past.
I, the Father of Waters,
Laugh at death!

—*William Kerchanske*
Term 7

SHOW BOATS

FOR days there had been posters in the little river town. Tradespeople, children, negroes, all had eagerly gathered to read them, thrilled by the knowledge that soon the show boat would come with its cargo of troupers and musicians, who were symbolic of the outside world.

At last the show boat arrived; its approach heralded by the shrill calliope long before the barge, pushed by the steamer, came into sight. A large crowd of villagers was gathered at the levee to see the boat dock. Late in the morning the band, which was composed of half a dozen versatile members of the crew and the company, marched through the town, gorgeous in their jackets trimmed with gold braid and brass buttons. They stopped in the center of the town, and there the captain addressed the crowd, telling of the evening's entertainment and praising the talent of the players. Handbills were distributed further to advertise the performance.

During the day the troupers might stroll about the town. The villagers eyed with much curiosity and some disapproval the unconventional "play-actors," who, nevertheless, seemed glamorous and romantic figures.

Kerosene torches were stuck in the river banks to light the way for the crowds who came down to the show boat that night. The auditorium seated about 500; up in the balcony where it was cheaper sat the negroes, while the white people sat downstairs. At last the performance began. *Kentucky Sue* was the play billed for the night. It was an old favorite and many of the villagers knew what lines were coming before the actors spoke them. After the play was given, the majority of the audience bought fifteen-cent tickets for the concert which followed. This consisted of song-and-dance numbers given by the troupers. When this entertainment came to an end, the people straggled out, loathe to leave.

In the morning the show boat left again on its way to the next town. There it might stop for several days or even a week if the attendance merited this, yet it might stay just one night. Down the Mississippi in the spring, up to Minnesota and then up the Ohio to Pennsylvania in the fall, went the show boat. It was an adventurous life the players led, yet filled with hard work of learning their lines and rehearsing. A troupe was composed of about eight players, none of them excellent, who divided among them the parts of all the plays in their repertoire. The juvenile lead and the ingenue were always cast as the hero and the heroine, there was a character team who took the parts of the villain and of the older sister or foil, there was a team that took various older roles, and there were several men who took any remaining parts. The plays enacted were usually quite melodramatic, but they satisfied their audiences. Many of the villagers knew nothing of the regular theater, and

THE BELLE MEMPHIS

would never have seen a play but for the show boats. The enchantment and romance of the plays made the people forget the drudgeries of their everyday lives.

The first show boat set off down the Cumberland River in 1817. Since then many of its kind have had picturesque places in the lives of those who live along the Mississippi and its tributaries. Now there are show boats of a different kind. These are the ocean steamers on which lavish entertainment is planned for the pleasure-loving people who take short cruises aboard them. But these are not the real show boats. They were those barges that traveled leisurely up and down the Mississippi to play and delight the people of the towns along the way.

HELEN MARDORF

BWANA

CHAIN OF ROCKS

SOME forty-five years ago a writer remarked that St. Louis had only two claims to fame. It had a car-line that gave the longest trip of any car-line in the country for only a nickel, and it had the dirtiest drinking water in the world.

Today, if this same writer were living, he would have to increase his list of St. Louis claims to fame, and he would also have to make a correction in his original list. The correction would apply to the drinking water of St. Louis which, today, is an asset, though once it was a liability. People from every part of the country, even from other countries, come here to see, not the dirtiest water in the world, but the cleanest.

The system of purification is elaborate, requiring the water to go through many processes. From the intakes, the water is pumped to the mixing conduit where a mixture of lime and iron, prepared in the Coagulant House, is added for the purpose of softening the water and coagulating the small particles. It is then sent to the settling basins. There are nine of these and it takes thirty-four hours for the water to pass from the first to the last. Aluminum of sulphate is added in Basin 9 to hasten coagulation.

This brings us to the Filter Plant, which is the last, and, perhaps the most important, part of the system. It is 800 feet long and the longest of its kind in the world. At first glance it appears to be nothing but a row of basins, for the house is divided into four parts and each part into ten basins. Near each is a desk on which is a chart which records the amount of water being filtered and the amount of mud accumulating. There is also a small fountain from which samples of the filtered water are taken. If something is found to be wrong,

the basin from which the water was taken is isolated, that is, the water from that basin is shut off, and the fault found and corrected.

Each basin has a capacity of 5,000,000 gallons of water a day and at the bottom of each is the reason for the name filter plant. Just before the water flow out by means of pipes, there is a six-inch layer of large gravel. This is used to hold up a six-inch layer of small gravel, which in turn supports thirty inches of sand. It is the sand which prevents the small matter and most of the bacteria which have escaped previous treatments from continuing in the water. Chlorine, added as the water leaves the plant, is used to destroy the bacteria altogether.

The filter basins, as well as the settling basins, have to be cleaned, but by a different method. When the chart shows that a certain amount of mud has collected on the sand, the basin is drained. Water is then forced back through the pipes, gravel, and sand at the rate of 24,000 gallons a minute. This causes the mud to be lifted from the sand and carried off by means of gutters which cross the basins about mid-way down the sides and which are opened to permit the flow of water. It is then taken to the river below the intakes and discharged.

That is all that is done in the filter plant. The whole process is very simple in theory but complicated when it comes to the actual work. We people of St. Louis do not begin to realize how great is our water supply and usually neglect learning about it. I once made a remark to the foreman at the Chain of Rocks to the effect that I was glad I lived in St. Louis. He looked at me and said in a surprised tone, "Oh, do you live in St. Louis?" And when I asked him why he wanted to know, he answered that most of the people who inquired about the plant were from other cities!

SOPHIE ROGUSKI

BWANA

FREDERICK OAKES SYLVESTER

WHEN one desires to hear perfection in music's art, the classical symphonic orchestra is the source wherein this desire is satisfied. A similar comparison may be drawn in connection with the great river which flows eternally at our city gates, the majestically broad Mississippi. When one desires to see and appreciate the beauty and grandeur of the Great River, one immediately turns to view with greatest satisfaction the work of Frederick Oakes Sylvester, who faithfully portrayed the Great River he loved, in all the beauty and grandeur, which the casual observer, who sees only a large body of muddy water, would idly overlook. But to Frederick Oakes Sylvester, great artist and equally famous poet, there was a rare quality of romantic attraction to the Great River, which he soulfully expressed in his poems pertaining to it; an admirable example of his insight is in these lines:

"The river is grimed and gray.
But I have seen a crown of gold
On its head at close of day."

One who hears expressions of such deep feeling for the Great River immediately infers that Mr. Sylvester lived his life from boyhood on the Mississippi; however, Frederick Oakes Sylvester was born in Brockton, Massachusetts, October 8, 1869. It was there that he received his early education and lived until his family moved to Fall River, Massachusetts, in 1882. He pursued his artistic inclinations, and in 1890 he graduated from the Massachusetts Art School, of Boston.

In 1891 he became director of the H. Sophie Newcomb College, a branch of Tulane University of New Orleans. At New Orleans he first came under the spell of the river and began to make it a chief subject in his numerous poems and canvasses. At first, he painted only waterfront scenes, such as the levee, warehouses, bridges and other works of man. But in 1892 he entered the St. Louis High and Normal School (now known as Central High School) as an art instructor. For seventeen years he remained at Central, later becoming director of the art department. He became prominent in artist circles in St. Louis, holding membership in such associations as the Society of Western Artists, in which he served as vice-president in 1906, and the St. Louis Artists Guild, of which he was president in 1909-10. At the World's Fair of 1904 he was awarded a silver medal on his artistic contribution to the Art Exhibit there. He also won a bronze medal at the Portland Exhibition in 1907, and the Fine Arts Building prize offered by the Society of Western Artists in 1907.

Meanwhile he purchased ground for a home on the bluffs at Elsah, Illinois. Once while on an outing he had stood upon these bluffs and gazed upon the

junction of the Illinois, Missouri and Mississippi rivers, and to the inspirations he had received while viewing this magnificent work of Nature, many of his later paintings were due. Most of his famous paintings of the Great River were painted from the bluffs of Elsah. Sylvester loved best the hour of twilight on the river, and it was then he pictured numerous river scenes and wrote many beautiful poems about the Mississippi. Perhaps the best known of his works to the public is a volume of his poems, which is illustrated by his picture, known as "The Great River." To him the charm of the river was in every wooded bluff and every rolling meadow. He achieved wide renown as the "painter of the Great River," for he had called attention to unknown beauties of the Mississippi.

But at the height of his career, when he was but forty-five years of age, his health, never robust, began to fail; he had contracted a severe cold which gradually infected his lungs. In March, 1915, he succumbed quietly to his disease and left behind him a host of mourning friends and relatives. His last act before his death indicated that his affection for the Great River was still untouched even in the bitterness of death. Before his friends knew that his affliction would be fatal (he had known, but kept his knowledge secret) he exacted a solemn promise from his wife and children that upon his death his body was to be cremated and his ashes cast upon the bosom of the great Mississippi. And so, at the hour he had loved best, at twilight, one evening after the funeral, his ashes were gently strewn on the Great River.

HANFORD EDSALL

TO THE MISSISSIPPI

On and on like a thundering herd,
Plunges the Mississippi with mighty surge,
Its muddy waters, dark with rage,
Rumble, and roar like a lion encaged.
The wind is strong, and torrents of rain
Pour from the heavens in loud acclaim.
A mist now slowly drops from high,
Gray is the river, and black the sky,
But, ah! at last it slowly lifts,
No rain, no fog, just peace and bliss.
The sullen sky now fills with blue,
The rainbow has a lovely hue
The Mississippi now calmly flows;
Steady and slow it onward goes.

—Ruth Murphy
Term 4

THE GREAT FLOOD OF 1927

THE fact that the first record of a disaster in North America was of a flood indicates the importance of these untimely occurrences. In an account of the explorations of Hernando De Soto, in 1543, we find: "God, our Lord, hindered the work with a mighty flood which at that time, about the tenth of March, began to come down with an enormous increase of water." The narrator, Garcilaso de la Vega, describes vividly how it took forty days for the water to reach its peak. He also says that the flood was a thing of beauty. An old Indian woman told him that the flood came only every fourteen years. This legend is false, as floods appeared in 1882-83-84 and in 1912-13, though none of them reached the heights of the one in 1927. These earlier floods were due mainly to the breaks in the levees, and they were again sadly in need of repair at the time of the last disaster.

The region flooded in 1927, which contains some of the most productive land in the world, extended over 28,000 square miles. The states suffering the most were Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas, Tennessee, Missouri, Illinois, and Kentucky. While the homes of over 750,000 people were flooded, the largest losers were the factories, the public utilities, and the railroads. It has been estimated that the losses to the railroads were well over ten million dollars. Although these losses hurt everyone in the immediate districts of the flood, one of the great losses was the drowning of thousands of wild animals. This was of considerable economic significance, because hunting and trapping in these sections are still industries of importance.

When, on April 22, President Coolidge made his first appeal to the nation for help, every chapter of the American Red Cross responded whole-heartedly. The press, theaters, and radio helped broadcast to the whole country the dire needs of the stricken areas. The first quota was more than fully subscribed when President Coolidge made his second appeal, which immediately brought such results from the federal, the state, and the city governments that the second quota was over-subscribed.

The loss of the property and equipment of the people was enormous. Mr. Hoover was appointed by the President to make a survey of the stricken

areas; he estimated the loss at about $400,000,000. The Red Cross alone spent over $16,000,000 for relief work, while Congress voted $5,000,000 from the national treasury. The quick response of those organizations that had it in their power to help was one of the bright lights of the time.

Rescue work, transportation, and the maintenance of emergency camps were hindered by the extent of the land flooded, the slowness of the water to recede, and the unwillingness of the people to leave their homes. Since the distance from Cairo, Illinois, to New Orleans as the Mississippi flows is over a thousand miles and at times the flood waters were eighty miles wide, communication and transportation were in many places completely severed; in others, only the radio existed. Airplaines, trucks, boats of all descriptions, special trains, leased wire, and special radio were put at the disposal of the rescue parties. The airplanes were especially valuable as they could detect refugees in out of the way places, direct the movements of the boats, and drop supplies and medicines to helpless towns. At first the people thought that the flood would be only another small spring rise, so they would not leave their homes when warned. This proved disastrous in very many cases. Down in the South in 1927 more acts of bravery were performed every day than ever the world can possibly know about.

Many medical men and nurses came from different parts of the country to help care for the stricken. While the medical aid and nursing were not so extremely needed, the public health problems were staggering. The water supply was similar to that which bewildered Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, "Water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink." The water that was left when the flood had receded soon became stagnant, and, but for the quick work of the engineers and surveyors, much malaria and typhoid would have resulted. As it was, most of the 246 deaths were due mainly to accidents, unexpected levee breaks, and drowning, not to sickness. The Red Cross camps for flood refugees were the best that had ever been constructed. They provided drinking water, sewerage disposal, large tents for large families, clothes, food, and everything necessary for life. When the time came for the people to go back to their devastated homes, many were

reluctant to leave the many friends that they had made in the miniature communities.

The reconstruction work pushed itself forward as soon as the waters had receded. The Red Cross not only gave emergency relief but carried on reconstruction work. This provided for eight major points: seed, temporary supply of food on leaving camp, temporary feed for livestock, farm implements, necessary additional livestock and poultry, building to the point of sanitary shelter, simple household furniture, and assistance to state authorities in medical and sanitary service. Without this aid the reconstruction plans would have been a failure. The assistance of the government must not be overlooked. It issued daily health and building bulletins and over the radio told the farmers when and how to plant their crops to get the best results.

Floods in the future will be averted unless super-saturated conditions, greater than those of 1926-27, again occur. The prime cause of the flood was the unusually heavy rains in the fall and winter of 1926 and in the spring of 1927. All along the river, levees have been strengthened and built higher and channels deepened. For another such flood, the water will have to reach a height of over sixty feet. The government has also sent many surveyors and commissions to see that the Mississippi stays where it should stay.

GEORGE STAMM

BWANA

THE LIFE AND WORK OF CAPTAIN EADS

ON May 23, 1820, James Buchanan Eads was born in Lawrenceburg, Indiana. Although his father was never very prosperous, young Eads went to school, and at an early age showed a liking for machinery. After living in Cincinnati for a while, the Eads family moved to Louisville; later, when Eads was thirteen, his family moved to St. Louis, where he was destined to become its leading citizen and where he was to build his famous bridge.

While working as a clerk in a dry goods store, Eads borrowed and read thoroughly all the scientific books which his employer possessed. Thus, without any teachers, he received the fundamental principles of engineering. After five years as clerk in the dry goods store, Eads became clerk on a steamboat. In the three years during which the young man worked on the river, he gained his knowledge of the habits of the river which influenced his whole life.

When Eads was twenty-two years old, he entered into a partnership with Case and Nelson to raise sunken cargoes. His first contract was to raise a barge loaded with pig lead which had sunk in the rapids at Keokuk where the water was fifteen feet deep. His experienced diver attempted to go down but failed because of the swiftness of the river. Eads, with a diving bell made of a forty gallon hogshead, weighted with lead, went down in his improvised bell after it had been connected with the air line and derrick. When it was time to pull Eads up, the derrick refused to work. The men pulled the diving bell to the surface of the water but could pull it up no further. Eads ducked under the side of the bell and came up. With this success, he was placed in charge of a boat, and in the next few years raised so many boats that there was not a stretch of river bottom of fifty miles between St. Louis and New Orleans that Eads had not explored in his diving bell.

When he married Martha Dillon, he wanted to earn a great deal of money quickly, so he started a glass factory which failed, leaving Eads in debt to the amount of $25,000. His creditors, however, had confidence in him and gave him $1500.00 to start raising sunken vessels again. He soon paid off his debts and made about a half of a million dollars to boot!

During the Civil War Eads helped the Union cause very much. The United States, realizing the importance of holding the Mississippi, received the competitive bids of builders of armored boats. Eads' bid was the lowest in price and the quickest in time of delivery: sixty-four days. Naturally his bid was accepted. Two weeks after the signing of the contract, 4000 men were set to work in the foundries and machine shops of St. Louis. They worked night and day, seven days in a week, completing these boats with which Admiral Foote won his laurels at Forts Donelson and Henry and Island Number Ten. Besides building and remodeling many boats, he perfected not a few inventions.

Eads made a permanent and navigable mouth for the Mississippi. If the channel of the river were narrower the current would flow more swiftly and clean out the channel. This was accomplished by sinking thousands of willow

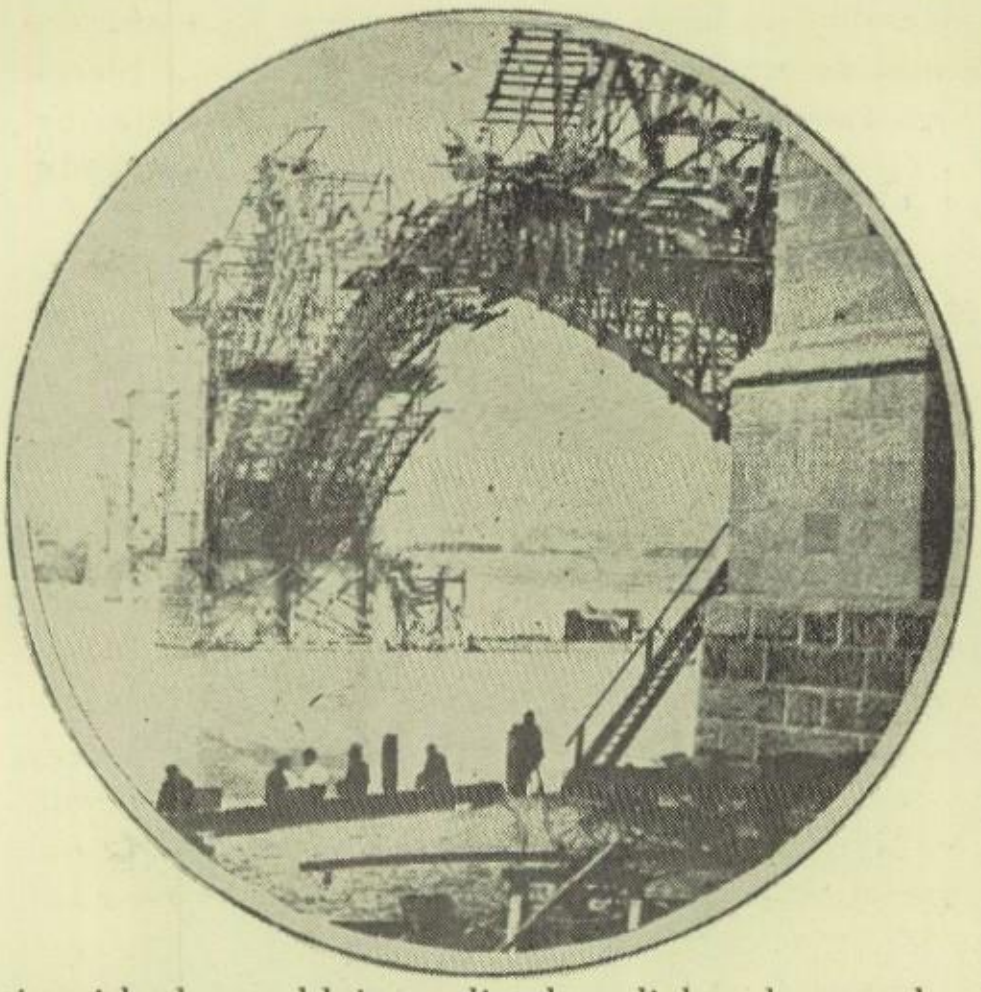
mattresses with rocks and protecting them with walls of concrete. This work was called his jetty system. After this engineering feat, Eads's fame spread throughout the world.

By far Eads' greatest work, however, was his bridge.

In 1865-66, a bill was brought up in Congress for the bridging of the Mississippi at St. Louis. Dependence on ferries had become impracticable, especially when the river froze. The rival commercial routes had the bill so amended that at the time people said that the genius did not exist who could build such a bridge. The bill stated that the central span had to be over 500 feet in length and at least 50 feet above the surface of the river.

Two companies were formed, one in St. Louis with Eads as its president, and one in Illinois. The Illinois company had adopted plans for a truss bridge, and had not even planned to base the piers on solid rock. Eads' company bought out the Illinois company at the end of one year's time. Steel trusses, five hundred feet long, would have to be very heavy, whereas steel arches, the same length, could be much lighter; therefore, Eads decided that his bridge would be arched with two river piers and two abutment piers. There were to be three arches, 502, 520, and 502 feet long, respectively.

Experts tested samples of stone, granite, and steel. The mathematician, Chauvenet, then Chancellor of Washington University, checked over all Eads' calculations, and did not find a single error. Eads proved that at St. Louis, where the channel was so narrow and the current so swift, the pier would have to be built on bed rock. Twelve men out of the three hundred and fifty-two employed died at their work in the caissons, air tight metal tubes inside of which were built the piers. One of the river piers was one hundred and ten feet below the surface of the river. Ninety feet were through gravel and sand. This being the deepest submarine work attempted, many interesting experiments were carried on; for example, a candle, after having been extinguished, would immediately relight, due to the dense atmosphere. For the first time in any such work, the last pier sunk had telegraphic communica-



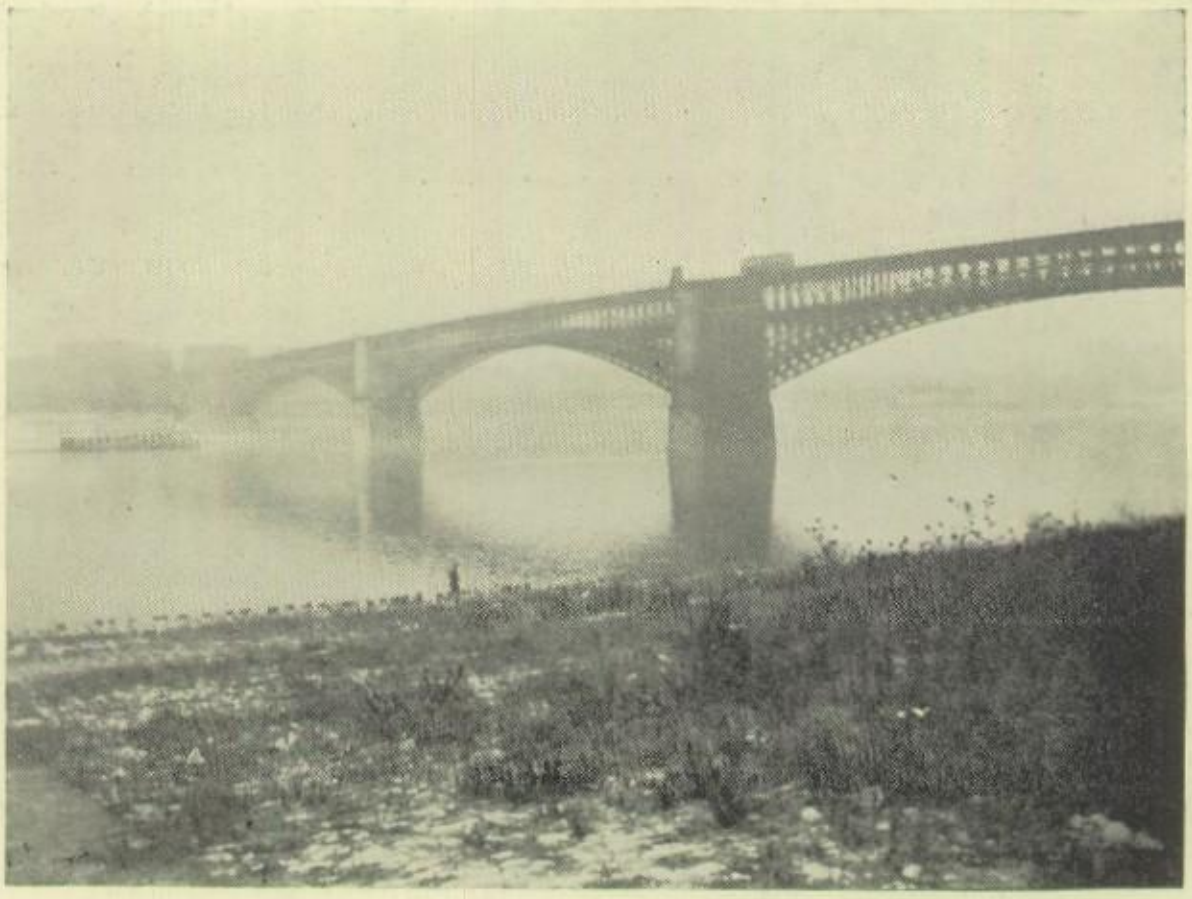
tion with the shore; this must have been a great consolation to a laborer starting out in the dead of winter with two weeks' provision to his work in the caisson.

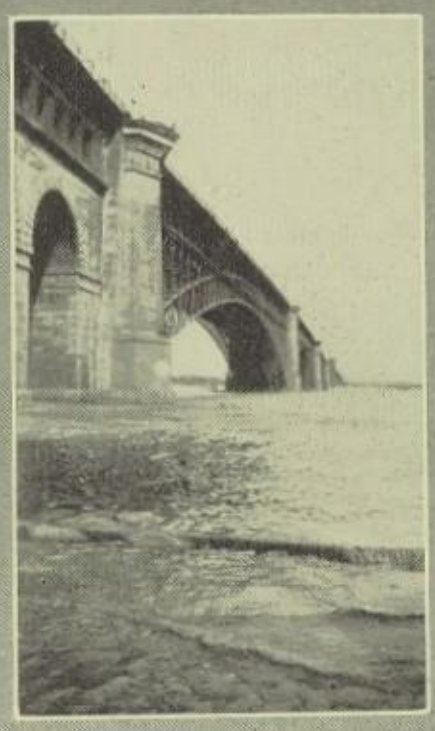
The arches were built out from the piers without scaffolding erected from the river—once again, the first instance of an unusual proceeding. The problem of inserting the central tubes to close the arches arose. These tubes were two and one-half inches too long, although when placed they would be the right length. Eads, who was about to leave for London on financial business, remained in St. Louis to solve the difficulty. He cut the tubes in half, and joined them with a coupling with right and left screws; just as two pieces of gas pipe are joined by a similar coupling. Then, Eads cut off the ends as the screw would make the tube any desired length. These tubes were easily handled.

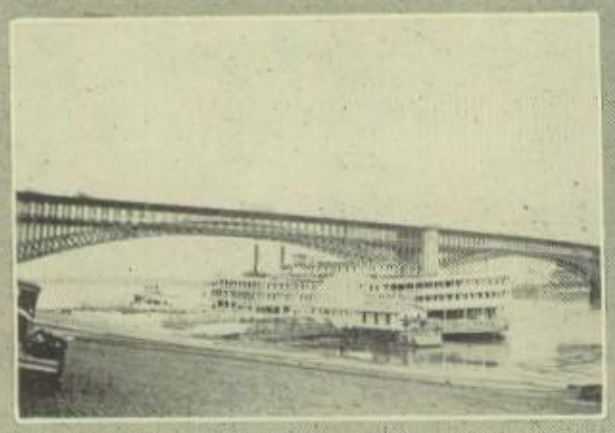
On July 4, 1874, the bridge was opened after having been thoroughly tested. Eads died on March 8, 1887, but his bridge stands today, as it will stand "as long as it is needed by man," as a lasting monument to the engineer who conquered the Mississippi.

"Behold the mighty flood
Where once the bounds of states dissevered, stood,
A triple arch now spun from shore to shore
Defies the angry tide and leads our footsteps o'er;
While swift beneath the trains of commerce glide,
And ships securely o'er the billows ride,
Pass and repass the unobstructed way
From the West mountains to the Southern sea."

JOHN VAN LUND







VIEWS OF THE MISSISSIPPI AT ST. LOUIS

BOOKS PERTAINING TO THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

(Books obtainable at the St. Louis Public Library)

Bishop ..... *Four Months in a Sneak-Box*
Blair ..... *A Raft-Pilot's Log*
Burman ..... *Mississippi*
Cable ..... *Gideon's Band*
Chidsey ..... *Pistols in the Morning*
Churchill ..... *Crisis*
Clemens ..... *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*
Clemens ..... *A Horse's Tale*
Clemens ..... *Life on the Mississippi*
Clemens ..... *The American Claimant*
Clemens ..... *Tom Sawyer*
Cummings ..... *The Western Pilot*
Da Kin ..... *Great Rivers of the World*
Devol ..... *Forty Years a Gambler on the Mississippi*
Ferber ..... *Show Boat*
Glazier ..... *Down the Great River*
Greene ..... *The Mississippi*
Hall ..... *Sketches of History, Life, and Manners in the West*
Hopewell ..... *Legends of the Mississippi*
Irvin ..... *Paddle-Wheels and Pistols*
Le May ..... *Old Father of Waters*
Lighty ..... *Shanty Boat*
Mathews ..... *The Log of the "Easy Way"*
Merrick ..... *Old Times on the Upper Mississippi*
Miller ..... *The White River Raft*
Mooney ..... *David Rudd*
Owen ..... *Yvonne of Braithwaite*
Page ..... *Only a Waif*
Parkman ..... *La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West*
Quick ..... *Mississippi Steamboatin'*
Russell ..... *A-Rafting on the Mississippi*
Saxon ..... *Father Mississippi*
Sparkman ..... *Mostly Mississippi*
Spears ..... *River Prophet*
Stevens ..... *Log of the "Alton"*
Stribling ..... *Backwater*
Sylvester ..... *The Great River*

ELI PULTMAN

MISSISSIPPI RIVER VIEWS

M. Hohenicht
F. Struharik
R. Grodzensky
B. Whitney-Ed.
V. Roos-A. Ed.
H. Nordorf
A. Dalldorf
J. Chorvat
M. Rau
E. Fuller
R. Dose
V. Ruemmler
T. Hollowell
H. Edsall
S. Roguski
J. Hoffman
L. Johnson
Monty Johnson
E. Fischer

BWANA STAFF

SPONSORS

Miss Mills Miss Nerud Miss Solfronk

A TRUE TEACHER

On Friday, December 18, Mr. William A. Ludwig, one of the best known of our staff, passed suddenly and quietly out of our midst. Mr. Ludwig began his career in St. Louis as a teacher of Physics in the McKinley High School in the fall of 1906. He continued his services in McKinley until the opening of Roosevelt in January 1925, when all the teachers of the former school were transferred to the new institution. Throughout all these years Mr. Ludwig proved himself a most faithful and conscientious teacher of his chosen subject. He was noted for his thoroughness, patience, and painstaking efforts in behalf of his pupils. Such was the interest that he took in the boys and girls of his classes that he never let slip any opportunity to be of assistance, especially to those who were back in their studies. Day by day this teacher was found at his desk, willingly giving up his time and attention to those who came to him with their individual problems.

To die at his post was the lot of Mr. Ludwig. This was a fitting end of the life of one who was indeed a true teacher, whose every thought centered unselfishly and gladly around the welfare of those under his care. His was the spirit of labor and sacrifice without any desire for praise. For many years to come, the memory of our departed friend will be fresh in the minds of all those whom he sought to instruct.

MAYNARD M. HART

SENIORS

Moderator — Miss Wade

Time and Place of Meeting: Every other Thursday in 301 during the spring term; every other Wednesday in 301 during fall term.

OFFICERS

January to June 1931

President	Robert Grodzensky
Vice-President	Edward Stolze
Secretary	Julian Hoffman
Treasurer	Kenneth Mandel
Sergeant-at-Arms	Ferdinand Gast

September 1931 to January 1932

President	Julian Hoffman
Vice-President	Thomas Draper
Secretary	Georgia Pipes
Treasurer	Jack Compton
Sergeant-at-Arms	Milburn Shaw

JULIAN HOFFMAN

Hail to our president, true blue and loyal,
He has saved all us Seniors from ruin and toil.
When questions came up that needed our solving,
He was there in a minute to start things revolving.

Torch, President Senior Class, Secretary New Seniors, President of Sixes, Student Council, President Mask and Buskin, President Literary Society, Academic Pin, Auditorium Play, Bwana Staff.

THOMAS DRAPER
(JUNIOR)

Not really afraid of work—
Just not in sympathy with it.

Vice-President Seniors, Football, Sergeant-at-Arms Student Council, President Golf Club, Captain of Golf Team, Glee Club, Sergeant-at-Arms French Club, Triple Quartet, Swimming Club, Auditorium Committee.

ROBERT GRODZENSKY

Why is our mayor so popular?

Mayor, Cheer Leader, Business Manager Rough Rider, Rough Rider Staff, Bwana Staff, President New Seniors, Senior Social Committee, Senior Verse Committee, Service R, Torch.

EDWARD T. STOLZE

Ed, perchance, a king will be,
In the land of Harmony.

Student Council, Engineering Club, Trustee's Office, Vice-President New Seniors, Senior Play, New Senior Social Committee, Senior Social Committee, Secretary Novelty Orchestra, Treasurer Novelty Orchestra, President Novelty Orchestra.

JOHN BACKERS

Not even Zeus pleases everybody.

Engineering Club, Athenaeum, Literary Society, Student Electrician, Bank Cashier, Service, Sixes Button Committee, Chairman Sevens Button Committee, Chairman Senior Button Committee.

VERA ALEXANDER

Her wavy hair and pretty eyes,
Will win her almost any prize.

McKinley: Service Club.

MARIE ANDERSEN

Where there is a will there is a way.

Art Club, Social Committee of Art Club, Book Room.

HOWARD BARTMAN

To Howard studies are such a bore,
Basketball enthralls him more.

Student Council, Rough Rider Staff, Basketball, "R" Club.

MERRILL BAUMGARTNER

Heads—baseball game;
Tails—picture show;
On edge—I study.

Baseball, Track, "R" Club.

RUTH ANDREWS

If hard work makes success,
Ruth will be successful.

Priscilla Club, Vocations Club, Indoor Club, Spanish Club, Human Flag.

GERTRUDE ARMBRUSTER

Always flitting 'round,
Never can be found.

French Club, Librarian of Art Club, Vocations Club.

JOHN BENTLEY
(BUD)

He's a jovial companion.

Student Council, Skating Club, Sportsman's Club.

ROY BRINKMAN

You have done your duty to Roosevelt High
And now you can leave without heaving a sigh.

MABLE BARR

A friend indeed is Mable.

Chairman Diploma Committee.

VERA BARTMAN

A quiet miss, yet cheerful, too;
Maids like her are very few.

Service R, Student Council, Spanish Club, Vice-President Spanish Club, President of Spanish Club, O'ita, Ring and Pin Committee of Seniors, Motto Committee Sixes, Colonial Dame Book Prize, Service Bureau, Torch.

JOHN BUSSEY

A friend indeed!

FLORA BAUER

Whoever thought you'd find a girl
With such a brilliant mind:
And yet was just as sweet a girl
As you find in any clime.

Vocations Club, Priscilla Club, Sergeant-at-Arms of Latin Club, O'ita.

FRED CAESAR

Oh, Caesar, with your voice so strong,
In the ranks of the orators you will belong.

Trustee's Office, Service Bureau, Thrift Club, Athenaeum, Torch, Chairman Senior Stationery Committee, Vice-President and Treasurer of Orchestra.

JOHN CHORVAT
(RIXIE)

Within his brains great plans do settle.

Two years at Concordia Teachers' College located in River Forest, Ill.: Basketball, Football, Baseball, Vice-President of Freshman Class, President Sophomore Class.
Roosevelt: Student Council, Bwana Staff, Shakespearean Club.

JULIANA BAUER

A maiden fair with brunette hair
Who always makes her E's.
Who seems always to be on top
And stay there e'er with ease.

O'ita, Priscilla, Vocations, Corresponding Secretary Latin Club.

MILDRED BECKTOLD

Mildred is happy and full of fun;
She wishes joy to everyone.

Athenaeum Club, Priscilla Club.

MILTON CLODIUS

A loyal scholar here was he,
As each of us has tried to be.

JACK COMPTON

A man to avoid—the Treasurer.

Track 1928, 1929, "R" Club, Chairman New Senior Ring and Pin Committee, Treasurer Senior Class, Service, Torch.

VIRGINIA BILLMEYER
(GINNIE)

'Tis plain to see she's not a blond,
But all of us of her are fond.

Student Council, Chairman Auditorium Committee, Leader Roosevelt Uke Club, Academic R, College Club, Senior Dress Committee, Golf Club, Latin Club, Torch.

GERALD COWAN
(JERRY)

Some day Jerry will be an actor.

Student Council, Athletic Committee, Senior Play, Treasurer Athenaeum, Treasurer Mask and Buskin, Glee Club, Torch.

LETA BOGGS

A wild breeze comes rushing thru—
Well, Leta, if it isn't you!

JESSIE BORUSEWICH

A shy, retiring little maid,
But always ready to lend her aid.

McKinley: Service Club.

EUGENE CREIZZEN

Here's a boy of might and main
Possessing brawn and lots of brain.

Ice-Skating Club, Sportsman's Club.

MAGDALENA BOSCH

A lovely girl and very sweet,
Surely a pleasant one to meet.

Vocations Club, Secretary of Advisory.

HARVEY DAEUMER

A quiet, brilliant boy at school
Who always endeavors to keep each rule.

McKinley: Glee Club, President Camera Club.

ALICE BOWLER

So kind and friendly we may say,
That many friends have come her way.

Priscilla Club, Service.

CAROLYN BOYLE

With happy joy and sweet content,
Carolyn has her school days spent.

ARNOLD DEIBERT

Arnold is a friend to all.

Student Council, Cartoon Club, Chess Club, Service R, Bank Cashier, Monitor, Torch.

NAOMI BRAND

Whatever there be of sorrow,
I put off until tomorrow.

Torch, Academic R's, Service R, Student Council, O'ita, Trustee's Office, Library Assistant, Bank Cashier.

RUTH BRANT

Sometimes I think she ought to be a boy.

Shakespearean Club, French Club, Swimming Club.

KENNETH EBERT

Here's a student, here's a friend,
Always ready a hand to lend.

JOHN FEUERBACHER
(HAM)

A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the best of men.

Manager Track, "R" Club.

MARIE BRISTOL
(MOLLY)

With snap and pep and zest,
And never a moment for rest.

College Club, Sergeant-at-Arms College Club, Pep R Club, Service R, Secretary Sixes, Chairman Social Committee Sevens, Chairman Senior Uniform Committee, Torch.

EUGENIA BROCKMEYER

So unaffected, so composed a mind,
So firm, so soft, so strong, and so refined.

Vice-President Art Club, Athenaeum, Pep R, Icicles, Service R, Torch.

HERTHA BRUECKMAN

May the skies above be bright for you;
Life's pathway smooth; your friends prove true.

McKinley Intermediate: Fancy Work, Orchestra. Roosevelt: Treasurer Volley Ball.

MILTON FRENZEL

He always has a better answer.

DOROTHY MILDRED BUSDIECKER
(DOT)

If you want to be cheerful and witty and gay,
Just imitate Dot, she's always that way.

Spanish Club, Secretary of Advisory, Bank Cashier of Advisory.

MAXINE CHAPMAN
(MAX)

When things look black,
Take your troubles to Maxine Chapman.

Priscilla Club, Art Club, O'ita, Member Color Committee Sixes, Library Assistant, Uke Club.

CONWAY FRYE

If for modesty he were paid,
He would have his fortune made.

Torch, Tennis Team, "R" Club, Scholarship R, Vice-President Sixes, Ring and Pin Committee New Seniors, Chairman Senior Play Committee, Welfare Committee, Citizenship Committee, Vice-President Student Council.

ROBERT FUHLER
(BOB)

When you get to know him well,
You have found a friend.

ROSALIE CORNBLETH

A bashful girl and very sweet;
'Tis she that you will want to meet.

Bank Cashier.

MABEL DELAMETER

You may fade unnoticed and be lost to view,
But the world is brighter for possessing you.

Basketball Club, Volley Ball Club, O'ita, Social Committee O'ita, Athenaeum.

LOU ANN CAMPBELL

We told you she would graduate
With plenty of honors, too.
We also know without her here
We'd all through school feel blue.

RALPH FURHOP

A happy smile, a polite way,
Once he's your friend, he's yours to stay.

Student Council, Philatelic Society.

CATHERINE DOELLEFELD
(KATE)

A girl on whom we all rely;
When something's done, she's always nigh.

Torch, Chess Club, Mask and Buskin, German Club, Vice-President German Club, Priscilla, O'ita, Senior Play Committee, Service R.

JANE DUGGER

Always sweet and smiling,
Always gay and beguiling.

Carol Club, Girls' Treasurer of Senior Class.

HAROLD FURTNEY

Care free and gay,
Happy all day.

Torch, Treasurer Engineering Club, Service Pin, Student Council, Scholarship R, Service R's, Senior Picture Committee, Traffic Officer, Bank Cashier.

FERDINAND GAST
(FERD)

A fine fellow to have in the Senior Class.

Student Council, Property Committee, Citizenship Committee, Engineering Club, Sportsman's Club, Ice Skating Club, Rough Rider Staff, Senior Social Committee, Sergeant-at-Arms of Sixes, Service R.

MARION EMERY

Her pleasant voice, her cheery smile,
Her loyalty make a friend worth while.

College Club, Pep R, Basketball, Indoor Baseball.

SHIRLEY EWART

Shirley's a favorite and with her uke she spreads her joys.

Roosevelt: Uke Club, French Club.
Beaumont: G. A. A., Little Duck, Ice Skating, Swimming.

MARIE FASTERLING

Marie, who is a maiden sweet,
Is just the kind we like to meet.

College Club, Spanish Club.

JACK GERLACK

Handsome and tall,
A friend to all.

Sportsman's Club.

VIRGINIA FISHER

It's one thought to be smart
But still another to combine it
With cheerfulness, industry, and
Beauty as she has.

JESSIE FLUHR

There will come another day,
So why worry this way?

Priscilla Club, French Club, Volley Ball Club, Torch, Service R, Student Council, O'ita Club.

GEORGE GUNDLACH

Some day George will be a jeweler.

Rough Rider Staff, President Naturalist's Club, Group Secretary, Group Bank Cashier, Track.

OTTO GUTFREUND

I stand on the brink of a great career.
Won't someone please push me off?

Torch, Academic R, Service R, Interscholastic Debate, Student Council, Finance Committee, Secretary and Sergeant-at-Arms Literary Society, Secretary and Treasurer Chess Club, Secretary Athenaeum.

ELIZABETH FOSTER

Always the same,
In sunshine or rain.

Beaumont: G. A. D., Swimming Team.
Roosevelt: Uke Club.

GLADYS GARLING

Her bright eyes and golden hair,
Win her a place among the fair.

Student Council, Property Committee, Service R, Basketball, O'ita, Torch.

ELINOR GRIMM

Such sparkling eyes, so divinely tall,
She holds our attention as she walks in the hall.

ROBERT HAGEMAN
(BOB)

His idea of a perfect day—
Less work and more play.

Orchestra.

MARY ALICE GRANT

Here is a girl quite popular, you know;
Her personality doth make her so.

Torch, Student Council, Chairman Citizenship Committee, Social Committee of Sixes and Sevens, Treasurer College Club, Chairman Senior Picture Committee, Mask and Buskin, Traffic, Service R's.

IRIS GUENTHER

Iris adds dignity to our Senior Class.

Basketball, German Club, Orchestra, Carol Club.

GENE HALEY

Gene is ready to run the race of life.

Track 1931.

WALTER HARMACHEK

The more we learn, the more there is to forget.

Band, Cartoon Club.

ELIZABETH HAGEMAN

Her eyes speak what her lips withhold.

Vocations Club, German Club.

MARY ELIZABETH HALL

A sunny disposition, and a charming, sunny smile,
To know a girl like Mary, is to know a girl worth while.

President, Vice-President French Club, O'ita, Athenaeum, Student Council Representative, Group Secretary, Bank Cashier.

HELEN HAMMER

She'll be a stenographer some day,
Or I miss my guess,
For she goes over the keys
With alarming speediness.

Priscilla Club, Vice-President Icicles, Assistant Bank Cashier, Bank Cashier, Student Council.

CLAUDE HOEBER

Work, and the world is open to you.

Swimming Club, Aviation Club.

ELLEN HAMMOND

Bright and cute and clever,
Sweet and friendly ever.

Torch, Athenaeum, Art Club, Indoor Baseball, O'ita, New Senior Ring and Pin Committee, Rough Rider Staff, Service R.

HELEN HARTMAN

Lots of frolic,
Lots of fun.

Rough Rider Typist, Basketball, Indoor, Icicles, Citamard, Carol Club.

HARRY HUMPERT

He makes friends easily.

Forum, Service R.

ALBERT HUNN
(AL)

Laugh and the world laughs with you.

Literary Society, Cartoon Club, Craft Club, Engineering Club, Citamard, Auditorium Committee, Button Committee Sixes, Senior Play, Glee Club, Student Council.

RUTH HEATH

I live and am happy.

FERN HELM

Happy-go-lucky wherever she is.

Student Council, Finance Committee, Athenaeum, Icicles, O'ita.

DOT HOY

A pretty girl with light brown hair,
She's free from worry and from care.

Basketball, Pep R. College Club.

EUGENE KIPP

Each day's work if done that day,
Leaves us plenty of time to play.

Torch, Student Council, Citizenship Committee, Engineering Club, Glee Club, Service R, Track, Bank Cashier, Senior Social Committee, Rough Rider Staff.

MARY LOUISE KELLOGG

Speech is great, but silence is greater.

Golf Club, Icicles.

DORA KERCHANSKE

Dora never meets defeat,
Because she is a real athlete.

Indoor, Volley Ball, Basketball.

RALPH KITCHELL
(DOC)

A jovial comrade who spreads sunshine wherever he goes.

Sportsman's Club, Craft Club, Swimming Club.

OTTO KNELL

Every inch a man.

Sportsman's Club, Senior Picture Committee, President Craft Club.

ADELIA KERLEY
(DELIA)

Modest and sweet,
A pleasure to meet.

Torch, Academic R's, Senior Play, Picture Committee, Vocations Club, Advisory Chairman, Assistant Bank Cashier.

LORNA KLEIN

With the ways of a senorita,
She should have been born in Spain.
Do you think it nice of her
To treat you with disdain?

Athenaeum.

HILDA KLINGER

If quiet brought you anything
Then Hilda would have everything.

VINCENT KNOPP

We're sorry he's leaving.

German Club, Bank Cashier, Senior Picture Committee.

VERA KNUDSEN

Demure and sweet, kind and neat,
A girl like her cannot be beat.

Vocations Club, Indoor Club, Volley Ball, Art Club, French Club.

JOSEPHINE KUMBERA
(JO)

Dainty and sweet, a pleasant voice,
She seems to be the popular choice.

College Club, Pep R, Treasurer of Pep R, Vice-President of Citamard, Citamard Auditorium Play, Student Council, Athletic Committee, Senior Play, Social Committee of Seniors, Indoor Club.

SAM LOUIS

Surprises come in small packages, too.

Orchestra, Secretary Band, Track, Manager Track, "R" Club.

FRANK MARSCHEL

Happy-go-lucky, jolly and free,
Nothing there is that bothers me.

Skating Club, Senior Picture Committee.

ELEANOR LAUX

Always sweet and smiling
Always gay and beguiling.

Indoor Baseball, Volley Ball, Basketball, Bank Cashier.

MILDRED LINDLEY

Always pleasant, always cheerful,
Of her future, we're not fearful.

Basketball, Volley Ball.

JOSEPHINE LONGO
(JO)

When Jo begins to play the sax,
There's not a person can relax.

Orchestra, Band.

ROBERT MARTINEZ
(BOB)

White others are struggling with Spanish grammar,
Bob "rattles it off" with never a stammer.

Service R, Student Council, Special Committee, President of Spanish Club.

DOROTHY LUDWIG
(DOLLY)

Precious articles come in small packages.

Carol Club, O'ita, Swimming Club.

MILDRED LUKENS
(MIL)

She's as fine as aught you'll meet,
Nice, dainty, sweet, petite.

WILLIAM MELICK
(BILL)

Always has something to talk about.

Engineering Club, Naturalists' Society, Literary Society, Student Council, Scholarship R, Welfare Committee.

MELVIN MEYERS
(MEL)

It does one good to have Mel for his friend.

MARIE LYNCH

Marie is quite athletic;
By her record you can see,
And that some day she'll be a star,
Is not doubted by me.

Basketball, Volley Ball, Indoor, Bank Cashier, Vocations Club.

LUCILLE MCCULLOUGH

We wish we knew her better.

HUGHBELLE MCROBERTS
(SCOTTY)

A gift of beauty, a youthful fling,
Who can talk her way out of most anything.

Shakespearean Club, Citamard.

MICHAEL M. MIKLAS
(MIKE)

Handsome of face and keen of mind.

Torch, Student Council, Scholarship R, Aviation Club, Senior Picture Committee, Service.

CAROLINE METZ

Caroline is quiet and not so bold,
A friend to all, her heart is gold.

Carol Club, Priscilla Club.

MARIE NAUMAN

Always neat, and very sweet;
Therefore her charm is quite complete.

Vice-President, Corresponding Secretary O'ita, Indoor Club, Basketball, Round Table, Human Flag, Social Committee, German Club, Icicles.

MICHAEL P. MIKLAS

He could say plenty if he would.

GEORGE MORGAN

Cartoonist and student unsurpassed,
In life he'll surely rise quite fast.

Student Council, Welfare Committee, Golf Club, Cartoon Club, Rough Rider Staff.

GEORGIA PIPES
(GEORGIE)

There was a girl quite popular
And not unknown to fame,
For she was chosen as our "Sec."
And Georgia is her name.

Torch, College Club, Student Council, Citizenship Committee, Service R, Rough Rider Staff, Priscilla Club, Secretary of Seniors, Senior Play.

BEATRICE RATHOUZ

A sweet, sunny smile she carries all the while.

Thrift Club, Vocations Club, Human Flag, Bank Cashier, O'ita.

NORMA RAUSS

Is she not passing fair?

Bank Cashier, Chairman of Advisory.

VICTOR MUELLER
(VIC)

If ability makes success,
He will be successful.

Orchestra.

AUDREY RAUSS

Once heard! Never forgotten.

Mask and Buskin.

VIRGINIA REBBING

When tongues speak sweetly,
They name her name.
Whenever you meet her,
She's always the same.

Basketball Club, O'ita, Spanish Club, Editor del Arco Iris, Academic R's, Senior Ring and Pin Committee, Advisory Bank Cashier.

JOE NAVA

A little fun once in a while,
Makes the most serious smile.

LESLIE NEKOLA

If he plays life's game as he does football,
We know he'll make good.

MALETA REEVES

A sweet, dainty girl
With eyes that are true,
And always a smile,
When she meets you.

Chairman of Senior Verse Committee, Assistant Editor of Advisory Paper, Second Prize in Bwana Poetry Contest.

MIRIAM REISS

A pleasant, faithful, reliable worker.

Accompanist.

DORIS ROTTY

Her brow is wet with honest sweat,
She learns whate'er she can.

Indoor Baseball, Volley Ball, French Club, Vocations Club.

JACK NESLAGE

He makes a good friend.

Sportsman's Club.

VIRGINIA RUEMMLER
(GENE)

Students like this are very few—
The kind that are always willing to do.

Baseball Club, Priscilla Club, Sergeant-at-Arms of Priscilla Club, Social Committee of Priscilla Club, President of Priscilla Club, Secretary of Advisory, Bwana Staff.

KATHERINE SCHAEFERING
(KITTY)

A maiden demure whom we all love.

Art Club, O'ita, Office.

FRANK B. NEIDNER
(BUD)

Lindbergh has his troubles, too.

Freshman Football, Bank Cashier, Glee Club,

CHARLES NOBLE

A gentleman in all that he does.

Glee Club, Orchestra, Engineering Club.

RACHEL SIMPSON
(RAE)

"Rae" to you and "Rae" to me
A friend to both forever;
You'll love her smile, you'll love her self,
You will forget her never.

Pep R Club, College Club, Carol Club.

ELAINE SCHAFFNIT

Really a girl that's well worth while,
Kind and gentle, with always a smile.

Vocations Club, Orchestra.

EVELYN SKIVER

If you want someone to work,
If you want someone's bright smile,
If you want a lively "Pep" R girl,
Here she is—here all the while.

Basketball Club, College Club, Pep R Club.

LOUIS PAHL
(LU)

If you don't know Lu,
You're missing a great friend.

MARGARET SPARGO

Our toast to a girl with soft golden hair,
Who is brilliant, and clever, and just, and fair.

President French Club, Secretary French Club, O'ita, Icicles, Service R, Torch.

HELEN STAUDINGER

If you've met her, you'll remember
The brightness of her smile,
Her willowy slimness, straight and tall,
She will be worth your while.

Torch, Prize Poem.

GREGORY P. PAPPAS
(GREG)

Greg is willing to do his share,
When you want him, he's right there.
Enrolled with June Class, but completed his course in three and a half years.

Literary Society, Engineering Club, Mask and Buskin, Bank Cashier, Service, Senior Verse Committee, Senior Stationery Committee, Senior Color Day Committee, Graduation Work Sevens, Senior Play Usher.

LEO PFEIFFER

We're always glad to hear from him.

GERTRUDE STALLARD

Oh, dear! Always work—

MARY ELLEN TANDBERG

To know her is a joy in itself.

Icicles, Volley Ball, Indoor, Basketball.

WILLIAM J. RANDALL
(BILL)

Here's that handsome boy we know so well,
Now, boys, let him alone: there's the bell.

Chairman Senior Uniform Committee, Service R's, Chess Club, Philatelic Society, Sportsman's Club, Engineering Club, Property Man for Senior Play, Rough Rider Reporter.

MILBURN SHAW

In track he is a Crimson Flash,
He beats 'em all in the 100-yard dash.

Student Council, "R" Club, Chairman of Property Committee, President Craft Club, Captain Track Team, Athletic R's, Sergeant-at-Arms, Seniors, Lunch Room Squad.

BETTY SCHMITZ

Betty's our pal,
As sweet as she can be.

Secretary of Student Council, Academic R, Chairman of Social Committee of Seniors, Secretary and Vice-President of Athenaeum, German Club, Athletic Committee.

MARTHA SEDIVEC
(MAT)

A maid with sweet thoughts in her mind,
A friend well worth while you'll find.

Student Council.

GEORGE SHEDD

Why bother myself with study and care?
Before I know it I'll have gray hair.

VICTOR SILBER

He's a mighty fine chap, deserving more space,
In wisdom he runs Aristotle a race.

Torch, Harvard Book Prize, Scholarship Pin, Service R's, Student Council, Finance Committee, Chairman Welfare Committee, Chairman Senior Ring and Pin Committee, Secretary Engineering Club, Button Committee Sixes and Sevens.

GLEE SHORT

Don't call her short, don't call her tall,
She's just right in every way.
Just call her Glee and you will see
The best girl any day.

Basketball Club.

MYRTLE SIECKHAUS

A friend in need is a friend indeed.

Athenaeum, Icicles.

JACK SMITH

Four years of work are over, and now I am ready.

Service R, Aviation Club.

ROBERT RAWLINGS

All that I have learned, I have forgotten,
All that I know, I have guessed.

Secretary Skating Club, Uniform Committee.

ETHEL THORNTON

Sunny smile and hair of black,
We hope that soon we'll see her back,
She'll help you if you need a lift,
Along life's way she'll never drift.

Basketball, Service.

MARIE TIEMANN

Slim as a willow,
Straight as a tree,
Pretty as they make 'em,
Just look and see.

French Club, President Golf Club, Basketball Club.

OLIVER RAY

Full of vim, tall and slim,
Thin as a rail, just look at him;
But quick and bright, the sort just right
To fill our senior class with height.

Engineering Club, Aviation Club, Service R's, Torch.

RICHARD READ
(DICK)

Always jolly, always gay,
A smile for everyone, every day.

Senior Play.

AMELIA TURNER

A winsome blonde with wavy hair,
Easy to see why she is fair,
She's charming, witty, sweet and true,
As smart as a whip—meet her, do!

CLEOLA VALENTI

Still waters run deep.

All Star Basketball Team, Speed Club, Indoor Baseball, Human Flag.

RAYMOND SANDER
(RAY)

Within the halls of wisdom and fame
He heard someone calling his name.

Student Council, Bank Cashier Two Terms.

GEORGE W. STAMM

Don't worry. You'll never know the difference,
In a hundred years from now.

Student Council, Finance Committee, President Glee Club, President Triple Quartette, Treasurer Golf Club, Philatelic Society, Tennis Team.

HILDRED WHITBY

Do not hurry, do not flurry,
No good is earned by lots of worry.

McKinley: Service Club, Hiking Club, Girls' Guidance Club.

ALICE WILK

Call her Alice—she'll respond
With a smile, I'm sure;
She's a big help everywhere
Her friendship will endure.

Bwana Staff, Service R, Pep R Club, College Club, Icicles, Senior Stationery Committee, Assistant Bank Cashier, Torch.

WILLIAM SVEJKOVSKY
(BILL)

Tall and handsome,
Bill is liked by us all.

CHARLES SWARTOUT
(CHARLIE)

Even tho small,
His wisdom exceeds all.

Torch, Literary Society, Engineering Club, Aviation Club, Chess Club, Academic R's, Senior Stationery Committee, Chairman Sixes Motto Committee.

ELIZABETH WILLERT
(BETTY)

Alarming but charming is Betty,
You're sure to know her already.

CHARLES TITLE

Every inch a man.

Aviation Club.

ED TURNER

Though small and quiet,
Ed knows much more than you would think.

BEN VINOVICH

He does everything with "E's."

Torch, Librarian Literary Society, Academic R's, Thrift Cashier, Student Council Representative, Sixes Motto Committee, New Senior Ring and Pin Committee, Trustee's Office.

BERNICE WHITNEY
(BEE)

Bernice is clever and dimpled and sweet.
She's the kind of girl we all like to meet.

Editor of Bwana, President of College Club, Vice-President of Pep R Club, Sergeant-at-Arms of Carol Club, Verse Committee of Seniors, Picture Committee of Seniors, Torch.

ELIZABETH WILSON

Never is careless, always is gay,
Happy and lovely she goes her way.

Priscilla Club, French Club, Volley Ball Club, Service R, O'ita, Bank Cashier.

CHARLES VALCI

If he does everything as well as baseball, he'll come thru.

Basketball, Baseball, Glee Club, "R" Club.

JULIAN VON KALINOWSKI

We all know that Julian will strive to make good.

Forum, Orchestra.

MARGARET WINCHESTER
(MARGE)

Marge captivates us one and all—
Nice girl, slender, dark, and tall.

Student Council, Bwana, Advisory Bank Cashier, Library, College Club, Sixes Pin Committee, Senior Social Committee.

VIRGINIA WRIGHT
(BUNNY)

This maid demure and fair.
Is never vexed with heavy care.

Spanish Club, Athenaeum, O'ita, Social Committee of Seniors.

JOSEPH WAGNER
(JOE)

Since silence is golden,
Joe will be a rich man some day.

Button Committee, Vice-President Band, N. A. H. S., Band, Orchestra.

PAUL SHICK

Onward, move onward,
O Time, in your flight,
And make the bell ring
Before I recite!

MARGUERITE VOGLER

Blond hair and blue eyes,
Which all of us prize.

Art Club.

HELEN WALLACE

In science, it's Einstein.
In ice-skating, it's Helen Wallace.

FRANK SCHMIT

Frank is out for swimming—
He's daring, strong and bold;
A mighty man is in our ranks
And him you now behold.

Craft Club, Vice-President Swimming Club, Skating Club.

HERBERT SCHUPPAN
(HERB)

We like to hear him talk,
Because he has something to talk about.

Torch.

LOUISE WEINHARDT

Her bright red hair
Helps make her fair.

German Club, Priscilla Club, Athenaeum, O'ita.

NORMA WENDT

A crown of very flaming hair,
Is a charm that she possesses;
And some day she will famous be
Because of her red tresses.

Senior Social Committee, New Senior Social Committee, Secretary Carol Club, Librarian Carol Club, College Club, Basketball.

CLARENCE SEBALD

Always ready with a smile,
Clarence is a friend worth while.

ALLEN JOHNSON
(AL)

Worry kills men—
Why die?

Student Council, Auditorium Committee, Literary Society.

LEONA HUBERT

She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud.

Priscilla Club, Indoor Baseball, Volley Ball, Basketball, O'ita, Shakesperean Club, Rough Rider Typist.

DOROTHY JAEGER

Gold of hair and brilliant of smile,
A friend for always is a friend worth while.

Vocations Club, French Club, Indoor, Speed Club.

KENNETH JOST

Nothing is gained without work.

Literary Society, Naturalist Society.

MARTIN KAMER
(MARTY)

He makes many friends, and keeps them.

Baseball.

SHIRLEY ANN JANKOWITCH

A friend as true as you can find,
And, oh! the power of her mind.

O'ita, Assistant Librarian, Assistant Bank Cashier, Vocations Club.

NORMA KATICH
(BLACKIE)

Dreamy eyes and coal black hair,
We'd know Norma anywhere.

Student Council Representative, Orchestra, Indoor Club, Latin Club, Thrift Cashier, Group Secretary.

FLORENCE KEIGHTLEY
(FLO)

Always laughing and full of fun,
In sunniness she beats the sun.

Torch, Academic R. Service R. O'ita, Spanish Club, Secretary of Spanish Club, President and Secretary of Advisory, Student Council, Stationery Committee Seniors, Chess Club.

MARVIN WILLIAMS

Marvin is always looking for a certain something.

Secretary, Treasurer and Sergeant-at-Arms Golf Club, Skating Club, French Club, Student Council, Senior Social Commieee.

LEOTA YOWELL

Leota runs around like a busy ant, and really has a lot to do—she's a senior.

Priscilla Club, Uke Club, Student Council, Uniform Dress Committee, Group Secretary.

ELEANOR ZELLE

Such eyelashes we've ne'er seen
On any human being;
Such curly hair, such a ready smile,
Enhance the joys of seeing.

Volley Ball, Spanish Club.

WAYNE WOHLEBERG

Wayne is a good fellow to have around.

Student Council.

CARL WOOD
(SPLINTER)

In Track and Football he leads the flock,
He's just a chip off the old block.

Track Team, Track Captain, Football Team, "R" Club, Student Council, Finance Committee, Sergeant-at-Arms New Seniors.

HARRY HILLIKER

The small packages hold as many surprises as the large ones.

Student Council, Service.

ELEANOR BABLER

What she lacks in quantity
She surely makes up in quality.

Priscilla Club, Spanish Club, Vocations Club.

RUTH BABLER

Charming, pretty and clever,
Friendly and sweet ever.

Priscilla Club, Spanish Club, Vocations Club.

JAMES BEECH

Be always as merry as ever you can,
For no one delights in a sorrowful man.

McKinley: History Club, Science Club, Checker Club.

FRED BERNATZ

He did nothing in particular but did it well.

JOHN BUCKLEY

Bluffer? Oh, no! Not our John,
He has an "alibi" to put down.

AMELIO CIARNIELLO
(ARMY)

He hits them hard at football,
The bigger they come, the harder they fall.

Student Council, Football.

GENEVIEVE DIVEN
Hers is a genial and happy nature.

HELEN DIX
Helen is a friend worth while,
Always ready with a smile.
Basketball, Volley Ball, Latin Club.

JOE DRABELLE
To study, or not to study,
That is the question.
Football 1931, Track.

ERWIN FORMAN
Erwin is a likeable chap, and we wish him luck.

JULIUS FRANKE
Julius is a faithful friend
Whose kindness never seems to end.

WALTER GYARMATHY
Walter is a Senior, and one of us—here's to him.

EARL HERCHERT
Why worry?
There is another day.

HOMER HIBBITTS
He sits in mystery, calm and intense,
And looks coolly around him with sharp common sense.
Student Council, Torch, Service, Scholarship R.

ELSIE HOBLEMAN
Worth her weight in gold.
President of Icicles, Treasurer of Icicles, Secretary of Citamard, Treasurer of Citamard, French Club, Athenaeum, Latin Club.

EFFIE HORNBERGER
A smile on her lips,
A dimple in her chin;
If you don't love her
You're committing a sin.

ROBERT HUTZEL
(BOB)
His motto—Be prepared.
Rough Rider, Golf Club.

RALPH LEGRAND JOHNSON
Ralph is the height of the Legrand orchestra.
President of the Novelty Orchestra, Tennis, Craft Club, Aviation Club.

HENRY KRAUSE
(RED)
In playing football here's our star,
"Red" is a marvel on the line,
His fame has spread both near and far,
His reputation's fine.
Captain Football 1931, Basketball, Baseball, "R" Club.

FRANK LINDHURST
Nothing is achieved without honest toil.

DORIS MAHER
Little Doris is a pal to us all.

RAYMOND MCCUE
(MACK)
A pal if you understand him.

DELBERT MELTON
Oh! how he plays that trombone!
Novelty Orchestra.

BERNICE MILLER
Though she is rather quiet,
She's a real girl; we don't deny it.
Indoor Club, Basketball Club, Vocations Club.

JULIAN NIEMEYER
We wish he would say more.

DOROTHY PARKER
(DOT)
She's not the modern poet—
She doesn't need to be;
She's made her work by being just
As sweet as she can be.
Art Club, Spanish Club.

ROBERT PELTON
Ever blest with common sense,
Ever ready to use it.
Torch, Rough Rider.

FRED PITTS
Rich in honesty.

MARGARET POINT
This girl is stately and tall,
She was born to lead;
And yet she can follow too,
A "Point" to her credit indeed.

MARIE POPP
As pleasant a companion,
As one can desire.
French Club.

JOE PROVAZEK
(PROW)
Joe is a regular fellow.
Football, Basketball, Orchestra.

JOYCE REYNOLDS
Silence is golden.

VELMA RITCHEY
A pianist she'll be some day,
As you know when you hear her play.
French Club, Service R, Rough Rider Staff.

CHARLOTTE ROBERTS
She is sweet and very kind
And hard to slip from your mind.
Book Room Work, Bank Cashier, Volley Ball Club, Human Flag.

PHILIP ROBLEE
We're always glad to see him.
Craft Club, Engineering Club.

ALOIS SCHAEFER
(AL)
Alois is a cheerful lad,
Seldom angry, never sad.

RICHARD SMOLIK
Always ready to do you a favor.

VELMA SPINDLER
Willing to work,
That's Velma.
Vocations Club, Priscilla, Indoor, Fashion Show.

DAN STEWART
Strong and tall,
He catches your eye.
Football 1930

RAY STOCKTON
I'm going to graduate—
The first step is achieved.

DIMPLES STURGEON
Happy go lucky,
Fair and free;
Nothing there is
That bothers me.

FLORENCE SUNN
Sunny? I should say she is,
With coal black hair and eyes.
With such a vivid personage
It just lights up the skies.

MARY SWARTZ
A stenographer she'll be some day;
A secretary, we should say.

GLEN THOMAS
We all should know him.
Student Council.

RUDOLPH TROST
(RUDY)
Rudy is quiet, but cheerful nevertheless.

EARL WILLIAMSON
We all know he will be a success.

LOUIS WORACEK
When better plans will be made, Lu will make them.
Senior Picture Committee.

JOHN WYATT
Speech dismayeth not this man.
For he speaks, whene'er he can.

JOHN WYPER
None but himself can be his parallel.

DOROTHY YAEGER
To know her is a treat to us.

NEW SENIOR CLASS

Purpose: An assembly organized by the boys and girls in their seventh term, called the seven's. Continued from last term when they were sixes.

Moderator: Miss Battle

Time and Place of Meeting: Every other Thursday at 2:45 in Room 301.

OFFICERS

January to June 1931

President	James Saylor
Vice-President	Aloise Murphy
Secretary	George McClure
Treasurer	Richard Brown
Sergeant-at-Arms	Dean Dey

September 1931 to January 1932

President	George McClure
Vice-President	Lee Bauer
Secretary	Margaret Pearson
Treasurer	Al Avery
Sergeant-at-Arms	Robert Schilling

GEORGE MCCLURE

The gavel pounded lustily,
"Order, please," rang out;
Somehow you know he'll quiet them—
A born leader without a doubt.

President Sevens, Secretary Sixes, Cheer Leader, Vice-President Chess Club, Literary Society, Rough Rider Staff, Citamard Club, Golf Club, Swimming Club, Service R's.

LEE BAUER

I believe that overwork is dangerous.

Student Council, Vice-President New Seniors, President Boys' Skating Club, Secretary Cartoon Club, Literary Society.

JAMES SAYLER

Jimmie is a handsome lad—
Not too good—not too bad.

"R" Club, Student Council Representative, President Sixes, Track, Tennis Team, Torch.

ALOISE MURPHY

An all-around athlete
Tho' not very tall,
She's happy and smiling
And liked by all.

Tennis, Captain Basketball, Volley Ball Club, Indoor Club, Art Club, College Club, Pep R Club, Vice-President Sixes, Ring and Pin Committee Sevens.

LOUISE ADELAIDE ALEWEL

Who is she?
Look around and see!

Art Club, Golf Club, Priscilla Club, Advisor's Secretary, Assistant Thrift Clerk.

NORMAN ABERNATHY

A man who has no dread
Will surely get ahead.

WALLACE ALLEN

A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident tomorrows.

Cartoon Club

CHARLOTTE ANSCHUETZ

Conscientious in her work and play;
Has made her mark in every way.

President German Club, President Citamard Club, President Volley Ball Club, Carol Club, Swimming Club, Rough Rider Staff, Student Council, Chairman New Senior Verse Committee, Academic R's and Pin, Service R's, Torch.

OTIS BANES

How Otis gets his lesson,
Keeps us all a-guessin'.

Captain Advisory Basketball Team, Bank Cashier, Mask and Buskin Club, Engineering Club, Student Council Representative, Class Day Committee Sevens, Golf Club.

VIRGINIA BARBER
(GEE)

Sweet and cute as she can be
Is our winsome little "Gee."

O'ita, Spanish Club, Vocations Club, Office Work, Teacher's Secretary, Academic R.

MARY JANE BARNBROOK

"A friend is one
Who shares your joy
And doubles it for you.
A friend is one
Who shares your woe
And cuts it right in two."

JOSEPH BELKO

We cannot all do all things.

Sergeant-at-Arms French Club, Service.

DORIS G. BARRICK
(DODE)

Such a happy, peppy girl:
She's always in a gay, mad whirl.

Volley Ball Club, Basketball Club, Indoor Baseball Club, College Club.

MYRTLE BARSOTTI

She drives us
With a subtle art.

Athenaeum, Typist of Mercury, Indoor Club, Chess Club.

BERNICE BATZ

She has a smile and a sweet word for everyone.

O'ita Club, Carol Club.

EUGENE BISCHOFF

Not afraid of work—
Just not in sympathy with it.

SAM A. BJORKMAN

Seldom heard, seldom seen;
Nevertheless he's always keen.

R. O. T. C. Captain, Swimming Club, Golf Club, Shakespearean Club, Engineering Club, Service.

ELIZABETH BAUER

Quiet in her way and sweet—
Don't you find that she's a treat?

MARDELL BECK

Quiet and demure is she,
But full of pep and energy.

MILTON A. BOWERS

If he has any fault, he leaves us in doubt—
At least in four years we can't find it out.

Band, Cartoon Club, Aviation Club, Literary Society.

RUTH P. BECKER
(BECKY)

A maid that is well worth knowing.

Vice-President French Club, Treasurer Art Club, Basketball.

FERN BEGER
(FUNNY)

Laughing and giggling all the day,
Oh, how Fern does love to play!

Vocations Club, French Club.

HENRIETTA BELECK

As pleasant a schoolmate
As one could demand.

Vocations Club, Athenaeum, Scholarship R.

ROY BRISCHETTO

Some day he'll become great
By flying a "crate."

CARL BREHM

He hates naught but to be sad.

President and Secretary German Club, Service R.

LOUISE BELL

How she can use her skill!

Vocations Club.

GLADYS BERGMAN

A girl on whom one can rely,
Altho there's mischief in her eye.

J. RICHARD BROMEYER

What's play for some,
For him is work.

Engineering Club.

OLIVE CAMILLA BEST

In the later years we will be proud to have known you,
For we know you will become a great musician.

Icicles, Treasurer Uke Club, Novelty Orchestra, Treasurer French Club, O'ita, Carol Club, Basketball.

RUTH BEYERSTEDT

She's light of spirit and
Has winning grace;
In spite of cares she
Wears a happy face.

PAULINE JEAN BIGGS
(POLLY)

"Polly" who? "Polly" where?
In sports, well, she's all there.

Pep R, Corresponding Secretary O'ita, Assistant Student Council Representative, Basketball, Indoor Baseball, Tennis Club.

DOUGLAS BROOKS

Why do we have to be so quiet?

RICHARD BROWN

A pleasant voice and a business-like air
Make our Dick liked everywhere.

Academic R's, Rough Rider Staff, Student Council, Literary Society, Chess Club, Engineering Club, Skating Club, Mask and Buskin Club, Treasurer Sixes, Chairman Social Committee Sevens, Torch.

VERNITA BIGHEM

Her charming and her modest ways,
Make others glad to give her praise.

President O'ita, Editor Gold Bug, Mask and Buskin, German Club, Vocations Club, Service Bureau, Service R, Academic R, Torch.

HARRIET O. BLACK

"Let fools the studious despise,
There's nothing lost in being wise."

Bank Cashier.

WILLIAM H. BUCH

Yes, he is an athlete,
And has many an honor earned,
He is always up and doing
Where Roosevelt's concerned.

Football, Track, Editor Rough Rider, President "R" Club, Student Council, Chairman Athletic Committee, Social Committee Sixes and Sevens, Service R, Torch.

JOSEPHINE BLACK

A friend, dependable and true,
One who will always stick to you.

Art Club, Carol Club.

MARGARET IDA BLACK
(MARGE)

Sweet and wise, and good;
What more need be said?

Bank Cashier.

VIRGINIA KATHRYN BLUM

Laugh and be gay—
Tomorrow is another day.

Art Club, Student Council.

JOSEPH CAIRNS

Jesters do often prove prophets.

HAROLD E. CLARK

I think; therefore, I am.

Literary Society, Chairman Button Committee Sixes, Verse Committee New Seniors, Academic R, Treasurer Photography Club.

GERALDINE BOETTCHER
(JERRY)

Kind are her thoughts,
Noble are her deeds.

Art Club, Bank Cashier.

HELENE BRETTLE

It's a joy to know her.

Secretary Latin Club, Basketball.

CLARENCE RAY CRAVENS

Always friendly when you meet,
Perfect gentleman and neat—
Clarence Cravens—a treat.

Student Council Representative

DOROTHY BROCKMEYER

Though this lady's name is Dot,
She's really not so tall;
In fact to tell the truth,
She's really very small.

Secretary Art Club, Service.

VIRGINIA BRYSON

Virginia has her own sweet way:
'Twill come in handy, too, some day.

Spanish Club.

ROSE CALABRESE

Rose is pleasant, jolly, and sweet—
A girl whom we always like to meet.

O'ita Society.

GARY DAVIDSON

Perhaps success, perhaps defeat—
Nevertheless he will be hard to beat.

Student Council, Rough Rider Staff, Thrift Cashier, Treasurer Philatelic Society, Chess Club.

MARTIN DAVIS

A happy tempered one who brings the best out of the worst.

Jefferson City High: Debate Club, Band, Business Manager-elect of Annual, Orchestra.
Roosevelt: Band.

ALETHE CAMMANN

Her happy face and flashing eyes
Have wrung from all admiring sighs.

Vocations Club, Spanish Club, Icicles Club, Bank Cashier, Student Council, Pep R Club, Uke Club, Service R, Social Committee Sixes, Class Play Committee Sevens.

MARIE CATANZARO

It does one good to know her.

Priscilla Club, Spanish Club.

JOHN M. DEGEL

All things come to him who works and waits —even a diploma.

Aviation Club, French Club, Engineering Club.

ZORA CERNICH

They say miracles are past?

Indoor Baseball, Basketball, Orchestra, All-Star Basketball Team, Torch.

JUNE COLVILLE

She's always ready through the day to help her classmates work or play.

MARGARET COTA

A maid we are proud to claim.

Teacher's Secretary.
Bemidji (Minn.) High School: News Staff of School Paper, French Club, Glee Club, Musical Art Club, Assistant Art Editor of School Paper, President Home Economics Club, Bank Cashier, Boosters' Club.

GEORGE DEAN

Ambition is oftentimes the cause of virtues.

DEAN DEY

A speedy lad we'll all agree;
A sure point man in track;
And all that his opponents see
Is the number on his back.

Academic R's, Athletic R's, Track, "R" Club, Cartoon Club, Engineering Club, Citamard Club, Sergeant-at-Arms Skating Club, Sergeant-at-Arms Sixes, Chairman Ring and Pin Committee Sevens, Torch.

RUTH CROWDER

Students like Ruth are very few—
There's hardly a task which she can't do.

Vice-President College Club, Pep R Club, Rough Rider, Play Committee of Sevens, Social Committee of Sixes, Service R's, Torch.

FERN CRUMLEY

Her face—sweet:
Her manners—charming and neat.

Art Club, Carol Club.

JOHN DITCH

Describe him who can
An abridgment of all that is pleasant in man.

ELIZABETH R. DAUGHERTY

Though she's little from head to toe,
Her every act or word is just so.

Carol Club, Library Assistant, Assistant Advisory Cashier, Human Flag.

VIVIAN DEMPSTER
(VIV)

Full of fun and jollity:
Typing shows her ability.

Rough Rider Staff, Bank Cashier.

LUCILLE C. DINGERSON

A little girl, just full of fun.

Basketball Club.

FORREST DOERING

"Great oaks from little acorns grow."

EDWARD DOOLIN

A careful student—
Careful not to overdo it.

MARION DODGE

One looking at her cannot despise
Her wealth of hair and dark brown eyes.

BLANCHE DUNNAVANT

We often wonder why
Our charming Blanche
Is so shy?

JERRY DUNAJCIK

A man of knowledge increaseth strength.

Vice-President Philatelic Society.

FLORENCE DURPHY

This girl, she has a friendly heart,
In work and play she does her part.

Mask and Buskin Club, Band, Volley Ball.

VIRGINIA ADELAIDE EBRECHT

When all the others you would pass by,
She's the one who would catch your eye.

College Club, Golf Club, Traffic.

IRENE EICHELBERGER

Her sparkling eyes to you declare,
A merry heart is surely there.

Icicles.

J. M. EAST

Happy am I, from care I'm free—
Why aren't they all contented like me?

Track, Aviation Club.

DUWARD WM. EDWARDS

The less there is learned,
The less there is to forget.

Aviation Club, Engineering Club.

HELEN A. EISENREICH

A loyal companion, an excellent friend,
An earnest worker, and true to the end.

Student Council, Vocations Club, Priscilla Club, Thrift Committee.

DOROTHY ERKERT
(DOT)

The heavenly gift of beauty.

JESSE F. ELKINS

Don't worry. You won't know the difference a hundred years from now.

Engineering Club.

JOHNNIE MAE ETTINGER
(FRITZ)

True happiness consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in their worth of choice.

McKinley: Dancing Club, Latin Club.
Roosevelt: Basketball, Indoor Baseball.

JANE EVANS

Attractive, cute, and clever;
As a pal, there is no better

Rough Rider Staff, Service R's, College Club, Bank Cashier, Button Committee Sixes, Social Committee Sevens, Pep R Club.

JEAN EVANS

Gay and lively is our Jean,
No matter when or where she's seen.

Pep R Club, College Club.

CLARENCE H. FAIRCHILD, JR.

Where golf and homework clash,
Let homework go to smash.

Secretary Golf Club

ROY EDWARD FINE

His name is Fine,
His skating's fine—
He's truly Roy Edward Fine.

Engineering Club, Boys' Ice Skating Club, Aviation Club.

LUCILLE FLUHR

She hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse:
And well she can persuade.

Priscilla Club, French Club, Volley Ball Club, Advisory Secretary, Academic R, Service R.

VERNA AGNES ZIMMERMANN

A lovely girl and very neat,
As nice a one as you'd care to meet.

WARD FOX

One may smile and smile;
And still not be a villain.

Swimming Club, Secretary Photography Club.

RUTH FUCHS

All good things come in little packages.

Basketball, Icicles, Service R's and Pin, Pep R Club, College Club.

VIRGINIA GAMBLE

A Rough Rider reporter is she—
Always busy as she can be.

Vocations Club, Art Club, College Club, Pep R Club, Mask and Buskin, Icicles, Rough Rider Staff, Bank Cashier.

LOIS GILDEHAUS
(LOIE)

Great thoughts come from the heart.

Bank Cashier, Carol Club, Vacations Club.

ALBERT A. GIESECKE

Though quiet he may be,
He has the virtue of modesty.

Sergeant-at-Arms Chess Club, Literary Society, Engineering Club.

CARL GOEPPNER

Big things come in little bundles.

Student Council, Thrift Committee.

JULIA GILL

The best of me is diligence.

IRENE GOEBEL

Quietness is a virtue.

Icicles.

RALPH GRASEL

If I do or if I don't.

MARIE GOERTS

Smiling and cheerful as anyone can be;
That's the way you'll always find Marie.

Citamard Club, Icicles, O'ita, Thrift Cashier.

VIRGINIA GOODMAN

Meeting her is liking her—
Knowing her is loving her.

Chicago and East St. Louis: Honor Society, Science Club, Latin Club, Mathematics Club, Gym Club.

ALICE LOUISE GRANT

Charming, lovely, full of wit,
She's a girl that makes a hit.

Captain Basketball, Icicles, Student Council Representative, Welfare Committee, Academic R's and Pin, Service R.

JAMES GREENWAY

I am going to take a frightful leap in the dark.

Library Assistant, Treasurer Sportsman's Club, Ice Skating Club.

OLIVER HAAS

Lessons don't bother me.

Craft Club.

BERNICE GREEN

'Tis a bright and happy lass
That here you do see.

ELEANOR HAMMEL

Blessed with that charm—the certainty to please.

HOWARD HAGEDORN

Howard has an eye for business and he likes to get down to facts.

JOHANNA HAPPE
(JO)

A woman who won't argue
Can't think of anything to say.

LILLIAN HERMELING

She not only seems lovely, she is.

O'ita, Latin Club, Treasurer Latin Club.

CORNELIA ANNA HERR

Here is one with the modesty of a violet, and the loveliness of a rose.

Icicles.

HARRY HAUSNER

Harry never meets a defeat
Because he is a real athlete.

Student Council Representative, Cartoon Club, Service Points, Bank Cashier.

JAMES HEINTZ

Haste makes waste—don't rush me.

BEULAH E. HOFFMAN

"What good's a tongue if you don't use it?"

Carol Club.

MELBA HOFFMANN

For four long years she's studied here—
Her efforts, then, should be revered.

Treasurer Art Club, Vocations Club.

ARNOLD HERMANN

Arnold Hermann, no one will doubt,
Is a good, dandy fellow, and a fine old scout.

President, Vice-President and Librarian Chess Club, Captain Chess Team, Literary Club, Librarian Mask and Buskin, Glee Club, Triple Quartet.

WINONA MARIE HORNBECK

Athletics will be a strong feature,
When Winona becomes a "gym" teacher.

Indoor Baseball, Volley Ball, Basketball, O'ita Club, Priscilla Club, Athenaeum, Shakespearean Club, Service R.

VIRGINIA JULIUS

She knows nothing base,
Fears nothing known.

Mask and Buskin, O'ita Society.

MADELINE KAERCHER

Everything succumbs to one of sweet and cheerful disposition.

Captain Basketball, Icicles, Student Council Representative, Property Committee, Academic R's and Pin, Service R's, Social Committee Sevens.

VINCENT HARRING

Much done, much designed, and more desired.

DAVID D. HILL

His silence answers yes.

Sportsman's Club, Literary Society.

RUTH KAYSER

She has golden hair and a sunny smile,
For life to her is quite worth while.

EVELYN KNOUSE
(EV)

Evelyn never rests at all,
For she's always playing basketball.

Basketball, Volley Ball, Indoor Baseball, Vocations Club.

JAMES L. HOFF

James never broadcasts his opinions.

HENRIETTA KNECHT

With life and all in it,
She seemes quite content.

Treasurer Carol Club, Art Club, Basketball, Volley Ball.

HELEN KREWINGHAUS

Her charm strikes the sight,
Her merit wins the soul.

Vice-President Citamard Club, Academic R's, Vocations Club, Latin Club, Baseball Club, Editor O'ita's Goldbug, Shapespearean Club, Service R, Picture Committee New Seniors, Torch.

OLIVIA KUEHNE
(JACKIE)

Vim, vigor, and vitality.

NATHANIEL HOLMES

Ready for work,
Ready for fun;
Willing to help
Till the work is done.

Forum, Cartoon Club, Football.

WILLIAM HOOD
(BILL)

A handsome lad: refined and tall.

Golf Club, Vice-President, Secretary Cartoon Club, Mask and Buskin Club, Engineering Club, Thrift Cashier, Social Committee Sixes, Service.

JANE KUHN

When she goes,
Though quiet and reserved is she,
The school will lose true quality.

President Vocations Club, Art Club.

BESSIE ELLEN LARKIN

Jolly and kind,
Friendly inclined.

McKinley: Gift Club, Hiking Club, Traffic Officer.
Roosevelt: Thrift Club, Bank Cashier, Service R. Eligibility Bureau.

EUGENE HOY

From labor health, from health contentment springs.

HARRIET ANN LAUBACH

Here's a girl with lots of vim,
And her fame will never dim.

Treasurer Volley Ball, Tennis, Pep R Club, Icicles.

EDITH MARGARET LIBBY

To flaunt one's knowledge isn't wise,
So Margaret doesn't advertise.

Vocations Club, Bank Cashier, Student Council Representative, Program Chairman and President Latin Club, Academic R's, Torch.

HAZEL MARTHA LINE

Oh, many a hit she's scored,
While at the helm of her well-known Ford.

Icicles, O'ita Club.

GENE HUNDHAUSEN

A chemist he would be—
This we'll all have to see.

Student Council Representative, Bwana Staff.

VICTOR JACQUEMIN

Often seen, more often heard.

Golf Club, Literary Club, Mask and Buskin, Chess Club, Aviation Club.

ANNA MARIE LOTTMANN

No profit grows where no pleasure is taken.

Basketball Club, Librarian of Citamard, French Club, O'ita, Service.

ELOIS LUDWIG

With a heart that's ever kind.

St. Elizabeth's Academy: Dramatic Club.
Roosevelt: French Club, Icicles.

DEWITT A. JAMES, JR.

Quiet and industry go hand in hand.

Student Council, Property Committee, Thrift Committee, Bank Cashier, Verse Committee Sevens, Service R.

EVELYN LUEKER

Evelyn is serene and sweet—
A pleasant girl to know and meet.

MILDRED LYMAN

A friend, loyal and true to the end.

Cleveland: Freshman Club, Hiking Club, Skating Club, Pipes O' Pan.
Roosevelt: Treasurer French Club, O'ita Basketball, Service Points.

RUTH MARSCHEL

Ruth's work is done with E's.

French Club, Editor Arco Iris Spanish Club, Tennis, Shakespearean Club, Scribbler's Club.

WILLIAM V. KAMLADE
(BILL)

When you're in need of a loyal friend
Here's one that we can recommend.

Golf Club.

EUGENE H. RELLER

It is inevitable that I should be a great American.

Traffic Officer, Service R.

ESTELLE MALLON

Cute, clever, and full of fun;
Known and liked by everyone.

Basketball, Indoor Baseball, Volley Ball Club, Vocations Club, Secretary of Advisory Group.

HELEN MANDELKERN

Her ways and words are winning.

WRIGHT KING

Always arguing for all he's worth
Wright King—fastest talker on earth.

Student Council, News Editor Literary Society, Sergeant-at-Arms Chess Club, Aviation Club, Sportsman's Club, Picture Committee Sevens, Service R, Academic R, Torch.

VIRGINIA MANIGAN

It was a joy to have known her.

ANNA MAJTAS

Gentle, modest, and neat;
A girl we always like to meet.

HAZEL MARTIN

I have learned to relieve the sufferings of others.

Art Club, Priscilla Club, Pep R Club, Basketball, Volley Ball Club.

VERNON KUEHN

Here's one whose common sense is not so common.

JOSEPH C. LAWLER

All things he doth exceeding well;
But in art he doth excel.

President and Treasurer Cartoon Club.

MARY ANN MCKEE

The individual charm of the modern maid
By this girl of today is well portrayed.

French Club, Icicles, Tennis Club, Service R. Motto Committee Sevens, Pep R Club.

DOROTHY MEYER

Sweetness commands all.

German Club, Latin Club, O'ita, Basketball Club, Carol Club, Icicles, Thrift Cashier.

RUSSEL L. LANZ

Reserve cannot hide his true merit.

MARJORIE IONE MILBY
(MARGE)

Charming, lovely, full of wit—
She's a girl that makes a hit.

Student Council Representative, Bank Cashier, Verse Committee Sevens, Priscilla Club, Lunch Room Squad, Social Committee Sixes.

WINAFERD MELISSA MILLS
(WINNIE)

Joy delights in joy.

Roosevelt Icicles, Secretary of Advisory.

MARY ELLEN MIZELL

Spreading a lovely ray of sunshine wherever she goes.

President Advisory Group, Assistant Bank Cashier.

KENNETH L. LINDERMANN

And he is jolly and always gay—
We wonder how he gets that way.

Cartoon Club, Science Club, Orchestra, Skating Club, Art Club.

Henry E. Manker

For he was studious—of his ease.

Cartoon Club, Golf Club, Science Club, Mask and Buskin, Boys' Art Club, Boys' Skating Club.

Moneera Modest

Who said there's nothing in a name?

Elsie F. Yehling

Nothing is impossible to a valiant heart.

Cleveland: Pipes o' Pan, Freshman Girls. Roosevelt: Bwana Staff, Mask and Buskin, Rough Rider Staff, Secretary Volley Ball, Latin Club, Academic R's, Service R's, Verse Committee New Seniors, Torch.

August Mantia

A well-liked boy who always lends a helping hand to all his friends.

Melba Morenz

Students like her are hard to find—
Steady, noble, willing, and kind.

German Club, Girls' Debating Team, Indoor Baseball, Sergeant-at-Arms Round Table, Basketball, Service R.

Irene Morris

If a friend you'd like to find,
Here's one, both true and kind.

Lavina Niehaus

Fame comes only when deserved, and then is as inevitable as destiny, for it is destiny.

Associate Editor of Rough Rider, Service R's, Librarian Mask and Buskin, Art Club, Vocations Club, Secretary of Icicles, College Club, Pep R Club, Torch.

Robert Martin

Lessons don't bother me—
Neither does anything else.

KIETH MAY

"Worry kills men—
Why die?"

VERNA NIERDIECK

A quiet maid who seldom speaks, but deep within is thinking.

KATHERINE A. NIES

She's so petite,
Lovable and sweet.

College Club, Icicles, Art Club, Service, Basketball Club.

THOMAS MCCAWLEY

A friend we shall long remember.

French Club.

IMOGENE E. O'DELL
(GENE)

A quiet girl, yet cheerful, too—
Maids like her are very few.

Roosevelt: Icicles, Basketball.
McKinley: Spanish Club, Dancing Club.

MARTHA OTTESKY

You can look a long time for her equal.

ANASTAZIA OZIMKA

A miss whose smart and kindly manner is often hidden by a mask of shyness.

Vocations Club, Writer's Club.

HENRY A. MCQUADE

If I don't think well of myself, who will?

President Sportsman's Club, Treasurer Boys' Ice Skating Club.

EDWARD O. MILLER

This young man expresses himself in terms too deep for us.

Student Council, Rough Rider Staff, Buana Staff, Forum, Orchestra, Band, Glee Club, Shakespearean Club, Scholarship R, Service R, Torch.

CATHERINE E. PAEBEN

She touches nothing which she does not adorn.

College Club, Icicles, Basketball, Art Club, Service.

RUTH ELLA PANKOW

An artist in the making.

Art Club.

RAYMOND MUELLER

I have a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any mischief.

MARY R. PARKER

As natural as the flowers, and just as sweet;
You'll find her charms are hard to beat.

College Club, Pep R Club, Basketball, Treasurer Golf Club.

MARGARET PEARSON

With a smile ever ready,
And a head of auburn hair,
"Our Marge" will always greet you
With a cheerful, friendly air.

Secretary Sevens, President Carol Club, Pep R Club, O'ita.

ELSIE PELANT

Many of us wonder why
Elsie is so very shy.

Vocations Club, Quilt Club, Basketball Club.

GEORGE MELISSAROPOULOS

Everything comes if a man will only wait.

Golf Club, Sergeant-at-Arms Golf Club, French Club, Secretary French Club, Rough Rider Staff, Student Council, Track.

CARL F. MORISSE

Never tiring, never shirking,
His play is working.

Treasurer Literary Society, President and Secretary Philatelic Society, Photography Club, German Club, Cartoon Club, Bwana Staff, Service R, Verse Committee Sevens, Torch.

MARY GLENN PEYTON

Her friendship is as priceless as a pearl.

Office Assistant, Basketball, Volley Ball, Indoor Baseball Club.

ESTHER M. PFEIFER

Just quiet and sincere.

French Club.

RUSSEL J. MUNZLINGER

Never trouble trouble.
'Till trouble troubles you.

Craft Club.

VERA A. H. PFEIFER

Quiet but capable.

French Club.

BURDEAN PIPER

To know her is to love her.

Vocations Club, Thrift Cashier.

EVELYN ESTELLE PITT

Her greatness lies in being true to herself and her friends.

M. C. A. High, Mississippi: Girls' Reserve. Roosevelt: O'ita.

RAYMOND MURRAH

An all round good fellow.

WALTER NELSON

For who does nothing with better grace?

ELISE M. POUPENEY

Elise takes part in dancing
And has oft been leader, too;
But she never neglects her studies—
Now, what more can one girl do?

Spanish Club, Vocations Club, Secretary and Vice-President Icicles, Bank Cashier, Library Assistant, Service R.

MARY P. A. POPE

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the heart.

Secretary of Advisory Group, Rough Rider Staff.

CHARLES R. PICKER

He blushes: all is safe.

Librarian Aviation Club, Squadron Leader Aviation Club, Photography Club, Engineering Club, Service.

LAURA S. PRESS

Always ready with a smile—
That is Laura all the while.

Basketball Club, Librarian, Sergeant-at-Arms, Citamard Club, Associate Editor Gold Bug, O'ita Club, Carol Club, Human Flag, Academic R's, Service.

BERNYCE VIOLET RADEMAKER

Her air has a meaning,
Her movement a grace.

HELEN RAHM

A quiet, demure, and likeable girl.

Art Club, German Club.

C. MORRIS POE

Far may we search before we find
A heart so manly and so kind.

Student Council, Forum, Advisory Chairman, Thrift Cashier.

FRANK POLLARD

The goal at last.

Swimming Club, Literary Society, Engineering Club, C. M. T. C., Freshman Football, Glee Club.

SARA RANKIN
(SALLY)

Her face shows the loveliness of her character.

South Bend High: G. A. A.

FLORENCE LUCILLE RICHARDSON
(FLO)

Flo is shy and bashful, you see,
That's why she blushes so prettily.

Student Council Representative, French Club, Sergeant-at-Arms Art Club, Priscilla Club, Lunch Room Squad, Advisory Secretary.

JACK RALLS

His words and bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His friendship sincere, his thoughts immaculate.

Literary Society, Chess Club, Mask and Buskin, Glee Club, Triple Quartet, Orchestra, Lunch Room, Academic R.

EVELYN ANNA RIEMANN
(EVE)

A smile for you,
A smile for me,
A cure for blues—
Yes, that is she!

VIRGINIA ROOS

A willing heart, a helping hand,
Always ready on demand.

Cleveland: Pipes o' Pan, Ice Skating Club, Freshman Girls Club.
Roosevelt: Associate Editor Bwana, Ring and Pin Committee Sevens, Student Council, Citizenship Committee, Service R's, Service Bureau and Library, Mask and Bushin Club, Torch.

BETTY ROSE

A very capable girl with a lovable disposition.

Vice-President Mask and Bushin Club, Class-day Committee Sevens.

DURWARD JEAN PRIMM

A regular fellow, it is true.
Full of pep and mischief, too.

Swimming Club, Aviation Club, Glee Club.

RAYMOND E. RAPP

A modest, unassuming chap—
We like him all the world for that.

Sportsman's Club, Service.

STELLA ROSEN

Always ready to start something.

PAULINE ELIZABETH ROSSO

"Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die."

Orchestra, Human Flag.

MILTON H. RAU

Murder stories bore me.
I like something exciting.

Craft Club, Forum, Engineering Club, Service.

VIVIAN LUCILLE RUTLEDGE

None but herself can be her parallel.

Vocations, Human Flag, Priscilla, Shakespearean Club, Secretary of Advisory Group.

LUCY JANE RYBURN

We all agree: undoubtedly
Her charm is personality.

College Club.

Sincerely, Gen.

GENEVIEVE SCHMIEDERER

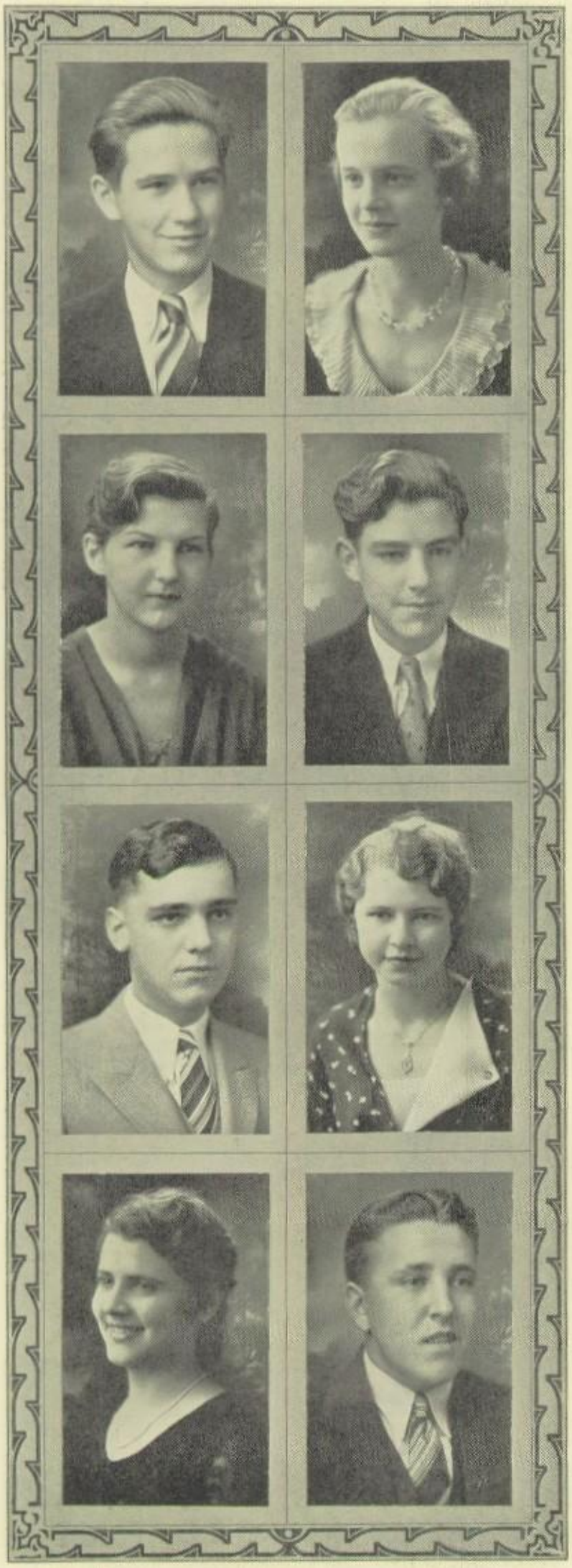
When you're tired and feeling blue,
Go to Gen—she'll help you thru.

O'ita, Volley Ball Club, Spanish Club, Service R, Rough Rider Staff, Student Council Representative, Finance Committee.

WILLIAM B. REESE

Every great actor was first an amateur.

Orchestra, Citamard Club, Shakespearean Club.



EUGENE H. RELLER

It is inevitable that I should be a great American.

Traffic Officer, Service R.

BETTY SCHMIDT

A clever girl who is very pretty,
And very sweet as well as witty.

Sergeant-at-Arms College Club, Pep R Club, Rough Rider Staff, Chairman Social Committee Sixes, Social Committee Sevens, Library Assistant, Torch.

HULDA SCHOBER

She has the gift of true charm.

Service.

JAMES ROTHERY

The man that blushes is not quite a brute.

Track, Tennis, Student Council, Finance Committee, Rough Rider Staff, "R" Club.

FRANK SCHAEPPERLE

Hard work shortens life—
Why die early?

LILLIAN MARIE SCHRAMPF
(LIL)

Charming, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless one the friend.

German Club, O'ita.

ARLINE ELSA SCHROEDER

Silence and wisdom are an excellent combination.

Mask and Buskin Club, Shakespearean Club, Indoor Baseball, Swimming Club.

LESTER SCHICK

Oh, little book, thou art so unbecoming!

ROBERT SCHILLING
(BOB)

A man of charms
Is our Sergeant-at-Arms—
All will attest it is true.
And not only that;
He's a wonderful chap.
A friend that is always quite true.

Sergeant-at-Arms New Seniors, Chairman Advisory, Golf Club, Sportsman's Club, Skating Club.

MARY ELIZABETH SCHWARZ

She is a quiet little girl until—
Necessity demands otherwise.

Carol Club.

ELEANOR SCIARRA

Kindness makes friendships.

O'ita Society.

WARREN SCHMIDT

It matters not how long we live, but how.

FREDERICK W. SCHNEIDER

Somewhat quiet, not so loud—
Of him we all are proud.

Orchestra, Glee Club, Mask and Buskin Club.

ROSE MARIE SEASE
(MICKEY)

Quiet and capable.

Roosevelt Icicles.

ALBERTA M. SHOEMAKER
(BILLIE)

She's as fine as you'll meet—
Nice, dainty, sweet, petite.

Carol Club, Uke Club, Pep R Club, Rough Rider Staff.

C. ROBERT SCHROEDER

Napoleon was little, too.

Bwana Staff, Rough Rider Staff, Academic R's, Service Pin, Treasurer Spanish Club, Literary Society, Chess Club, Library Assistant, Button Committee Sixes, Chairman Picture Committee Sevens, Torch.

FRANK D. STERN

A hit, a very palpable hit.

Lunch Room Assistant, Bank, Glee Club.

LENA SWIMMER

Quality, not quantity.

Priscilla Club, Library Assistant, Human Flag.

LORETTA THEOHAR

And all the friends who know her well,
The sweetness of her heart can tell.

Latin Club, French Club.

TED STEWART

Happy-go-lucky and carefree is he,
But a gifted cartoonist, we must agree.

Rough Rider Staff, Student Council, Glee Club, Triple Quartet, Cheer Leader, Cartoon Club, Chairman Class Day Committee Sevens, Basketball.

GILBERT H. STIEGLITZ

Disturb me not
When I'm making a shot—in golf!

Student Council Representative, Treasurer Golf Club, Thrift Cashier.

MARY ELLEN THOMPSON

The world means something to the capable.

MARION TIMBERMAN

When Marion plays basketball,
She is cheered by all.

Basketball Club.

PAUL STRUCKMEIER

Anything for a quiet life.

Boys' Ice Skating Club, Bwana Staff, Assistant Group Bank Cashier, President and Vice-President Cartoon Club, Citamard, Literary Society, Roosevelt Naturalist Society, New Senior Verse Committee, Aviation Club.

CLYDE W. SUNDELL

A jovial fellow is this Sundell,
What he may be, you can never tell.

Glee Club, Triple Quartet, Skating Club, Swimming Club, Basketball, Baseball.

CHARLOTTE TUENGE

We are charmed with the neatness of her person.

German Club.

MERRIAM TURNER
(MARY)

If all would smile as much as she,
A pleasant place this world would be.

Vocations Club, Spanish Club, O'ita, Office Work.

CHARLES SWAGMAN

A master of thought, yet modest in expression.

EDWARD W. SWARTHOUT

Don't rush me:
Time goes on forever.

Literary Society.

GERTRUDE VON DER AU

Genteel in personage,
Conduct, and equipage;
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free.

President of German Club, Chairman of Music Committee German Club, Treasurer of O'ita Society, Membership Committee of O'ita, Latin Club.

NELLIE S. WALSH
(IRISH)

A charming maid whose sunny smile
Adds joy to every day
Though sad we feel, our Nellie dear
Drives all our tears away.

President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer Volley Ball, Basketball, Citamard, Assistant Student Council Representative, Indoor Baseball Club, Shakespearian Club, New Senior Verse Committee.

JARVIS TELLE

The more you study,
The more you know,
The more you know,
The more you forget—
So why study?

Sportsman's Club.

ALVIN W. TIDROW

At golf Alvin is a whiz—
Oh, for a mashie shot like his!

Student Council, Golf Club, Golf Team.

OLGA DOROTHEA WAYMER
(TUPE)

Smiling, happy, always gay;
Always seems to find a way.

Basketball, Shakespearean Club, Icicles, Tennis, Service.

BETTY M. WIEDMANN

So unaffected, so composed in mind;
So firm, so strong, and so refined.

Thrift Clerk, Vocations Club, Thrift Club, Service R, Academic R's, Student Council, Chairman Welfare Committee.

IRVING B. TIETZE, JR.

The only way to have a friend
Is to be one.

Boys' Ice Skating Club, "R" Club, Bank Cashier, Track Team, Corresponding Secretary and Sergeant-at-Arms Philatelic Society.

CORNELIUS TOENNIES

Every inch a man!

Philatelic Society.

LEONORA WIRTH

A bonnie, sweet lassie.

HELEN MARGARET WEIS

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.

Athenaeum.

RAYMOND W. VANCE

He's just as quiet as he can be,
But a fine fellow, everyone can see.

Student Council, Property Committee, Verse Committee Sevens, Forum, Citamard Club, Traffic Officer, Harvard Book Prize, Torch.

WALTER VORNBROCK

Temper makes a man.

MARGUERITE WELLER

She's all that one could wish,
With her quiet and demure ways.

Basketball Club.

ELANE WEARE

I am always in haste, but never in a hurry.

HOWARD WILKIN

Oh, what a perfect technique!

Aviation Club, Cartoon Club, Naturalist Society.

WILMA WICKES
(BILLIE)

Now let me say that she is fair;
And they, that lovely face who view,
They need not ask if truth be there.

Volley Ball Club, Thrift Cashier, Assistant Student Council Representative.

EDNA WITHINGTON
(ED)

Here's a pal, here's a friend,
Ever ready a hand to lend.

McKinley: Library Club, Spanish Club.
Roosevelt: Volley Ball Club, Indoor Baseball, Basketball, O'ita.

LYDIA ZVONAR

With smiling blue eyes, and laughing lips she charms us.

O'ita Society, Art Club, Chess Club, Typist of Mercury, Athenaeum.

FRANK JOSEPH ZIMMER

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.

Shakespeareans, Chess Club, Craft Club, Treasurer, Sergeant-at-Arms Aviation Club, Advisory Bank Cashier.

PAUL SHY
(BUNNY)

He's earnest, yet gay,
In a capable way.

"R" Club, Baseball Club.

EVA HORTENSE SKAGGS

No beauty's like the beauty of the mind.

Student Council Representative, Secretary Welfare Committee, Thrift Cashier, Advisory Secretary, O'ita.

MELBA RAU

Quiet, charming, trustworthy, and a true friend.

College Club, Basketball, Bwana Staff, Spanish Club, Academic R, Service R.

THOMAS SMITH

A happy, manly lad is he!

VERNON SOMMER

Of him I will make this admission:
He has a friendly disposition.

EMILY STRUHARIK

Likeable is this one, indeed;
Sweet girls like her we really need.

Student Council, Bwana Staff, O'ita, Citamard Club.

EILEEN SUTTON
(BLONDIE)

Dainty and sweet,
A maiden petite.

Service Bureau, Service R.

JAMES A. STEPP

If silence is the key to success,
Then Jimmy is surely the best.

ANNE FORST
A friend for all your difficulties.

THOMAS BUGG
Hang worry; kill time.
I should care—I'm feeling fine.

CARL ALBERS
Great doers are never great talkers.

EDWIN ALCORN
Nothing astonishes men so much as common sense and plain dealing.

AUDREY ALDRIDGE
We always like those who admire us.

UDOLPHO ARNOLD
The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

AL AVERY
A treasurer our Al has been—
He has helped the class a lot;
And in the future may he win
A fortune quickly got.
Track Manager, R Club, Student Council, Chairman Finance Committee, Treasurer Sevens, Assistant Business Manager Rough Rider.

ANNA BALZER
Though she is rather quiet,
She's a real girl and we don't deny it.

JOSEPH BARRY
There is great ability in knowing how to conceal one's ability.

KATHLEEN BAUMGARTNER
Her kindness wins her friends.

WILLIAM BELL
Care was always stranger in this honest heart.

ELMER BOEDING
(GENE)
Take it easy, have your fun,
Let the old world flicker on.
Central: Football, Baseball, Basketball, Glee Club, Orchestra.
Roosevelt: Glee Club, Triple Quartet.

RALPH BOEHNER
Strong is the power of suggestion—I'm great!

ERNEST BRACH
Ever sincere, always true,
A pal and a friend to you.
Sportsman's Club, Student Council Representative, Project Committee.

JOHN BRUEN
"Small, but mighty" is our John
Track Team, "R" Club, Swimming Club.

RUDOLPH BUCHHOLZ
Silence is a virtue of wise men.

ALDO CAMPANELLA
Big words do not smite like war-clubs.

CLIFFORD BULLOCK
Success comes to thinking people.

LEE CAPEHART
Great men tremble when the lion roars.

PAUL E. COURTNEY
Oh! When he plays that sax!

HAROLD W. CRUTHUS
Here is one who knows more than he says.

GLEN DETERS
The shortest answer is doing.

FRANK DiMARTINO
Not always talking, but thinking.

ADELE DOLIN
As welcome as sunshine in any place.

ELAINE FABRICIUS
Laugh and be merry—
Today comes but once.

ROBERT FEHLIG
Who is it that towers above the others?

TENNYSON FULLER
He means well and acts accordingly.

EDWIN FRITON
The sovereignty of man lieth hid in knowledge.

CHESTER FORBES
(CHES)
What cares he for class or book,
Zero mark, or scornful look!
Freshman Football, Engineering Club, Glee Club.

ROBERT GREENWOOD
A man who knows his own mind.

GEORGE GRAUPNER
What shall I do to be forever known?

RUSSELL FROEHLY
A fellow of plain constancy.

WILLIAM GOODIN
True to his name,
This boy's a good'ne.

JOE GLISH
A lad who doesn't let study interfere with getting an education.

LILLIAN HACK
Thru sunshine and rain she's always the same.

ARTHUR HAMMEL
Peace to all such.

THOMAS W. HARRIS
Many receive advice; only the wise profit by it.
McKinley: Library.
Roosevelt: Athenaeum, Treasurer Cartoon Club.

VIVIAN HEIDA
Though cool, unruffled, sweet, and mild,
Upon our pranks, she always smiled.

FRANCES ZORA HAJDIN
Of such affection and unbroken faith
As tempers life's worst bitterness.

FORREST GAMACHE
Things are not so dreadful as they seem.

ELLA E. HARRISON
Students like her are very few—
The kind that are always willing to do.

INEZ HARTUNG
Possessed of a happy and contented nature.

JAMES HAYES
Popular, mighty, and tall;
Always ready for the call.

FRANCES HUBBARD
Quiet, but oh! so sweet.

MILDRED HUSMANN
Her chuckling glee, her winning smile are beams the teacher to beguile.

ELMER WM. HUNZIKER
What we need is higher and more flexible mathematics.

GEORGE M. JANSBERG
Baseball is this fellow's game;
At it he will surely win fame!
Baseball Club, Rough Rider Staff, R Club.

ARTHUR JENKE
A young lad with a mind that's keen,
Who's seldom heard, but often seen.

STANLEY JOHN
His way once chosen, he forward thrust outright
Nor stepped aside for dangers or delight.

EDWARD JECMEN
Small in stature,
Mighty in nature.

GREGG KEEGAN
None can encompass more than he intends.

DON KESSLING
What's the use of worrying when there are so many other things to do?

FRANK KLEMSCH
Exhausting thoughts and living wisdom with each studious year.

ERNEST KNOX
Ernest is his name;
Sincerity his fame.

AUGUST KRISTEN
Smile—smile and the world is yours.
Track Team, "R" Club, Football.

ELEANOR MAE KURTZ
Lovely, serene, and sweet—
A dainty maid that's hard to beat.
College Club, Vocations Club

GEORGE W. KOELLER
His idea of a perfect day—
Less work and more play.

WILLIAM KERCHANSKE
This youth was cast in a manly mold
For hardy sports or contest bold.
Torch.

ROBERT KELLOGG
Time you enjoy is not wasted time.

DOROTHY PRANGE
Whatever she does, she does well.

JAMES MACK
I can because I think I can.

FRANCIS MCADAMS
He's small, unassuming.
But once he starts fuming—look out!

JACKSON LEACH
A friend to friend.

JOHN LIMMER
Hang sorrow! Care'll kill a cat.

ELIZABETH MCCAIN
Elizabeth, although rather small, knows enough to awe us all.

FRANKFORT MELVILLE
An idle life is the life for me,
Idleness spiced with philosophy.

HENRY MEOLI
That which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in.

WILMAR MEYER
On their own merits, modest men are silent.

MARJORIE MOORE
Marjorie should not worry that she is not tall;
No, no, even diamonds are small.

ELMER J. MORGENSTERN
I must argue—what is, is not.
Aviation Club, Craft Club, Sportsman's Club.

JACK MULLAN
(MOON)
Studyin' don't get you nowhere:
It's learnin' that counts!

KENDALL MUCHMORE
When it's "test-time" in the high schools,
I'll be roaming far away.

JOSEPH NABBEFELD
The less there is learned, the less there is to forget.

TONY NEUBAUER
The mind is the standard of the man.

PETE NICHOLAS
Studying is not for any reason,
And it's not being done this season.

FRANK NOVAK
Joking decides great things
Stronger and better oft than earnest can.

HOWARD OHLENDORF
"The feats of youth."

HOWARD PETZOLD
Strength of mind is exercise, not rest.

WHITTEN PLATT
(WINDY)
In class Windy's voice is—not:
But on the field it's heard a lot.
Football, "R" Club.

ROBERT REESE
(EAGLE)
A hooded eagle among blinking owls.
Golf Club, Rough Rider Staff, Treasurer Sixes, "R" Club, Letterman Track, Basketball, Numeral Football.

EMMET REISER
There is time for everything.

EDWIN RUTSTEIN
Always willing to do
Just what you want him to.
View High School: Room Deputy, Gymnasium Emblem, School Paper Staff.
Roosevelt: Icicles Club, Football, Basketball.

DON ROOT
Oh! If football were just an all-year sport!

JOE ROZAITIS
What is done, let us leave alone.

AL SAXTON
There is something that all girls crave
Just where Al got his permanent wave.

ALVIN SCHATTGEN
If size in this world were supreme
Then Al would surely be the cream.
Rough Rider Staff, Student Council, Finance Committee.

CARL SCHMITZ
I wish that old man "Success" would start building elevators instead of ladders.
Football, Forum.

HAROLD SCHOENBERGER
If I cannot do great things, I can do small things in a great way.

WILLIAM SCHREIBER
Far may we search before we find
A heart so manly and so kind.

JOHN SHEBIK
The doctor says, "Get more sleep!"
The teachers object.
Now who's right?

WILLIAM SIMONIC
It is better to be seen than heard—
This applies to sopranos.

LOUISE SINGER
With happy joy and much content,
Louise has her school days spent.
Sergeant-at-Arms Art Club, Basketball, Icicles, Pep R Club, Shakespearean Club, Service R.

PAUL SNELSON
Willing I am to do whate'er I can.

JENNIE SNYDER
Sincere, reliable, and convincing.

GEORGE SOANKA
Since silence is golden, George will be a rich man some day.

MARIE STELLER
A maid sincere,
To us, quite dear.

CLARENCE STEWART
Modesty is akin to greatness.

ERWIN STODDARD
It pleases me to know I'm great.

JOSEPH R. STRAUBINGER
Washington, Lincoln, Edison—
Is history repeating?
Baseball Club.

RALPH H. STRIKER
"If I had time, I'd be a great man."
Librarian Chess Club, Chess Team, Glee Club, German Club, Sergeant-at-Arms Mask and Buskin, Librarian Mask and Buskin, Service R, Advisory Basketball Team.

PETER STURM
Never sets out quickly, but always arrives.

ERNEST SUNKEL
Altho in stature he's a little small,
In height of mind he stands over all.
Cartoon Club.

REMBERT SWILLING
"We learn from the birds"—
Probably that means owls.

MARGUERITE TAYLOR
Marguerite, though she quiet may be, has some hidden energy.

JOHN THOMAS
You can't fool all the teachers all of the time,
But you can sure fool some of them some of the time.

PAUL THOMPSON
Good as an athlete,
Better as a student,
But best as a friend.

WILLIAM TURINA
Actions are our echoes.

MARJORIE VALLEROY
She gave of her best.

MILDRED VALLEROY
An all round good sport.
Librarian Carol Club, Citamard.

HOWARD THOMAS
A blonde lad who is well liked by all.

FRANCIS VANDOVER
I deserve a place next to a king.

BONNIE WEALAND
Happiness is wealth.

CHARLOTTE WEBER
A girl with friendliness in her smile,
Wit in her speech, and energy in her deeds.
Art Club, Basketball, Library Assistant, Icicles, College Club.

EARL A. WICKEY
If books could talk,
How much easier home work would be!
Boys' Skating Club.

DELMONT ZIEGLER
Judge by what I am
Not by what I do.

MARQUETTE
LITERATURE

EDITORIALS

OUR SUBJECT FOR BWANA

SURELY nothing figures more in the history and romance of our country than Ol' Man River. Nearly every country has its own favorite waterway—England, the Thames; South America, the Amazon; Germany, the Rhine; but which can compare with our own Mississippi? Of course nearly all rivers are alike, but, nevertheless, the Mississippi seems to be superior to us in beauty of scenery, in commercial value, and in inspirational matter to artists and authors. There are few themes more closely related to us. All our lives it has been rolling past our doors; who is not fascinated by its uninterrupted wanderings?

Ol' Man River is a familiar subject, but there are probably many facts about it which are unknown to us. Among them—did you ever stop to count the number of states into which the Mississippi penetrates? The Father of Waters and his tributaries extend into twenty-six of the forty-eight states of the Union. The Mississippi River alone is 1450 miles long while the distance from the source of the Missouri River to the mouth of the Mississippi at New Orleans is 4200 miles, the longest river course in the world. Who can but marvel at such a world-renowned river? We believe that the Bwana Staff has chosen a fitting subject for the annual because of the river's proximity and its value.

BERNICE WHITNEY

THE NAMES OF OUR ANNUAL AND WEEKLY

WHEN Roosevelt High School was opened, its pupils came from two other high schools, Cleveland and McKinley. Only those pupils who lived in the district came from Cleveland, but all McKinley pupils were moved and that school made into a Junior High.

In order to build up a new loyalty to Roosevelt and successfully combine the two sets of pupils, it was deemed advisable not to retain the names of the McKinley publications. The McKinley annual was called *Carnation*, after McKinley's favorite flower; and the newspaper *Crimson*, from the school's color.

The Student Council and a special committee voted on the names suggested. The most popular names proposed for the annual were *Rooseveltian*, *Colonel*, and *Bwana*. This last name was suggested by Mr. Lewis, then a teacher here. *Bwana* was finally chosen as the name for the annual and *Rough Rider* for the weekly. Both these names refer to some episode of Colonel Roosevelt's life. *Rough Rider* was a nickname given Roosevelt as leader of the Rough Riders in the Spanish-American war. Colonel Roosevelt was called *Bwana tumbo* by the African natives at the time of his big game hunts. *Bwana* means hunter, and *tumbo*, mighty.

Thus came into being the now familiar names.

ELSIE F. YEHLING

POETRY CONTESTS

JUDGES

Mr. Schmale — Miss Remnitz

Miss Flanigan

WINNERS

Contest for pupils in terms 6, 7, 8.

1. *"The Sky at Night"*—Nathaniel Holmes
2. *"A Sonnet"*—John Chorvat
3. *"Father of Waters"*—Elsie Yehling

Contest for pupils in terms 2, 3, 4, 5.

1. *"The River"*—Florence Hazell
2. *"Mighty River"*—Kathryn Drake
3. *"Wouldn't You?"*—Ruth Murphy

SHORT STORY CONTESTS

JUDGES

Miss Thiesen — Miss Helbig

Miss Debatin

WINNERS

Contest for pupils in terms 6, 7, 8.

1. Arleen Thyson— *Judge Not Hastily*
2. Richard Bromeyer— *A Fraction of an Inch*
3. Virginia Roos— *The Younger Generation*

Contest for pupils in terms 2, 3, 4, 5.

1. Irvin Johnson— *Waiting*
2. Marie French— *So Near and Yet So Far*
3. Evelyn Jacobes— *A Strange Experience*

ART CONTEST

JUDGES

Miss Eisenhardt — Mr. Kammerer

Miss Brown

WINNERS IN CONTEST

1. Spanish Club — 2. Cartoon Club

THE SKY AT NIGHT

Oh Lord, is not the sky so far above
Made for us here below to love?

No matter where on earth I be
The sky is always over me.
A thing no man can take away
A masterpiece God made to stay.
Bedecked in veils of lacy mist,
Bestrewn with stars by angels kissed.
Sometimes the sky is but a haze,
And then again a misty maze.
But late at night when lights are out.
Then, lo! the stars are all about,
Then is the time to realize
The greatest thing for human eyes
Is not on earth, but in the skies.

—*Nathaniel Raloph Holmes*
Term 7

A SONNET

When I hear fellows telling of the maid
Who of all others comes first in their hearts,
My mind recalls one maid who has not played
At love. She has not used those wily arts
Which keep a dozen men so wise in line.
She'll spend a quiet night at home, she'll go
To other places save the Ritz to dine.
Perhaps as she grows older she will grow
Wiser in these worldly things, but I—
But I would have her as she's now—
Bright—smiling—far too artless for a sigh,
Her loyal love e'er ready to avow.
O, Heaven, please send another girl to me
Just like my sis. Her age, you know, is three.

—*John Chorvat*
Term 8

FATHER OF WATERS

Rising in the basin of Itaska
Thou flowest southward through the land;
Past the fertile fields of verdure,
Thou father of waters, broad and grand.

Thou seest toil, and fear, and sorrow;
Thou hearest songs and shouts of men;
Thou movest stately past the cities,
Through deep valleys, midst the fen;

Past the waving green of cornfields,
Past the golden gleam of wheat,
Past the cotton's snowy whiteness,
Down to where the waters meet.

Hail, oh, Father of all waters!
Flowing southward through the land;
Joined by brooks, and streams, and rivers,
Ever broader and more grand.

—Elsie F. Yehling
Term 7

THE RIVER

Rolling onward, 'tis so slow
As through its valley, broad and low,
Past fertile fields of waving grain,
The river flows—then o'er the plain,
By quiet woodland, dark and still,
Through the vale and past the hill,
Ever winding toward the sea—
Toward the ocean, wild and free.

And as it plashes 'gainst the shore
It whispers of forgotten lore,
Of fleet, wild deer, and singing bird
Of beaver, and of buff'lo herd,
Of Indian brave, and dusky maid,
Of frontiersmen, so unafraid—
All this it tells if we give ear
And pause awhile, its tale to hear.

—Florence Hazell
Term 5

MIGHTY RIVER

Mighty river,
Ever flowing, ever going toward the sea,
What is it, that draws you onward
Ever onward toward the sea?

Mighty river,
What reward so fair is waiting
That you pause not, night or day,
Is the ocean your old homestead,
And you've been too long away?

Mighty river,
Smoothly flowing, ever onward toward the sea,
Shadows mirrored silvery, glowing,
Ever going, quickly flowing,
On your journey toward the sea.

—Kathryn Drake
Term 3

WOULDN'T YOU?

My teacher says I'm dreadful dumb,
My mother scolds me, too,
I think I'll up and run away,
Now, tell me, wouldn't you?

My sister Jane is twenty-one,
She thinks she's bossin' me,
She says, "Do this, and, John, do that,"
'Till I'm mad as mad can be.

My mother calls me "John, dear,"
My sister calls me "Sap,"
My daddy says I'm "Silly."
But I'll outgrow all that.

I'm always getting spankin's
For things I didn't do,
I think I'll up and run away
Now, tell me, wouldn't you?

—Ruth Murphy
Term 4

BWANA

JUDGE NOT HASTILY

"WELL, boys," said Matthew Greer, addressing the group of hardy lumbermen hastily breakfasting in the rudely constructed mess house, "we've done a good job this winter. Day after tomorrow we'll be ready to float the logs to the mill. I'm going to the land office at Baden tomorrow night to buy the best tract of white pine forest I've ever seen. It's located between Lake Saginaw and the Ossawinamakee river, and it's about the only good timberland left around here. You're all welcome to your jobs again next fall. There won't be any other work 'round this country by then."

A loud cheer filled the air, but it was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Greer.

"Do have some more biscuits, boys," she smilingly urged.

"Mother" Greer, as she was called by the "boys," was a little, white-haired, old lady with a sweet face and a very engaging smile. She was hard of hearing, and, although well liked by everyone, was considered slightly stupid. Perhaps it was due to her deafness, but poor Mother Greer could never see the point of a joke, nor ever quite understand what a conversation was all about, and—well, she was just a trifle dull.

Two hours later Mrs. Greer sat rocking placidly on the porch of her cabin. The "boys" were hard at work. She could hear—only because she knew the process so well and could imagine most of it—the logs being transported to the skidway, she could hear them bump across the parallel skids where they were left to be rolled to the top of the pile.

The dishes were washed and the bunk-houses were clean, so now Mother Greer had a few hours of leisure. She was lonesome. Annie, her assistant, could be heard in the mess house loudly singing "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," decidedly off key. Annie was certainly not an interesting conversationalist. Her powers—consisting of narration alone—had been entirely exhausted during the first week after she had related the simple story of her life.

Suddenly Mrs. Greer's eyes brightened. A dust-covered flivver, chugging down the road, had come to a jerking halt in front of the cabin. A car passing on the old lumber road was a rarity in itself, but one stopping at the camp was a great event.

Mrs. Greer rose quickly and hastened to the gate. A middle-aged man was alighting from the car. He was clean-shaven and wore a dark brown business suit.

"From the city," mentally observed Mrs. Greer.

"Car's out of water," said the man abruptly. "May I trouble you for some?"

The old lady couldn't hear just what he said, but she was delighted to have company.

"Good morning. Won't you come in?" she invited cordially. "I'm a little deaf, so you'll have to shout at me," she told him, laughing.

"My name is John Perry," the stranger said more loudly. "I'd like some water for my car."

"Water? Why, of course, Mr. Berry. Come right in. The well's 'round the back. I'll get a bucket."

"That's very kind of you," he said pleasantly. "My name is *Perry*."

"Oh," she laughed, "*Gerry*! I beg your pardon, Mr. Gerry." Then, seeing that he looked more annoyed than ever, "Or did you say 'Ferry'?"

John Perry was one of those persons who are precise enough to desire their names pronounced correctly. He drew a worn bill-fold from his pocket.

"My card," he explained, handing her one. As he pulled out the card-case, a piece of paper fluttered to the ground. Neither noticed it, simply because they were laughing so heartily. It was an impossibility to hear Mother Greer laugh and not join her, and she was certainly enjoying this situation. A well-dressed gentleman from the city was standing on her rough cabin porch, formally presenting her with an elaborately engraved calling card! It was a wonderful joke.

Still chuckling, she went in and got a bucket. After thanking her, John Perry took it and strode around to the back of the house where this highly amusing old lady had informed him, he would find a well. Left alone, and her mirth having slightly subsided, Mother Greer was preparing to re-settle herself in the rickety rocking-chair when her sharp eyes—doubly so because of the weakness of her ears—fell upon the piece of paper, which had been blown into the corner between the steps and the porch. Tidy Mrs. Greer hated paper in the yard, and she sighed as she stooped to pick it up. Seeing that it was a letter, and never dreaming that Mr. Perry had dropped it, she unfolded the paper and curiously scanned the neatly typewritten page. As she glanced at the heading, she emitted a little gasp of surprise, then read on, hurriedly and without scruples. As she continued, her eyes widened and her breath came quickly. She had scarcely finished reading when she heard Perry coming. She hastily thrust the letter into her pocket, and composed her face, settling it into her engaging smile.

"Are you going to pass through Baden, Mr. Perry?" she asked as soon as he rounded the house.

"I'm going to Baden."

"How lovely!" she cried, delighted. "I have a friend there whom I have been wanting to visit. If you'll drive me in, I can ride back with Mr. Mallon tomorrow morning. He's going to bring up some supplies. Annie can manage for just three meals. This is an ideal time to visit Martha. Will you take me in to Baden?" she asked with her very sweetest smile.

"Certainly," said Perry. "I shall be glad to."

"Oh, thank you. I'll be ready in a few minutes."

"Just take your time. I'm in no hurry."

But Mother Greer didn't take her time. She was far too excited. She searched rapidly through a drawer for a small notebook, which she placed in her pocket. Then she scribbled a note to her husband, scrambled a few clothes into a huge suit-case, gave exact instructions to Annie, and in ten minutes stood, breathless, on the porch.

During the two-hour drive to town, Mrs. Greer did all the talking. Perry's few attempts at conversation were met only with broad smiles, for the motor made such a racket that Mother Greer had no idea of what he was saying. So after a while, he subsided and let her chatter on, which she did quite willingly.

As they entered Baden, Perry loudly inquired, "Where does your friend live, Mrs. Greer?"

"She lives on the other side of town. I'd like to get a few things at the general store. It will be a long walk back from Martha's. We pass right by there, and if you wouldn't mind stopping just a minute——"

"Not at all. I have lots of time."

"Thank you. I won't be long."

Mrs. Greer entered the store and Perry settled himself to wait. Five minutes passed. "She's probably looking at everything in the store," he thought. Five more minutes passed. "I suppose she can't make up her mind. Women are like that." Still another five minutes passed. Great Scott! Fifteen minutes when she hurried! He was glad she wasn't taking her time! Well, there she was at last, laden with bundles.

"Sorry to have kept you so long, Mr. Perry," Mother Greer smiled. "The clerk couldn't find anything to match my sample. The very last bolt we looked at was the kind I wanted."

When Mrs. Greer alighted from the car in front of Martha Varden's little cottage, she turned and bestowed a heavenly smile upon her unsuspecting benefactor.

"Thank you, Mr. Perry," she said, giving him her hand. "You don't realize what a big help you have been to me." And with a laugh she was gone.

Perry shrugged in bewilderment. "Queer old lady," he mused.

. . . . . .

The next evening the "boys" were just seating themselves about the old mess-table when smiling Mother Greer entered, carrying a tray of the inevitable biscuits.

"Hello, Mary," cried Matthew kissing his wife. "Did you have a nice time in Baden?"

"Yes," she beamed, "a very nice time."

The meal began, Mother Greer waiting on the table as usual. Suddenly

BWANA

Matthew asked, "Did you pack my bag, Mary? I've got to go to Baden tonight, you know."

"No," was the unconcerned answer, "I didn't."

Matthew started in displeased surprise for Mary had badly spoiled him.

"Why not?" he frowned.

"Because you don't have to go to Baden tonight."

"What!" Matthew said gruffly. "Mary, what on earth——!"

"Wait a minute," she interrupted. "I have something to tell you, Matthew."

Forty pairs of ears were instantly alert. Forty pairs of eyes were instantly fixed on Mother Greer's face. Several pairs of hands actually paused momentarily in the important business of conveying food to their respective mouths.

Mrs. Greer, continuing to wait upon the table, told of Mr. Perry's stopping for water, of his presenting her with his card—she began to laugh again at the memory—of his dropping the letter without either of them noticing it, and of her discovery of it when left alone.

"I learned from the letter that Mr. Perry was an agent of the Wilson and Riley Lumber Company," she said. "The letter instructed him to go to Baden and buy the tract of white pine between Lake Saginaw and the Ossawinamakee river. Will you have another cup of coffee, Ned? I asked Mr. Perry to drive me into town so I could visit Martha. He seemed glad to do it. While he waited for me to make some purchases in the general store, I slipped out the back way, and went up to the land office. Have another biscuit, Tom. I had taken your descriptions, Matthew, and the check which you had already made out, so I bought the land for you. I think the clerk thought it was a little queer. An old lady like me. Matthew, you're not eating anything!"

"My sakes!" gasped Matthew. "To think that you outwitted a smart business man from the city, Mother. What must he think of you?"

"I believe that he thought I was sort of a funny, little old lady," she answered pouring coffee.

For a few moments the lumbermen sat silent, gasping in astonishment. It was unbelievable! Little Mother Greer! Little Mother Greer whom they had thought stupid had saved their next winter jobs! Then Ned came out of his stupor. He rose to his feet.

"Well, he's changed his mind by now," he cried. "I propose three cheers for Brilliant Mother Greer!"

And they were given quite heartily, and doubly loud so that smiling Mother Greer could hear them better.

ARLEEN THYSON
Term 6

(Won first place in contest for terms 6, 7, 8.)

A FRACTION OF AN INCH

OCTOBER 1929! The stock crash! Gaurdly was like a man stunned. He had seen his stock go down point after point. Brokers had demanded money for margin till he could pay no more. His fortune gone! He couldn't realize it. What would they think of Dr. Gaurdly, the rising young surgeon, successful and ambitious?

"Howdy, Doc!" He nodded mechanically, walking like a man in a dream. The crowd bustled and pushed him; brokers rushed about like madmen, people feverishly sold stock, frightened lest they be left penniless. He could hear one fat, old dowager sobbing hysterically. From force of habit he took out his watch and glanced at it. Ah, yes, he must pull himself together. An operation—a delicate operation—had to be made at three —he mustn't be nervous. It was queer about that operation. He had been discussing a possibility of it with another doctor. "Better not do any experimenting in this operation, too dangerous," he had been warned, and yet— He couldn't save the fellow anyway. Jessics had carcinoma or malignant cancer from which he was bound to die soon. It was only in hope of prolonging his life a few days more that they were making the operation. Gaurdly was to use the latest discovery in this operation, an injection of a new serum right into the affected region. It was sure to arrest the cancerous growth long enough for the man to live from four to six days longer.

He hailed a taxi. Must stop worrying, he thought, bad for the nerves, that's what he always told his patients, strange that he should be telling himself! At home he ate lunch slowly, again from force of habit; but his hand trembled as he lifted the cup of cocoa to his lips.

Three o'clock! The operation! Nurses and doctors in white moved about quietly like ethereal things. Medical students seated themselves in the balcony which was separated from the operating room by glass. They were discussing the coming operation in hushed voices.

"So it's to be an injection, eh? Sounds simple to me," one of them said.

"Ordinarily it would be," interjected a young interne, "but in this case the area affected is directly around the solar plexus which is called, as you know, the abdominal brain. Just a fraction of an inch too far and—well, how the serum would affect the nerve cells or ganglia, I don't know."

"Say, you know I heard old Doc Crossly and Gaurdly discussing an injection of the serum right into the ganglia," interrupted another. "Crossly seemed to think there was something in the idea, but he warned Gaurdly not to try any funny stuff in this operation. Of course Gaurdly wouldn't think of experimenting in an actual operation; Crossly's an old crab anyway." The others heartily agreed on this point, for many of the students and internes had felt the old doctor's ire. The discussion ceased and all turned their eyes to that interesting spot in the center of the operating room.

BWANA

The patient, a Mr. Jessics, well known in financial circles, had been wheeled in, and the doctors had just entered. The anaesthetic was administered and the operation began. The critical part of the operation came, the actual injecting of the serum. Masked faces bent over the still figure on the operating table. The tense group of men in the balcony pressed their faces to the glass. Just a fraction of an inch too far and——

Down in the operating room Gaurdly was sweating profusely. The nervous strain was telling on his overwrought mind. What a ghastly business, he thought. His gloved hand trembled just a little as he was handed the hypodermic needle. He glanced around fearfully to see if someone had noticed. The sweat stood suddenly cold upon Gaurdly's brow. He had pressed the needle in slowly when, his hand twitched and sent it deeper—just a fraction of an inch!

Up in the students' balcony excitement prevailed.

"I could swear he injected it into the ganglia, but he didn't seem the least bit disturbed."

"Oh, I don't know—if you had seen his eyes——" and so it ran on.

In the dressing room Gaurdly suddenly felt old and tired. He knew they were discussing him, the slip of the hand that was to ruin his whole life, Crossly had seen it; of that he was sure.

An interne entered. "You're wanted in room fifty-seven, sir." Room fifty-seven was the consultation room. Gaurdly knew what was about to happen. This wasn't the first time. A group of prominent doctors would politely inform him that he was no longer wanted at the hospital, which meant that he was to leave the city.

"Tough on Gaurdly," he heard someone say as he went up the hall. On entering the room he saw the nine men who were to pass judgment on him seated around the table.

"Perhaps you know, Dr. Gaurdly, why we have sent for you," said Crossly who seemed to be the spokesman for the group.

"I know," said Gaurdly in a voice which betrayed nothing of what he thought. "All I have to say, is that the whole thing was an accident, nothing else!"

"Certainly you don't expect us to believe that after our discussion of yesterday," exclaimed Crossly.

"Dr. Crossly here tells us——" began one of the other doctors.

"I know," cried Gaurdly. "No! I don't expect you to believe it. However, it happens to be the truth."

"I'm sorry, Dr. Gaurdly, but you will have to leave. Accidents must not happen in our profession." Thus was the ultimatum delivered which sent Gaurdly from the civilized world. The next day he was gone.

Jessics, however, did not die that night, and this was accounted for by the doctors saying that miracles sometimes do happen; but Jessics did not die the next day either, nor the day after. He waxed stronger and stronger

until a year later, when he was examined, he was declared cured. Then an enthusiastic young research doctor tried an experiment on guinea pigs afflicted with the same disease. He injected the serum directly into the ganglia and, miracle of miracles, the guinea pigs were cured! Newspapers took up Gaurdly's case and enlarged upon the injustice of it, showing how his mind was weighted down by the loss of his fortune. Jessics himself demanded an investigation. "I don't care how he saved my life. All I know is that he saved it!" the newspapers quoted him as saying. Finally a committee with Crossly at its head was appointed to find Gaurdly. Crossly by this time had admitted that he was mistaken about Gaurdly.

Crossly traced Gaurdly to a little village in Carolina. A little cabin on a distant hillside was pointed out to him as Gaurdly's home.

"Be yuh aimin' tuh go thar' tuh-day yit?" speculated the old store-keeper who had directed him. "Be most dark when yuh git thar'."

Crossly nodded in assent. "I'm leaving immediately," he said.

He procured a horse (of old and ancient mien, he thought to himself) which was the only means of transportation he could find. As he rode along the winding pathway, he felt in an extremely pleasant frame of mind. Everything had gone well with him that day. He had found the first substantial clue pertaining to Gaurdly's whereabouts that morning. The sun shone down on him with a pleasant warmth when it was not intercepted by the green avenues of leaves overhead. How happy Gaurdly would be, he thought, when he was told of his good fortune—yes, indeed, he was feeling very fit today. A bearer of good news is always in a good humor.

Dusk came and he began to feel chilled. He pulled his coat about him for warmth. The mournful cry of a night bird floated across the evening sky. The shadows deepened. He was almost there, he thought. He could see the cabin but dimly, now that the sun was setting. Just then the forest became thicker and shut off his view. What a lonely and desolate spot, he thought. Gaurdly must have gone nearly crazy living out here.

No breeze stirred the trees in the little valley he had just entered. A feeling of almost the supernatural seized him. Everything was so quiet, a death-like stillness that seemed almost material. He began to remember folk tales he had read, superstitious, weird. Such a place would be a fitting abode for werewolves, he thought. He shivered, and this time it was not from the cold.

He had almost reached the cabin now; he could see the chimney above the trees. A slight breeze had arisen and he could hear the bough of a tree creaking in the wind as though it were weighted down with something. For a reason he could not define, it sounded ominous to him. He ran to the cabin door and knocked upon it. No one answered. Finding the door unlocked, he walked in. Inside the darkness was intense. He lighted a candle and glanced around. Nobody here, he thought. Just then a movement at the window towards the rear of the cabin attracted his eye.

BWANA

It was Gaurdly! Gaurdly seemed to be looking through the window and slowly shaking his head at him. His face seemed queerly white. Crossly ran out of the cabin and to the rear of it.

What was this he saw before him! Gaurdly's corpse hanging from the bough of the tree swayed slowly to and fro in the evening breeze. The gloom of approaching night gave the face an unearthly aspect which the fiend incarnate himself might have conceived. Crossly, who was said to be a brave man, fainted.

RICHARD BROMEYER
Term 7

(Won second place in the contest for terms 6, 7, 8)

MISSISSIPPI RIVER

Roaring, rumbling, rushing
From your sources to the sea,
Muddy, misty, mighty,
What can compare with thee?
O, Great Mississippi!

With your branches reaching westward
And to eastward many a mile,
You see the snow-capped mountains
And the prairie's sunny smile.
O, Great Mississippi!

In the North you see the farm lands
With their fields of waving grain,
In the South, the old plantations
With their wealth of sugar cane.
O, Great Mississippi!

The times are ever changing
Times of sorrow and of song;
But you, in all your splendor,
Just keep flowing along.
O, Great Mississippi!

—Alice Lloyd
Term 6

THE YOUNGER GENERATION

"BANG!"

"Ah-h-wah!" A wail of anguish came from the dilapidated Lizzie. Two heads simultaneously popped out of the two opposite windows of the Ford.

A long sigh was emitted from the driver as he breathed, "Well, guess it's *my* turn to change the tire, again! Those old tires don't seem to last any time. That junk dealer swore up and down we'd get at least a hundred miles on 'em. Toss me the jack, will yah, Bob?"

"Sure thing," Bob replied good-naturedly, as he settled down for a prolonged nap in the shade.

"Humph! Cheerful fella! And why shouldn't he be cheerful? I'm the one who had to change the last three tires! What a miserable proposition my idea turned out to be! Don't know why I *ever* made it. I sure was dumb when I suggested that whenever a tire blew out, the fellow on whose side it was, had to change it. Ugh! Whew! The jack slipped!"

This was all in a mumbled undertone. Next came,

"Hey, Bob! Can't yah give a fellow a lift?"

Bob, taking pity on the perspiring Jack, helped him, and, with the tire changed, the two pals continued their dubious way, the sign on the back of the car announcing to the world (as if it had to be told) that the car was duly christened "The Booby Hatch." The exterior trimming on the side warned, "Sullivan State Park—or Bust."

Tent, cots, cooking utensils and blankets decorated the shaking, quivering sides of the old Model T. The boys were out for a week-end camping trip at State Park.

"Whoa-ah!" cried Bob, ever on the outlook for barbecue stands. "This looks like a place where we could get some decent Java. Boy! Am I hungry!"

A button on the dashboard was pressed, and the two front doors flew open—Lizzie was a properly equipped lady with all the accessories that two eighteen-year-old minds could suggest, from self-opening doors to a shower bath on the rear end of the car. Both bounced up to the counter and demanded, "A couple of 'burgers and Java."

"Where you-all bound fer?" asked the be-whiskered proprietor.

"Sullivan," came the short answer, for the boys were engaged in a most serious occupation—eating.

"Sullivan!" barked the man, "Sullivan!" he repeated with an amazed look.

"Yeah, Sullivan. What's wrong with that?" queried Jack, then added in an undertone to Bob, " 'S he goofy?" Bob shrugged "Dunno!"

"Why in the world you goin' to Sullivan?" questioned the farmer.

"Camp."

"Where?"

"State Park."

"Ye gods 'n' little fishes! Ain't you-all heeerd th' latest report?"

"Report? Report of what?"

"Man alive, you mean to stand thare an' tell me you ain't heerd 'bout all th' goin's on down to State Park in Sullivan?"

"Nope! What's happened?" Jack asked as both boys stopped eating and leaned forward to listen.

"Why, for the last coupla days thar's ben strange happenin's in the Park. All the camper's skidoo'd, too. 'S ben mighty-y, might-t-ty queer reports a-coming' up from those parts. Folks ben seein' ghosts!"

With the startling announcement made, the farmer leaned back in his chair to view the effect he had wrought.

"Aw, g'wan," came the disappointing retort from the boys.

"G'wan?—G'wan, yourself!" blurted the man, bringing his feet to the floor to peer warningly at these strange customers. "Aw right, kids, go ahead, but don't say I didn't warn yah! Wouldn't go if t'was me. That'll be half-dollar," he added as the boys finished.

Their bill paid, Bob and Jack continued their journey. After a few more punctures, engine trouble, and losing their tent, the chums pulled in the State Park at twilight. All was quiet and serene until Bob broke the weary silence by exclaiming that the tent had disappeared.

"We can sleep in there," said Jack as he motioned to a cave with a weary gesture, for he had what is commonly known among tourists as "flat-tireites."

Bob nodded, pressed a spring, and down came a collapsible table. He pulled out a frying pan and soon the two travelers were feasting on ham and eggs, with some more ham and eggs for dessert. They soon finished their improvised dinner, and with mighty yawns, both started toward their cots. They dragged them to the cave, threw themselves down on the welcome blankets, and in a shorter time than the Booby Hatch could have contracted a flat tire, both were sound asleep.

Suddenly Jack awoke, brushed something from his face, jumped up, and pulled his cot back farther into the cave, for unwelcome rain was falling. Not thinking about Bob at all, Jack went back to sleep, but was soon awakened by the shouts of the soaked-to-the-skin Bob, who, in the rush to move his cot pinched his finger and howled with pain.

The next day at breakfast Jack began a poem about the preceding night; this is how it went:

"Jack was a wise one, for it started to rain,
He got up to pack, to wake Bob, did not deign.
With cold H_2O all over his brow,
He soon did awake, and—oh! what a row!"

Bob continued with:

"Bob grabbed his cot and struggled in vain.
He soon pinched his finger, and hollered with pain.
While Jack folded his with a marvelous skill,
Bob jumped upon his, and slid down the hill."

With a great deal of gayety the boys began to talk over the plans for the day! Swimming, fishing, and loafing. The ghost wasn't given even a single thought.

That night, they again slept in the cave, taking care to get far enough back, so they wouldn't get wet if it rained. Bob started to tease Jack, as they were preparing for bed, about a fall that he had taken that day, having slipped on some wet mud. He rhymed:

"The mud was smeared all over Jack's face.
But he didn't much care. He was going no place."

As Bob slipped into bed, he finished:

"He started to scrape the mud from his eye,
For his face resembled a chocolate pie."

The amateur poets soon went to sleep and were snoring deeply.

This time it was Bob who awoke with a start. He sat up in bed, looked around, but couldn't see anything; yet, he had a queer feeling that there was something in the cave beside the two boys. He lay down again, reached his arm over to Jack's cot, and shook him.

"Ugh! What's the matter?" mumbled Jack as he turned over.

"Sh-h!! Don't know. Be quiet and wait. There it is again. Look!!! At the mouth of the cave!"

Jack looked at the designated place and jumped as he saw something white flapping backward and forward. The two boys leapt to their feet, grabbed flashlights, and gave chase. The figure ran out and disappeared into an adjoining cave. After following it for a while, they finally gave up the chase, as it was dark, and the cave was unfamiliar to them.

Again they went to sleep, only to be reawakened by men's voices, horse's hoofs, three shots, and a cry of pain following the last report. A white figure, presumably the same as before, fell into their cave with a moan. A group of men raced in, took off the white, all-enveloping robe that clothed the figure, and carried him out.

"Just a minute!" called Jack.

The men turned around and advanced cautiously toward the boys, guns extended.

"Who are you? What are you doin' here?" asked one who was evidently the group's spokesman.

"We're campers," Bob replied. "Who are *you*? And what do *you* want?"

"Wel, seein' as yah don't mean no harm, I reckon I might as well tell yuh," answered the man.

"I'm the sheriff of this yere county. And this is my posse. We was out a-lookin' fer a lunatic what escaped from the State Insane Asylum, 'n' also a-scoutin' around lookin' fer the ghost. Wal, 'pears t' me we got both in one. Meanin', son, that this yere ghost was just the escaped lunatic. He allus *did* have a hankerin' fer playin' angel. Wal, goodnight to yah, boys. Sorry we disturbed yah. C'mon, men, let's git goin'."

BWANA

Bob and Jack watched them till the horsemen were out of sight. Then, looking at his watch, Bob announced,

"'S five-thirty—wanna go back to bed?"

"Naw, d'you?"

"Nope! Let's start packin', shall we?"

"Oke!" agreed Jack, folding his cot.

Soon both were ready to leave. They rode for about twenty-five miles, then came in sight of the little barbecue stand they had passed on their way down.

"Ghost scare yah 'way?" the proprietor greeted them.

"Naw," answered Jack as he placed his order for coffee, ham, and eggs.

Bob leaned forward toward the farmer as if he were going to tell him something very secret and confidential. Then he whispered:

"The ghost was a fake!
Now give us some cake."

The disappointed farmer complied with the request, and, as the boys rumbled away, the boys heard him mutter,

"What's the Younger Generation a-comin' to, anyway!!!"

VIRGINIA ROOS
Term 7

(Won third place in contest for terms 6, 7, 8)

THE ROSE OF LOVE

Within the garden of my heart,
I plant a rose for you,
Whose fragrant life the sunny climes
Of Paradise first knew.

It is the blood-red rose of love—
Sweetheart! through all the years,
Your smile shall be its only sun,
Its dew your joyous tears!

And in that atmosphere divine
It shall in beauty grow.
And fill my heart with happiness
From its fragrant overflow.

—John Chorvat
Term 8

SNOW

There's nothing more gay
Than a-hunting to go.
Just tramping all day,
In the crunching white snow.
It seems everyone now,
Likes tramping around,
Just pushing right on
When there's snow on the ground.
For it's not what you trap
When your tracking around.
It's more what you learn,
When there's snow on the ground.

—*Nathaniel Holmes*
Term 7

TALITHA

Talitha, fairest damsel,
With cheeks of dusky red,
Thine eyes in all their beauty
Glow like the stars o'erhead.

Thy glorious hair falls sweetly
About thy noble brow;
'Tis like the raven's ebon wing
That lies upon the snow.

Thy throat is a marble column
Carved by an artist's hand.
My love, thou fair Talitha,
Is thine. Thy slave command.

—*Elsie F. Yehling*
Term 7

WAITING

"BUT there is, there must be something there!"

"Aw, g'wan! Ain't I just been down there and asked?" With a snort the guard passed on down the corridor and the prisoner to whom he had been talking sank down in his bunk, head in hands.

"Gee, I only got another hour, but Mac said he'd get me off sure. I ain't done nothing. It was all a frameup. If that reprieve don't come in an hour, I gotta sit in the 'hot seat.' I don't wanta die! I ain't done nothing."

"Aw, pipe down kid," came from across the dimly lighted deathhouse corridor. "You'll get out all right. They're just doing this to scare you."

This seemed to steady the doomed one, and he drew himself erect. Clenching and unclenching his hands, he paced rapidly back and forth in his narrow cell, perspiration standing out in large beads all over his face which was deathly pale due to his long confinement. He heard a sudden noise at the end of the corridor and with eyes agleam he sprang to the cell door and peered out, only to fall back in dismay as no one appeared. He seemed to be weakening under the strain. His khaki shirt, open at the neck, was wringing wet from body perspiration and his hands were shaking as though he were afflicted.

Suddenly a door opened. Footsteps approached. The condemned man almost screamed for joy as he looked into the face of the Warden.

"Good old Mac. I knew he wouldn't forget me. Golly, Warden, when can I get out of——

"Wait a minute, 69431, here's the Chaplain to give you a few words of consolation. Too bad we haven't heard from the Governor. Buck up, kid. You still have a half hour. Here, wait a minute. What's the matter?"

"Thud"—69431 slumped to the floor and lay there unconscious on the dirty cement, gazing with unseeing eyes at the ceiling.

"Here, let me take care of him." The Chaplain stepped into the cell and began to issue orders.

"Get some cold water, Warden, and a towel. That'll fix him up. But first help me get him onto his bunk. He's just fainted from that shock you gave him.

"Humph! He'll get a bigger shock than that in about twenty-five minutes."

When he for whom oblivion was such a short time away became conscious, he gazed wildly about. When he saw the Warden, thoughts of recent events came back to him with a rush. He was about to ask the Warden why he wasn't being taken to the office for dismissal, when he saw the chaplain and remembered. With a wild cry he sprang to his feet, and, thrusting the two men aside he threw himself at the small but strong door of the cell

and shook the bars until the whole cell block reverberated with the clatter. Displaying unusual agility for one of his profession, the Chaplain, assisted by the bewildered Warden, succeeded in subduing the maniacal prisoner and called loudly for guards to come and tie him. When 69431 was securely trussed up, the Chaplain ordered all to leave the cell and knelt down by the prisoner, who was now shaking like a leaf.

"Have you anything you want to say before I repeat the Scripture?"

A low growl but nothing more, issued from the thoroughly terrified inmate of the death house and the Chaplain intoned a number of verses, ending with, "And as ye soweth, thus shall ye also reap."

At that instant they heard a sound which struck terror to the heart of the prisoner. Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. The steps were coming nearer all the time. The door at the end of the corridor swung open and six burly guards entered the cell block. Tramp, tramp, tramp! Up to the door of the cell they came. The Warden, who was with them, unlocked the small barred door and beckoning to the two foremost guards, stepped in.

Their entrance was the signal for such an outburst as has never been equalled in that deathhouse. The prisoner went stark mad. He screamed at the top of his voice and displayed such vigor in warding off the attempt of the guards, bound as he was, that it took the Chaplain, the Warden, and the half-dozen guards to get him out into the corridor. Then they started down the corridor but in the other direction now. At this end was a little metal door, painted green, and 69431 knew too well what was behind it. Realizing that these were his last minutes on earth, he screamed imprecations against Mac, the Warden, the Chaplain, the Governor, the guards and everyone connected with his present plight. At last the door was reached and though he was fighting like a wildcat, the doomed man was forced into the little chamber at the end of which was the "hot seat," ready and waiting with its thick leather straps.

The slamming of the door shut out the noise of his struggles and all was quiet. Suddenly the lights were dimmed. Less than a minute later they attained their customary glow. Silence reigned.

Suddenly the silence was broken. "I surely am glad that reel is over," said the director, as he took his megaphone from his lips and instructed the camera man to pack up his instruments.

IRWIN JOHNSON
Term 5

(Won first place in contest for pupils in terms 3, 4, 5)

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR

A YOUNG girl clad in an aviator's outfit walked slowly along the moonlit path. Stars twinkled and winked down at her from up in the clear sky. Soft, enchanting music and gay laughter reached her ears. By the time Connie reached the fraternity house, the St. Pat's dance was in full swing. She stopped just outside the door, powdered her nose, and adjusted her mask. She wore neither rouge nor lipstick, for she wanted to look as much like a boy as possible. That wasn't hard for Connie to do, for her wavy blond hair, which was cut extremely short, could be easily arranged to resemble that of a boy. Her tall, boyish figure encased in this trim, neat-fitting costume helped her a great deal in playing her part.

As Connie walked slowly through the hall, she caught sight of Bert, dressed as a dashing Mexican, leaning against the wall. He was tall, well-built, had straight black hair, dark eyes, tanned skin, and white teeth, all of which helped him to look really like a Mexican. She stood there watching him gaze around the room, wondering if he was looking for her and if he would recognize her when he saw her. Finally Bert looked in her direction but not exactly at her. He was looking at a group of girls.

"Oh, Babs!" he called out, "have you seen Connie?"

"No, I haven't, Bert," she answered, "but she's here, because we called for her, and Mrs. Gilmore told us she had left."

"What's she wearing?" shouted Bert, trying to make himself be heard above the loud confusion of music and laughter.

"No one knows; she refused to tell us," returned Babs.

Just then Jack came into the room, and he and Bert walked to the other side of the room.

The intermission was over and the orchestra swung into the alluring strains of a popular waltz. Connie, not knowing just what to do, moved a little closer to the stag line. Bert came over to her and asked, "Can't you find your date either?"

"I stagged tonight," replied Connie, struggling to make her voice as low as possible.

"That's a neat-looking outfit you have on," remarked Bert; "where did you get hold of one like that?"

Connie hesitated a moment before she answered this unexpected question. She had to think of something to tell him, for she couldn't give herself away after having gone this far.

"My pal's brother is an aviator, so I borrowed it from him," she answered. She had spoken the truth, for her pal, Joan, did have a brother who was an aviator. She also had borrowed the outfit.

"I see you are a fraternity brother, too, but I must confess I don't recognize you," replied Bert.

Connie gasped! What could she say now? She had forgotten that she was wearing his pin. But Bert saved her the trouble of answering by asking if she had seen Connie Gilmore.

"No," murmured Connie, "in fact I hardly know her." Connie turned her head so that he would not see her smile. If he only knew she was right by his side!

"Well," sighed Bert, "there's no use of standing here. Let's start cutting in. I may be lucky enough to cut in on someone and find her in my arms. In fact, I hope so, for I had planned to ask her something rather important tonight."

Connie felt like shouting for joy. Then he did like her. In her mind she went back over the many happy hours they had spent together. Swimming, hikes, parties, dances, and——, Bert's voice broke in on her thoughts.

"Here comes Don. Guess I'll cut in on him. I'll see you later,"—— and she was gone.

Just then Doug and Joan danced by. Connie followed and cut in. The two girls danced away, Connie telling Joan all about her experiences so far in the new role she was playing. Joan, her brother, and Connie's mother, and dad were the only ones who knew Connie's secret, and they had promised not to give her away.

When the music stopped, the two girls walked out on the little balcony to finish their conversation in private. Both Bert and Doug saw them leave the dance floor.

"Well, can you imagine that?" growled Doug. "I'm not going to let him get away with that. I'm going out there and claim Joan for the next dance."

"I'll go with you," volunteered Bert. "He may try to start something."

Joan looked through the French doors, and saw the two boys coming toward them.

"Here comes Doug and Bert, and Doug looks terribly angry about something. I wonder——"

"He probably saw us come out here," broke in Connie. "Well, we'll give him something to be angry about now." Connie put her arms around Joan and kissed her, just as the boys came through the door.

"I'm sorry to interrupt your little party, but this is my dance, Joan," said Doug coldly. He took Joan by the arm and the two strolled back to the dance floor.

"You'd better watch your step when you're around Joan because Doug is terribly jealous and has quite a temper," warned Bert.

"Oh, don't worry about me," replied Connie lightly as she walked back to the dance floor. She decided to cut in on other fellows, for, if she could fool Bert and Doug, she could surely fool the girls.

Babs and one of her friends danced by her. Connie cut in and started the conversation with "a line" as good as any of the boys had. She kept this up throughout the whole dance, cutting in and being cut in on.

During intermission Connie heard a group of girls, who were standing near her, talking about this darling young aviator.

"Babs, how does he dance?" asked one girl.

"Simply divine," sighed Babs. "Why, I could dance all night long if I had him for a partner."

"And has he got a good line?" chimed in a little red-head with whom Connie had danced. "Why, he almost had me believing it."

"Then he must be wonderful," laughed one of the other girls.

"Shhh!—not so loud," said one of the girls who had just noticed Connie standing so near. "He's standing right over there and has probably heard what we have been saying."

The girls turned, looked at Connie, sighed, and then walked away. Connie was thrilled over this and wondered what the girls would say when they found out who their handsome aviator was. Just then Bert came over to her and said, "My, but it's hot and stuffy in here. Let's go outside."

"Surely, I'll go along," agreed Connie.

The next dance the girls were all hoping that this young aviator would dance with them, but they were disappointed because he did not even appear on the dance floor.

Out on the balcony the conversation between Connie and Bert led to the discussion of each other's friend. Connie was having the time of her life listening to Bert tell about Connie Gilmore, the sweetest girl in the world, the one and only for him. It was mean, Connie thought, to deceive him like this, but she was determined to go through with it now. But still Connie was worried. Would he be angry when he found her out? If it had been anyone else she knew, he wouldn't be angry, but with Bert it was different. He was so temperamental, you couldn't tell what he was going to do next. Well, she couldn't do anything but trust to the best of luck.

Finally Connie suggested going back to the dance floor as she didn't want him to tell her—everything—now. She wanted him to wait until he knew who she was and then tell her, but in a different way.

When the girls saw Connie again, they whispered to one another.

"There he is now."

"Oh, I hope he asks me for a dance."

"Isn't he handsome? I wonder who he is."

"I wonder if he will take one of us girls home."

The fellows were all getting disgusted and wished that this aviator was at least a thousand miles away from the dance. They couldn't get the girls interested in anything but him.

About an hour later, during another intermission, a group of girls gathered around Joan in the dressing room. It had been plain to see that Joan was making a "hit" with the aviator.

"Joan, have you found out what he is?" questioned Babs. "We're all very anxious to know who he is."

"Why, yes, I know his name," laughed Joan. "He is Raymond D. Withers the grandson of that noted banker, W. G. Withers. He just got back from Florida."

A few minutes later while Joan was talking to Babs and Audrey, their chaperon came over to them, accompanied by a distinguished-looking young man.

"Miss Taylor and Miss Warrington, I want you to meet Mr. Withers, the grandson of W. G. Withers. He has been abroad for quite some time, so I'm depending on you girls to see what you can do to entertain him and see that he meets the rest of your set. Now, if you will please pardon me, for I see more guests are arriving." Then the chaperon hurried away.

Poor Joan's heart sank and her face became frightfully red. The other two girls threw meaning glances at one another, nodded their heads and smiled. Babs spoke first.

"Pardon me, Mr. Withers, but do you happen to have a brother or cousin by the name of Raymond?"

This seemed to be quite amusing to Mr. Withers and he answered, "No, that is my first name."

"You'll have to excuse me," stammered Joan. "I see Doug calling to me." She all but ran to him in her desire to get away from the others. Why did the real Mr. Withers have to show up tonight, she thought, tonight of all nights and spoil their fun?

"For heaven's sake, Joan, hurry up!" cried Doug. "Some time during this dance the lights are going to be turned off for thirty seconds. During this time everyone must unmask. We don't want to miss this!"

A long loud beating on the drums quieted the crowd so that the orchestra leader could make himself heard.

"Listen, folks, at the end of this dance every one must unmask, so everybody start dancing."

"Not enough girls," someone shouted.

"All right," exclaimed the leader, "all you stags keep together on the right side of the floor. No one leave the room, please."

Then the orchestra swung into a popular fox-trot. As luck would have it, Bert and Connie were standing near each other. Bert laughed and said, "Well, we stags will have to stay together."

The lights went out—thirty seconds passed—then on they flashed. Everyone shouted with joy when he saw his partner. Bert did not look at his partner, he was looking for Connie.

"I suppose you're still looking for her," remarked Connie, without disguising her voice.

Bert stared at her.

"Connie! You?" he said in an astonished tone. Then he suddenly broke into a fit of laughter. Other couples near him looked to see what it was all about, and they, too, saw Connie.

BWANA

She was the cause of quite a bit of excitement for the next few minutes. No one could get over how well she had played her part. Doug came to her and apologized for his sarcastic remarks.

Later things began to quiet down, and couples started leaving. Connie, Bert, Doug, and Joan left the fraternity house together. Bert and Doug had parked their cars next to one another.

As they sat there in their cars for a moment before starting, Joan heard Connie softly ask Bert, "What is it that you have so important to ask me?"

Joan nudged Doug, and Bert's answer was drowned out by the roar of their motor as they drove off.

MARIE FRENCH
Term 5

(Won second place in contest for terms 3, 4, 5)

WHEN I COMPOSE

Left to my own resources in writing a poem,
I have spent hours and hours at home;
Wondering all the while, will this do
In satisfying a teacher's point of view.
The title of the poem should be written first,
So it will be connected with things in the verse;
Rhythm and meter should be remembered, of course,
Rime, too, used as a matter of force.
Oh! all is done,
Now to go out and have some fun.
But wait, I forgot to say,
In the meanwhile I shall pray and pray.
For into the hands of the teacher it goes, you see,
Oh, dear! I wonder what the verdict will be.
Ah! At last he is through,
Give me an "E", now, teacher, please do.

—*Stella Rosen*
Term 7

BWANA

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE

I REACHED the office where I was employed before eight-thirty in the morning and began to type the matter dictated by my employer the day before. This task, with the many other duties which were all a part of my work, kept me busy. The time should have flown by, but for some unaccountable reason I was nervous and had the feeling that something was dreadfully wrong. It was a feeling that I could not account for, as everything at home and at the office, so far as I knew, was all right. As this feeling of uneasiness remained all day it slowed up my work. I was far from finished when the other girls left for home, and I was obliged to stay overtime to complete my work.

Without stopping for dinner, I continued to type, and being absorbed in the work, I was doing I paid no attention to the passing hours. I worked late into the night.

Finished at last, I gathered my papers together, placed them upon my employer's desk and prepared to leave. It was not until then that I realized the lateness of the hour, nearly midnight, and I was, as far as I knew, alone in the large building where our office was located. I put on my wraps, and knowing that the lights were burning in the hall, I snapped off those in the office. At that moment I heard a loud explosion that sounded to me as if a shot had been fired in the immediate vicinity of the room where I was standing, tense and frightened with my hand still on the light switch. I was so frightened I could not move, my hands felt icy cold, and I seemed to have lost all power of speech.

Though it seemed an age since I had heard the explosion, it must have been but a second or two before a crumpled form staggered against the other side of our office door and fell to the floor. Standing in our dark office, I could see the scene enacted in the well-lighted hall vividly portrayed on the frosted glass of our office door. Of course, I could not distinguish the features of the man who had fallen nor those of the man who stealthily approached him a few seconds later, but I could not be mistaken in the fact that the latter had lost the ring finger of his left hand. I had noticed this when he rested his left hand against the glass of the door, back of which I stood while he leaned over his fallen victim.

What was I to do? What could I do? I dared not make a sound without the danger of revealing my presence. Trying to collect my shattered nerves, I softly stole over to a chair which now became visible as my eyes had become accustomed to the darkness.

For some moments the man continued to search his victim. Then he straightened up and moved off to the left towards the stairs.

Summoning every ounce of courage, I noiselessly moved over to where I supposed my desk to be, intending to telephone the police. Having reached

my desk, I called the operator. It seemed hours before I heard a faint buzz. Then it seemed to me that some one at the other end of the wire was talking but I could not understand what was being said. I hung up the receiver. Just then the lights were extinguished, leaving the entire floor in darkness. Then I heard the unearthly scream of many sirens and the terrible roar of fire engines. As far as I could judge from the noise, the fire was in the immediate neighborhood. Perhaps it was in the very building where I was sitting. Frozen with fear, I sat rooted to the chair. I became more afraid with every passing moment. I could not move. Cold chills crept up my spine and my lips became parched. I detected the odor of smoke and our office became stifling hot. I gasped for breath and forced myself to stand up and staggered towards the door. Perhaps the man with the missing finger had set fire to the building to cover his terrible crime. Though I succeeded in reaching the door, fear kept me from pulling it open, as I could not look upon the huddled form which I knew was lying there.

Completely overcome by fright and lack of fresh air, I must have fainted where I stood, for it was by the door of my room that mother found me early the next morning. During my dream, I must have crawled to the door. There was no crime committed nor was there a fire; in fact, I was merely a youngster in the fifth grade at school, not old enough to work in an office, but certainly old enough to retain a vivid picture of a dream that haunts me to this day whenever I hear the clinking of a typewriter.

EVELYN JAKOBES
Term 4

(Won third place in contest for terms 3, 4, 5)

THE BELL

As I look from my study hall window
And see some one at play,
I wish for the sound of the period bell
That will end this weary day.

I'm waiting for the sound of the bell
That grudgingly lets us out;
Then all in the room will quickly disperse
With many a merry shout.

O bell, O bell, I love thee well
When you let me pass from the room;
But when for another class you call
It seems you come too soon!

—Hanford Edsall
Term 6

MISSISSIPPI RIVER VIEWS

BWANA

MISSISSIPPI BY MOONLIGHT

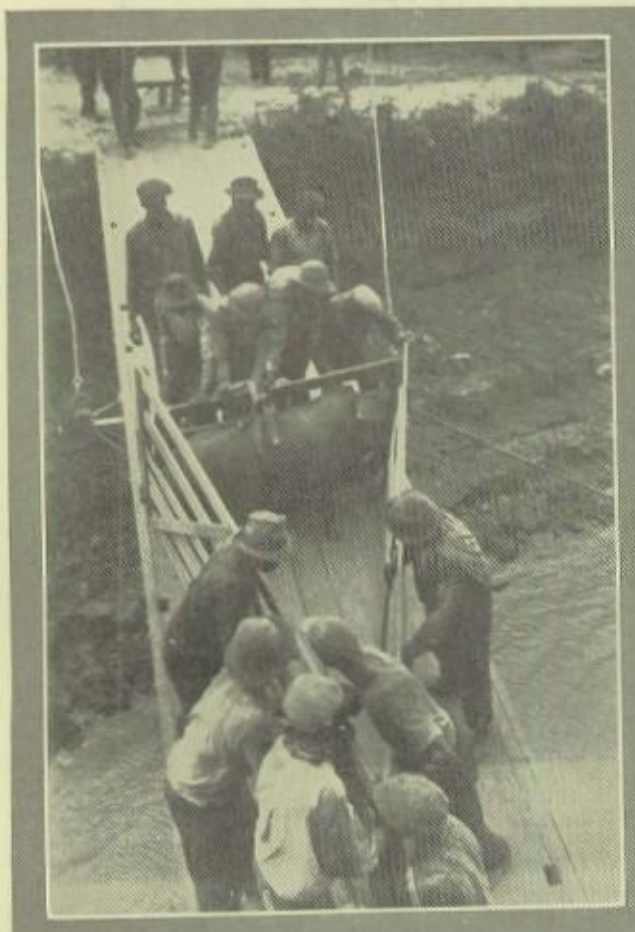
PURPLE dusk had settled down over the river. The dark outline of the opposite shore could be dimly seen through the faint mist; a few stars shone in the sky and reflected their pale light in the river gliding beneath. A tall willow leaned over the bank and cast a dim shadow into the lapping water. From the slough in the rear there came the shrill croaking of frogs crying warnings of rain, and around me buzzed and hummed thousands of mosquitoes. From some distant tree came the lonely cry of a night bird. Across the water a faint campfire flickered; some belated traveler or camper perhaps.

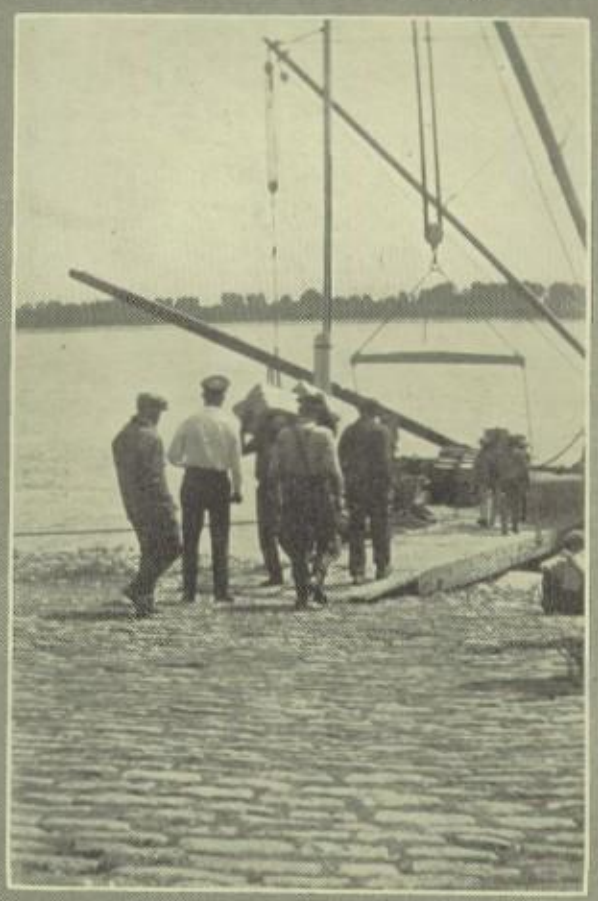
Then over the bend up the river a round yellow moon began to appear, and seemed to summon fantastic shapes along the shore; a half-submerged log rolled gently beneath the bank.

Suddenly a long wail drifted from up the river. My heart stood still. Again it came: "Maa-ar-k twaaa-iinn! Yehhh-hoooo!" And then a low, white freight boat churned around the distant bend. Standing in the front was a small, dark figure with a long pole. He was poling the boat over a bar to another channel. And in the moonlight he looked like some mystic shepherd of the river.

After the steamer had passed down the river, I stood for some time upon the bank. The frogs had ceased to croak; even the mosquitoes hummed less loudly. From the shore, a hawk cried shrilly at the dying campfire across the silvery river, and the Mississippi rolled on through the moonlight.

SHIRLEY EWART





LOADING THE BOATS

THE ELM

It stands alone and sighs aloud,
It sways and swerves and swings.
It bids a nod to every cloud,
O'erlooks all earthly things.
It bids a nod to stars at night,
And never slights the moon.
And when the raindrops fall, e'er slight,
On her they fall, a boon.
On her who holds her head so high.
On her whose playmate is the sky.

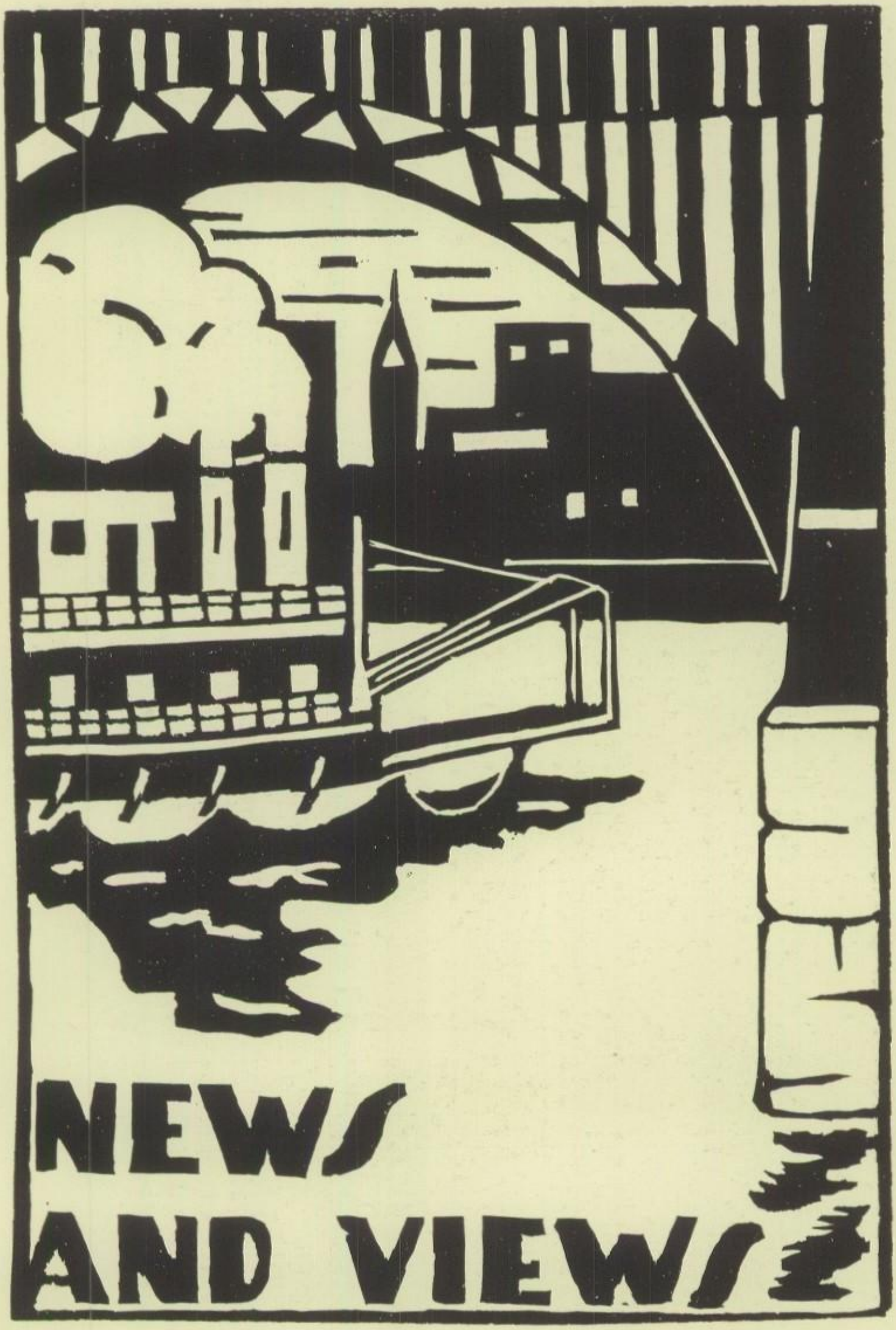
—*Nathaniel Holmes*
Term 7

TWILIGHT

When the twilight falls into dusky night,
Ere the moon is seen on high.
When the stars are twinkling misty light;
Then the time for peace is nigh.

Gone is the noise and triumph,
Gone is the roar of a crowd,
Then comes the peace of the twilight,
To the earth in quiet bowed.

—*Imogene ODell*
Term 7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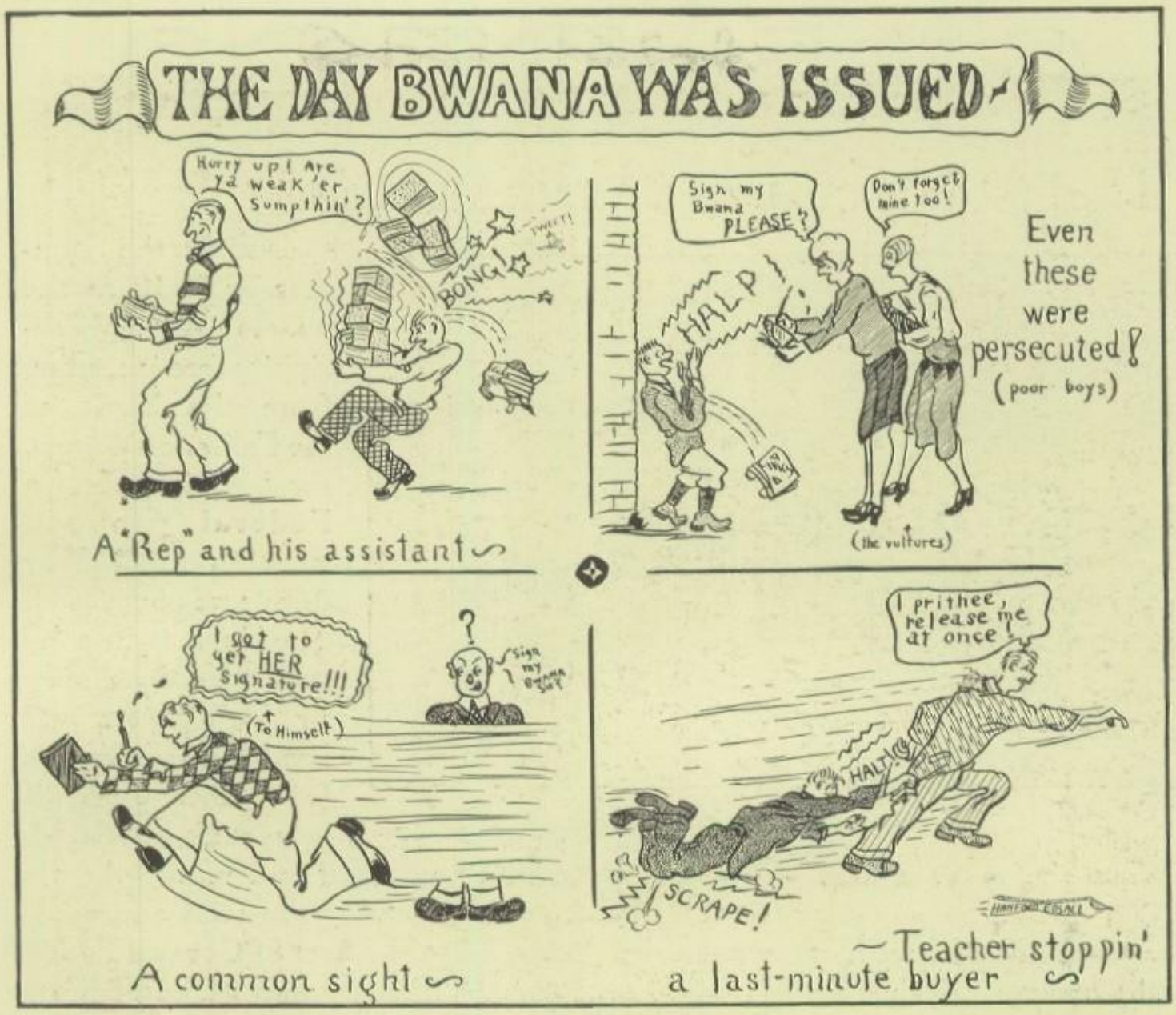


BWANA IS OUT!

IT IS two-thirty and the end of the seventh-hour class. Doors fly open and on every hand, like a swarm of bees, pupils flock into the corridor, scrambling, fighting, toward their advisory rooms.

Finally all is still in the corridor. There remains only mute evidence of the great struggle staged there not five minutes before. Over the floor are scattered bits—perhaps a badly mutilated book-cover, the top of a fountain pen, or even a note-book torn asunder.

Then another bell rings and again the corridor is filled; but this time it is a pulling, holding crowd rather than a pushing, scrambling one. Let us follow one of the "students".

He is galloping leisurely along, and now we notice that everyone has a big book under his arm. Suddenly he sees a friend. "Hey, Rudolph, put your monicker on this one.—Oh, Oscar!" And he just manages to catch a student passing behind him. "Ooo, Mary, phsst, phsst (cute little whistle), would'ja please autograph mine? Wait a minute, I'll get it from John.—Yoo, hoo! Aw, where'd she go? O Isabel, got a picture? Yeh? Smear it up for me, will ya? Thanks."

This fellow is doing exactly what some three-thousand odd other students are doing. Can't you guess what's up? Can't you tell me the cause of this bustle and confusion?—Sho, it's easy.—BWANA IS OUT! ROBERT DOSE

BWANA

CONCEALED BY THE MISSISSIPPI

Courtesy of *Post-Dispatch*

During the summer of 1930 as the waters of the Mississippi were receding from the bluffs of the Father of Waters, the historic hull of a Federal gunboat, sunk in Civil War days, was uncovered. The hull is usually concealed from view by high water and has been seen only a few times since it was sunk in 1862. When the water is high, the wreck is covered with sand and mud. As the river shifted its course due to low water, it washed away the sand and mud.

The boat, whose name is unknown, belonged to the fleet of General Foote, who operated against Fort Henry, Fort Pillow, Vicksburg and Island Number 10, on the lower Mississippi. Part of the fleet had been built by Captain James B. Eads and had been launched at Carondelet in 1861. The boats built by Captain Eads were 190 feet long and were built of black oak.

During the winter of 1862, General Foote's fleet was anchored in Windor Bay, near Kimmswick, Missouri. The cold was very severe and the Mississippi was filled with floating ice. Six boats of General Foote's fleet were wrecked in the ice jam. This boat was in the number. After the machinery and the iron plates protecting the boats' oaken hulls were removed, the boats were abandoned.

Last August, the Mississippi was very low and the hull of one of the wrecked boats was left out of the water. Wanting a souvenir, I drove to Kimmswick, where the wreck is located. After much difficulty, I reached it, and, with the aid of a friend, I sawed out a piece of plank siding from the near side of the hull. The planks used were ten inches wide and about forty feet long. The picture shows how the bows of the boats were reënforced with heavy timbers, so that they could be used as rams. The plank siding and reënforcing timbers were nailed together with spikes of iron, twelve inches long and one inch square, heated red hot before being driven in.

The wood is in a good state of preservation after being under the water sixty-eight years. From the plank, I had three gavels and an end-table made. One of the gavels I presented to the Literary Society here at Roosevelt; the other pair adorns my desk.

EDWARD SWARTHOUT

MY TRIP DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

"And from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by name."

—Carmen

THE idea came to me a year before the trip was made. The past three summers I had traveled; this year I wanted to do something different. I obtained a canoe and asked a friend, Russell Kruse, if he would like to make a trip down the Mississippi River. He thought it was a great idea. On July 29 at three o'clock in the morning we left St. Louis at the foot of Market Street for New Orleans. Here is a diary of our trip:

Thursday, July 30.

We reached Chester, Illinois, at seven o'clock, very tired. The thrill we had this morning as we paddled away from shore is still in my mind—a full moon, its reflection on the water, the death-like stillness, and the vast amount of water on our sides when we reached the center of the river, that almost frightened us. We enjoyed ourselves very much, for we had time to talk and sing. We had breakfast while floating with the current. We stopped several times to take a swim for the sun beating down upon us caused us to feel faint and dizzy. I had a big laugh because Russell, seeing an object bobbing up and down and making a snorting noise, thought it was a wild boar or a horse; it was only a half sunken buoy. It rained this afternoon for a while and cooled the atmosphere, making it delightful for paddling.

Friday, July 31.

We're going strong: we're in Cape Girardeau. We left Chester, Illinois, about six in the morning. We had spent the night at an old abandoned railroad station. Several steamboats passed us and the waves threw us about like a cork. We met all the waves head-on and it was a lot of fun. We stopped on sand bars to cook our meals and to swim in the river. The water is much clearer down here than around St. Louis. Our backs and shoulders are sore. We've had our supper, and now must find a place to sleep.

Saturday, August 1.

We left Cape Girardeau about seven and reached Cairo, Illinois, at half-past two. We met two young fellows while we were looking for a place to sleep. They showed us around town and we had a good time. We slept on the Court House lawn. Our faces are sunburnt and sore; our backs are also sore, but we keep them covered now. We stopped in a restaurant to eat. We soon became acquainted with the people in the place and they offered to take us to a dance. They even washed our soiled shirts. We had a wonderful time.

Sunday, August 2.

We overslept this morning, awaking about ten o'clock. We had slept on a park bench. We left Cairo about eleven and paddled about five miles to a sand-bar, where we cooked our Sunday dinner, beans and bacon. Every time we cooked our meals, we had beans and bacon. We passed the mouth of the Ohio River, where a strong wind made the water turbulent, so we paddled to shore slowly. We came to Wickcliffe, Kentucky, where we saw some white people baptized in the river. We decided to spend the night on shore.

Monday, August 3.

We had intentions of going to bed early, but some acquaintances showed us about town and treated us nobly. I awoke about seven with a headache. It began to rain during the night and we had to sleep under the canoe. We were warned to stay away from the Kentucky side about twenty miles below, for there were very dangerous eddies and whirlpools. When we left, we hugged the Missouri side all day. We saw the eddies as we passed them. The place is called Chalk Bluff, and around there are the eddies that when filled spout up like geysers. In the afternoon we reached Hickman, Kentucky, where we bought some provisions, got some fresh water, and paddled about ten miles below to a sand-bar where we slept.

Tuesday, August 4.

What a miserable day we spent today! We're on a sand-bar a few miles below New Madrid, Missouri. The mosquitoes were terrible last night. We arose early because it was cold. After we had paddled about an hour, it began raining, rain with a cold wind blowing. It lasted from seven until ten. We had to eat our breakfast of water-soaked bread, beans and sardines, in the rain. We asked for shelter at a fisherman's houseboat and stayed until the rain was over. At New Madrid we bought a hot lunch. A few miles further on, we stopped at a sand-bar, cooked our supper, and went to sleep on the wet sand.

Wednesday, August 5.

We reached Caruthersville, Missouri, in a pouring rain. We left the sand-bar early in the morning, for it was too cold to sleep. About noon two fishermen in a motorboat joined us to eat our water-soaked bread and beans; then we helped them fish with a large net. When they were ready to go, they offered to tow us. About fourteen miles from Caruthersville it began raining hard. One of the men who was a watchman at the city water works invited us to stay there for the night.

Thursday, August 6.

It rained all night and today. We were glad to spend the day at the water works.

Friday, August 7.

Tonight we're going to have a bed to sleep on! I've just finished one of the biggest suppers I ever had in my life. We are aboard a government boat.

This morning our canoe was filled with water and everything was wet except a few things we kept in a water-tight can. After our dinner—beans and sardines without any bread—a man with a motorboat towed us for about twenty miles. It began to rain shortly after we left him; after about three hours paddling, we came to a government boat and asked for shelter. The steward invited us to a chicken supper and then offered us a couple of bunks for the night.

Saturday, August 8.

Well, here we are in Memphis, Tennessee, four hundred miles from St. Louis. We left the government boat after a hearty breakfast, hoping to make Memphis, eighty-three miles away. The river became wider and the scenery more beautiful. The sunrises and sunsets are much more gorgeous in the South. To save time we ate our dinner while floating. About five o'clock we saw Memphis in the distance. It had grown dark, but we were determined to make Memphis today. We stayed about fifty feet from the bank, for there were some barges and houseboats all along the shore. Behind us came a boat with powerful beacons, the fastest boat we had encountered. When it went by, waves about three feet high arose. We heard the waves coming but didn't know what to do; we made for shore, but the waves caught up with us. The first one drove us towards shore, partly filling our canoe with water, then another and another struck us. Just before we came to the bank, we were capsized. Fortunately, the water was not very deep. We waded in water up to our waist, pushed the canoe ashore and recovered most of our things, except a few canned goods, from the bottom. Half an hour later we pulled up beside a private loading dock where we tied our canoe. The watchman allowed us to sleep in the warehouse.

Sunday, August 9.

We slept late this morning, then went sightseeing. We spent the entire day in Memphis.

Monday, August 10.

We spent the night in the warehouse again. We were ready to leave early, but learned that a packet was going down the river. We were permitted to put our canoe aboard and ride for about twenty-five miles. After we left the boat, we paddled a few miles, stopped at a government boat for two loaves of bread and paddled to a sand-bar to spend the night. We were invited to have breakfast on the boat in the morning.

Tuesday, August 11.

We spent a terrible night on the sand-bar, for the mosquitoes were dreadful. After breakfast we made three sandwiches that were to last us for the day. When we returned to our canoe, we found it cast upon shore, filled with water, and the can in which we kept camera, films, and such, had the lid off; everything was water-soaked. The pictures we had taken were wet and

the camera ruined. This was very disheartening since the pictures were half of our trip. At noon we reached Helena, Arkansas, where we had dinner on a government dredge boat. A few miles further on we stopped at a sand-bar for the night. While at Helena, we bought some corn on the cob. We used the large can for a cooking pot, and the water out of the river to boil our supper. When the corn was done, we found that a little sand and mud from the river had become lodged in between the grains and we had to eat it that way, without salt or butter. But we were hungry, and sick and tired of beans and sardines. It seems we're going to spend another sleepless night, for when there is no breeze along the river, the mosquitoes are thick.

Wednesday, August 12.

What a night, no sleep! Russell has a strange way of sleeping. He wraps his head and hands in his shirt, covers with the blanket and sleeps soundly. I tried it, but that suffocates me. We paddled all day without seeing a single person or even a steamboat. We are almost disgusted, and ready to give up. We talk of home, friends, good things to eat. Our spirit is about broken—if not already broken. The beans and sardines become sickening; we're without bread. Tonight we have corn on the cob again. We had corn this morning for breakfast.

Thursday, August 13.

We reached Arkansas City, Arkansas. We slept wonderfully well last night; a strong breeze came up during the night and made it an ideal night. We had dinner with a fisherman. But I couldn't eat; I had just had some beans and sardines. We were told we could cross a strip of land about 600 feet and save paddling about eighteen miles. We found the narrow neck of land, but the undergrowth was too thick to carry a canoe. That's the way the river rounds from St. Louis to New Orleans. Between some towns it is thirty to forty miles by river, ten to fifteen miles by land. In Arkansas City we made friends with an electrician of the power plant and we spent the night there.

Friday, August 14.

We had a good night's rest and went to the railroad Western Union to wire home for money. But there was no bank in that town, so we had to go to McGee, twelve miles away. When we received the money, we had a big dinner and spent the day looking around the town. In the evening we returned to Arkansas City and spent the night at the electric plant.

Saturday, August 15.

We met some fellows who took us around town. We intend to leave tomorrow. Tonight we are staying at the power plant, thanks to the electrician.

Sunday, August 16.

It's been raining all day. We read most of the time. We talk of giving up the trip.

BWANA

Monday, August 17.

We decided to give up the trip by canoe and "hitch hike" our way down to New Orleans. We shipped the canoe back by express; and we reached Monroe, Louisiana, tonight.

Tuesday, August 18.

It's impossible to sleep outdoors down South, so we decided to return home. We left Monroe, Louisiana, in the morning and reached Memphis, Tennessee, at night, spending it at the railroad depot.

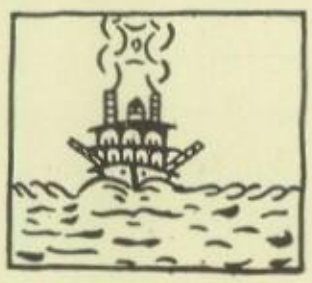
Wednesday, August 19.

We left Memphis and reached St. Louis, at three o'clock Thursday morning. Home again and what a grand and glorious feeling!

WALTER NELSON.

DO YOU KNOW?

1. How many teachers there are at Roosevelt? —— Answer on page 279.
2. The number of students enrolled? ——Answer on page 270.
3. How many lockers there are in the halls? —— Answer on page 283.
4. How many clubs there are? ——Answer on page 271.
5. How many people belong to clubs? ——Answer on page 267.
6. The number of school pupils working in the lunch room? ——Answer on page 276.
7. How many other people work in the lunch room? ——Answer on page 274.
8. How many can be seated in the lunch room? —— Answer on page 277.
9. How many people are doing service work? —— Answer on page 268.
10. How many advisories there are? ——Answer on page 266.
11. How many rooms there are? ——Answer on page 289.
12. How old Roosevelt is? ——Answer on page 264.
13. The last eight mayors at Roosevelt? ——Answer on page 285.
14. How many cups Roosevelt has in the trophy case? ——Answer on page 288.



THE FRESHMAN PARTY

A party for the new pupils, including terms 2, 3, and 4, was presented after school in the Boys' Gymnasium, November 6, 1931.

Mr. Grossman, the master of ceremonies, introduced the entertainers. The Pep "R" Girls injected enthusiasm into the audience by rendering the school cheers; the Uke Club played and sang popular songs; O'ita gave a short comedy skit; Mayor Grodzensky spoke on the traditions and ideals of Roosevelt; and several other clubs willingly contributed interesting bits to the program.

Several school organizations gave a short account of the history and the activities of the clubs. During intermissions the Novelty Orchestra rendered popular numbers, and dancing was enjoyed by all.

Due to the fact that the students were not really first termers, many amused themselves by giving gymnastic exhibitions on the ladders, presenting an aspect of young apes.

Refreshments were served in the lunchroom at the close of the party.

BETTY WIEDMANN

SENIOR PLAY—MAY, 1931

Did you see the May 1931 Senior Class play? No? Well, you missed something, but here goes all about *Your Uncle Dudley.*

Curtain rises on a living-room scene in the home of Dudley Dixon (P. S., Harry Babbitt). His mother is there, a dear little old lady with gray hair, (believe it or not, Betty Fales) as are also Mrs. Church (Thelma Young), Dudley's sister, a hard grasping woman, not really so bad in life as on the stage, and her darling daughter (Elsie Rogers), of whom she is trying to make a prima donna. It is the night before the big concert in which Ethelyn (Elsie) is to sing in competition with two other girls. The stage is set, so let's go.

Uncle Dudley is a "dandy guy" of forty, in love with Christine, otherwise known as Virginia Langen, and Ethelyn has lost her heart to Robert—we call him Bill Baumgartner. Mrs. Church is doing everything to have her daughter chosen as the best singer and to make a great artist of her. For years she has been deceiving her darling to make her work harder for "dear mama's sake."

Neither Christine and Uncle Dudley nor Robert and Ethelyn can get married on account of Mrs. Church's bossing.

By a deceitful act Mrs. Church gains a first place in the concert and the prize of $5,000 for Ethelyn; however, Dudley's mother does not think Ethelyn really won, and so the $5,000 goes to Marjorie Baxter. Now Mrs. Church is not going to take Ethelyn to Europe and poor Uncle Dudley can't marry Christine. In the meantime Ethelyn has secretly married Robert, but intends to go away with her mother, as she has promised, until she discovers her mother's deceitful practices, then she runs away with Robert. The day looks dark for Dudley and Christine, for Dudley can't borrow the $5,000 he happens to owe Mabel Church. If he had it, then she might go to Europe anyway. He finally gets the money; Mabel finds Cyril has a voice, and at last she is to leave for Europe to make a singer of Cyril by means of Uncle's lucky $5,000. Now all is well. Incidentally, Uncle Dudley is presented with his heart's desire, a gold loving cup to add to a collection of some twenty-five silver ones.

The play was a very well-given production due not only to talent in the cast but the ceaseless efforts of Miss Helen Duffett, who coached the play, and to Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Kammerer for scenery. When the play was presented May 2 in a packed auditorium, the audience fell in love with the whole thing. "Your Uncle Dudley" certainly was a "wow."

CARROLL HUFFSTOT

SENIOR PLAY—MAY, 1931

SENIOR PLAY NOTES—DECEMBER, 1931

ONE of the most important events of the term took place Friday evening, December 4: the Senior Play.

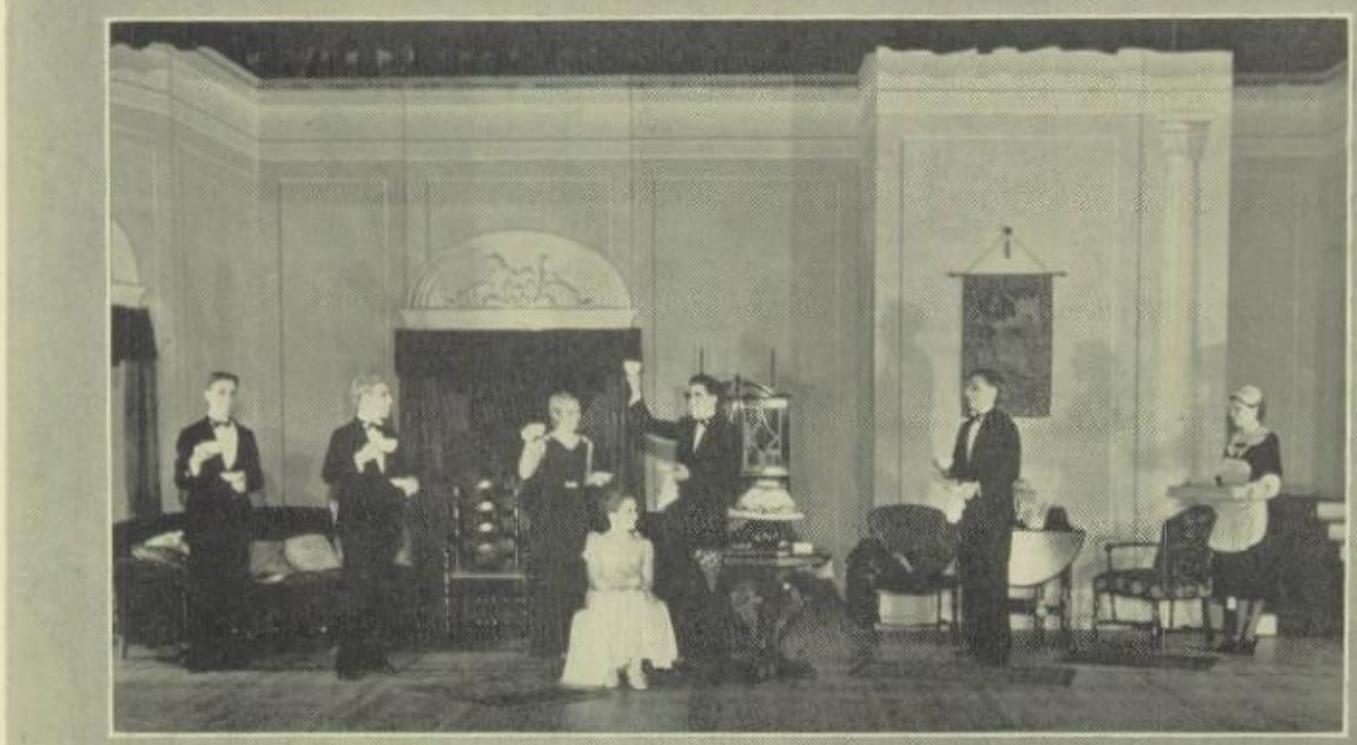
You and I, by Philip Barry, surpassed the expectations of the most critical spectator.

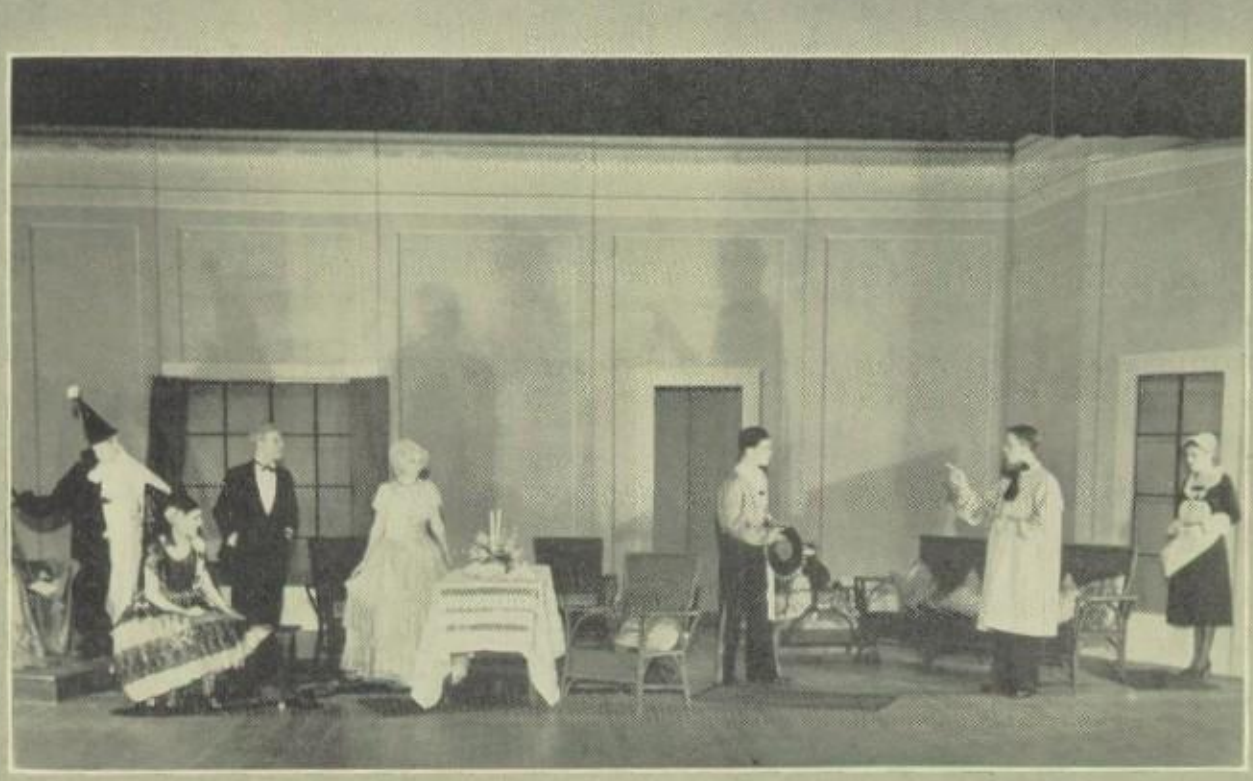
The story of Maitland White, an artist who had sacrificed his career for love and whose son is forced to face the same problem, was intensely interesting. Ricky, Maitland's son, also chooses marriage, but Veronica Duane, his sweetheart, loves Ricky enough to refuse him. Maity is at last unable to endure the inartistic business of soap-manufacturing longer, and he returns to painting, aided by his loving and self-sacrificing wife, Nancy. If his first picture is a success, Maity plans to go to Europe to study, but Veronica convinces him that his son should come before his own career. G. T. Warren, Maity's former employer, offers to buy the struggling artist's first picture for advertising purposes. This is a cruel blow to Maity but he consents to sacrifice his "work of art" so that Ricky can go abroad to study architecture and marry Ronny Duane, too. He tells Ricky that the four thousand dollars which Warren pays him for the picture had been left Ricky in an endowment policy by his grandfather. Upon learning that a noted art critic believes his work to have possibilities, Maity decides not to give up his art, and he and Nancy are confident that even without the coveted study in Europe, in ten years he will become great.

Albert Hunn, as Maitland White, and Adelia Kerley, as his beloved Nanny, are to be highly commended upon their splendid acting. Gerald Cowan, who played Ricky, proved his ability to make love, and Josephine Kumbera was very charming as Ronny Duane. Georgia Pipes' interpretation of Etta, the maid who wanted to be a lady, although her "bridge was simply deplorable," kept the audience in a constant uproar of laughter. The breezy business man, G. T. Warren, and Geoffrey Nichols, the family friend and popular writer who admitted that his stories were worthless, were ably played by Richard Read and Edward Stoltze, respectively.

We offer congratulations to the entire cast. And to Miss Charity Grace, whose expert coaching made the wonderful success of the play possible, we present a big bouquet of red roses.

ARLEEN THYSON





SENIOR PLAY—DECEMBER, 1931

SCHOOL CALENDAR

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1931

Jan. 28—First day of school. The grind begins. But take heart; there are only twenty more weeks of school.

Feb. 5—First meeting of Student Council. Nomination of Senior officers.

Feb. 11—Harry Babbitt elected mayor. It's the last time Seniors have to listen to campaign speeches.

Feb. 12—Larry McDougall elected president of Seniors. Breaks record in popularity—mayor when a 7, president of a class when an 8.

Feb. 16—Senior Play tryouts. All the future Greta Garbos and John Barrymores appear on the scene.

Feb. 18—Free edition of Rough Rider. What a break for the Scotchmen!

Feb. 19—Cheer leader becomes president. Bob Grodzensky chosen to head New Seniors.

Feb. 26—Final Senior Play tryouts. Only a few Garbos and Barrymores left (or maybe there weren't so many after all!)

Mar. 4—James Saylor elected president of Sixes. The entire student body is presented with a valuable gift. To be sure that each receives his, the parent's signature is required. That's right! You've guessed it—report cards!

Mar. 16—"The Twilight Plane" written by Vernon Meyer is presented in the "aud" by the Mask and Buskin.

Mar. 20—Baseball dance. It's a great success. Believe it or not!

Apr. 5—The Seniors choose "Our Time" as subject for graduation.

Apr. 6—Senior Color Day. "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as one of these."

Apr. 13—Bwana staff chooses "Old Man River" as its subject.

Apr. 24—The Oratorical Contest. Both of our representatives placed. The points won this evening with those amassed in the past five years give Roosevelt the boys' trophy.

Apr. 27—Rosalie Fleming is awarded the medal as the state winner in the Oregon Trail Essay Contest.

Apr. 29—The musical tryouts for graduation.

Apr. 30—Fifty-two new members of the Torch chosen.

May 1—Senior Play. "Your Uncle Dudley" is awarded a gold loving cup.

May 6—Literary tryouts for graduation. We didn't know we had so many Ciceros.

May 7—Fred Schuler is elected president of Torch. Bernice Caram is re-elected secretary-treasurer.

First session of the Tardiness Court. Here's where our lawyers can show their skill.

May 18—American History Exam. Vera Bartman victor.

May 19—Torch Induction of newly-elected members.

May 21—Royalty in our midst to-day. Edna Dauernheim chosen Track Queen.

SCENES AT R. H. S.

May 22—Field Day. Another championship for Roosevelt!

May 23—Roosevelt beats Cleveland 13-5 to win baseball championship.

June 1—Class day. No school for the seniors! Oh! so that's why the classes are so quiet!

June 2 & 3—Senior exams. They make 'em or break 'em.

June 11—Graduation. What a grand and glorious feeling!

HELEN BOLING
HELEN JANE COLVIN

CALENDAR—SEPTEMBER, 1931, TO JANUARY, 1932

Sept. 8—School opens. "Many Happy(?) Returns Of The Day!"

Sept. 9—Program cards are received. Funny how *some* always get the teachers of their choice!—Oh, for the art of——!!

Sept. 15—First Student Council Meeting.—The Elders of the School gather to ponder upon the weighty matters of our fair institution.

Sept. 17—New Seniors elect their President. Talk about competition for Seniors!

Sept. 23—Campaign speeches in aud. Did you ever see such suspense? No one ever misses *this* aud. And what a cheer-leading Mayor we have elected!!! Bob, Bob, Bob, Rah! Rah! Rah!

Oct. 5—First Five-Weeks Exams (and groans) start. Corridor Echoes—"Then I said to him, My paper is worth more than that . . . . . ," etc., etc., etc.

Oct. 7—Senior Elections. Julian Hoffman occupies the Presidential Chair. We feel sure that the capable Julian will keep these mighty dignitaries in hand.

Oct. 14—Football tickets placed on sale. At last Football is in the air.—Not to be taken too literally!

Oct. 15—Report cards distributed. And what did they report? We can't exactly say, but without mentioning any names, we might air it about that several well-known Seniors were informed by cruel, heartless parents, "No grades, no dates!"

Oct. 17—Whoopee!! Why the rejoicing? Only a half day of school! Reason? Dairy Show. Somehow, we always *have* had a soft spot in our hearts for cows!

Oct. 27—"YOU AND I" chosen as the Senior Play—and the all important cast announced.

Oct. 28—Senior colors—Spanish Tile and Brown announced. Isn't that an artistic combination?

Nov. 4—Big Senior Pirate Party. Weiner Roast and Treasure Hunt. But the funny part of it is—NO ONE FOUND THE TREASURE!!! But everyone had lots of fun. You know these Seniors!

BWANA

Nov. 6—New Jay Party in Gym. Queer how some Seniors were suddenly demoted for that party!

Nov. 11—Armistice Day. Did we hear someone say, "Hurrah for the War?"

Nov. 12, 13—Teachers' Convention. Great rejoicing at Roosevelt. Teachers are pretty good after all—when they have conventions!

Nov. 14—What's that noise? Why it's only our dignified Mayor realizing that we've had no school for five days—and emitting a tremendous Roosevelt Cheer.

Nov. 21—The SPECTACULAR FOOTBALL GAME of the season. We won the ball game!!! And the score, oh, the score——

Nov. 27—Our boys played Tilden Tech—and lost 45-0. Some let-down, but then we can't win them all, and we're still proud of our team.

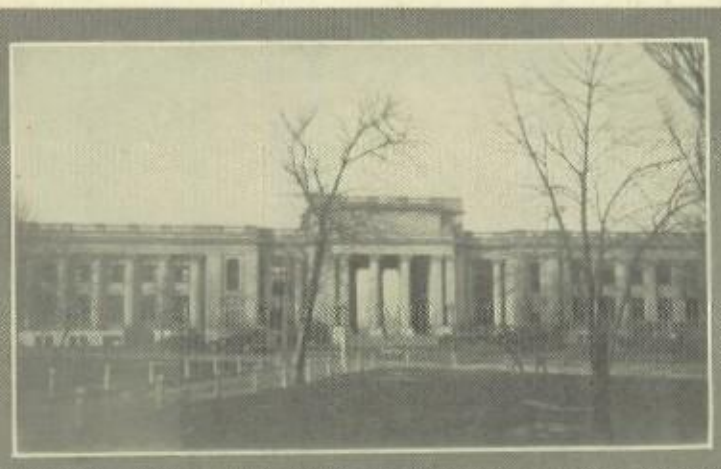
Dec. 4—Senior Play—and Society Nite at Roosevelt. "YOU AND I" was pronounced a grand success. And wasn't Georgia just *too* stunning, my dear!!!

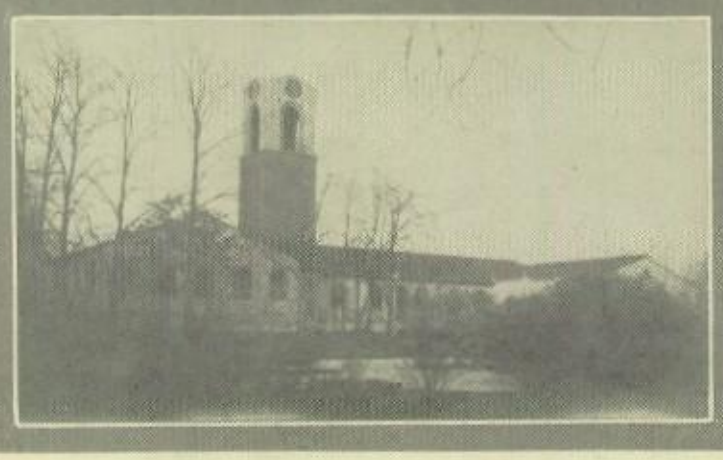
Dec. 18—Torch Inductions. Congratulations to those new members of our National Honor Society.

Jan. 4—School opens again. Our holidays are over.

Jan. 18—Senior Graduation—We're sorry to lose all our Senior Pals, but we wish them all the luck and success in the world. And so . . . Au revoir!!

ROOSEVELTIANS

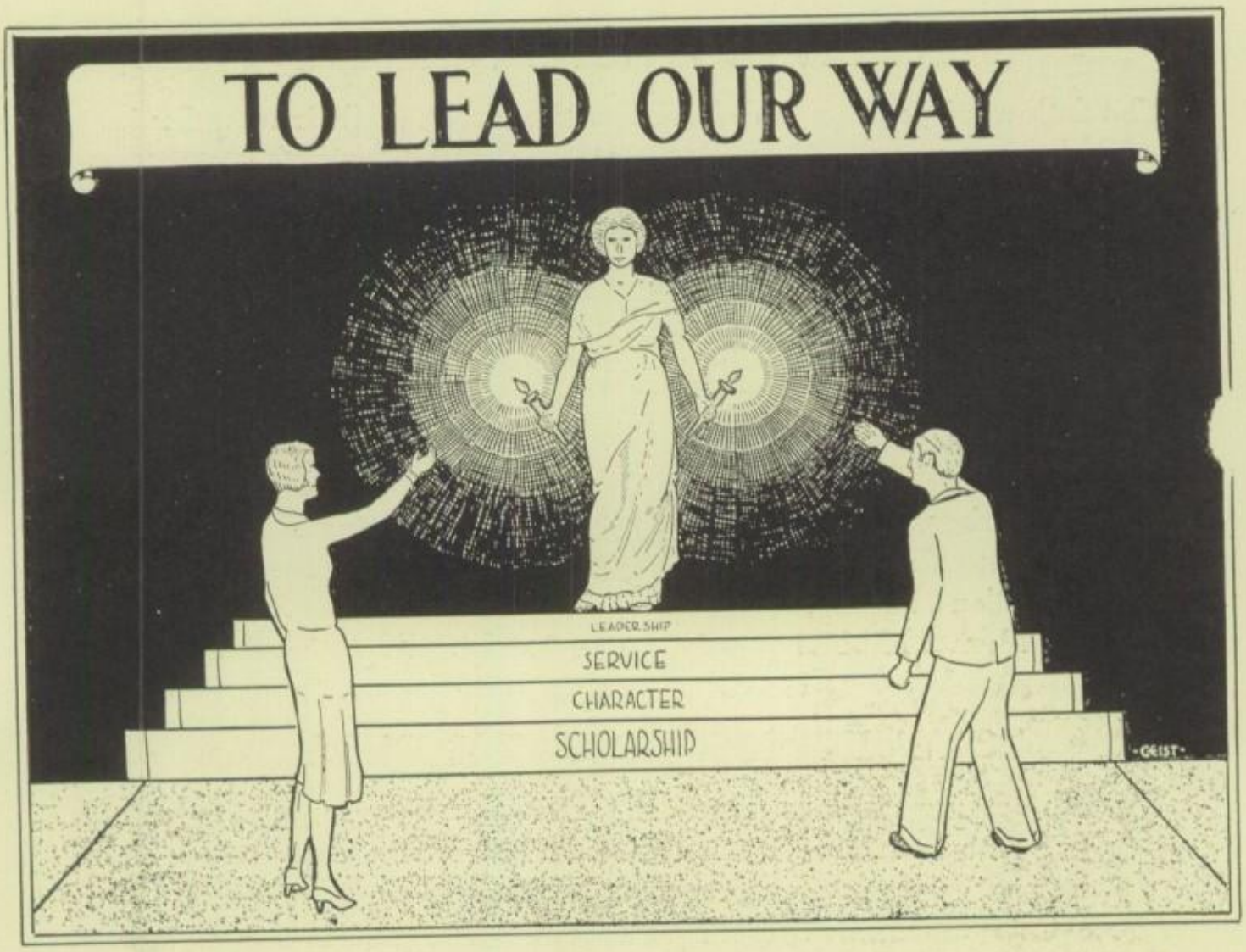




VIEWS OF ST. LOUIS' PARKS

ROOSEVELT CHAPTER OF THE NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

ROOSEVELT CHAPTER OF THE NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY—DEC., 1931



TORCH ELECTIONS

SENIORS—ELECTED DECEMBER, 1931

1. Virginia Billmeyer
2. Bernice Whitney
3. Jack Compton
4. Margaret Spargo
5. Gladys Garling
6. Gerald Cowan
7. Arnold Deibert
8. Vera Bartman
9. Alice Wilk
10. Eugenia Brockmeyer
11. Herbert Schuppan

NEW SENIORS—ELECTED DECEMBER, 1931

1. Charlotte Anschuetz
2. Elsie Yehling
3. Ruth Crowder
4. Robert Schroeder
5. William Buch
6. Betty Schmidt
7. Lavina Niehaus
8. Helen Krewinghaus
9. Virginia Roos
10. James Saylor
11. Vernita Bighem
12. Wright King
13. Zora Cernich
14. Edward Miller
15. Raymond Vance
16. Margaret Libby
17. Carl Morrisse
18. Wm. Kerchanske
19. Richard Brown
20. Dean Dey

TORCH ELECTIONS (Continued)

The following pupils were elected to the Torch in their New Senior year, May, 1931.

1. Naomi Brand
2. Marie Bristol
3. Fred Caesar
4. Catherine Doellefeld
5. Jessie Fluhr
6. Conway Frye
7. Harold Furtney
8. Mary Alice Grant
9. Robert Grodzensky
10. Otto Gutfreund
11. Ellen Hammond
12. Homer Hibbits
13. Julian Hoffman
14. Adelia Kerley
15. Florence Keightley
16. Eugene Kipp
17. Michael Miklas
18. Robert Pelton
19. Georgia Pipes
20. Oliver Ray
21. Victor Silber
22. Helen Staudinger
23. Charles Swartout
24. Ben Vinovich

BOYS' INTERSCHOLASTIC DEBATES

The subject for the Princeton Cup Debates this year was: "Resolved, that the present chain store system in the United States is more beneficial than detrimental to the best interests of the American public."

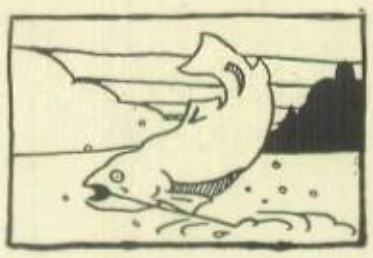
Roosevelt's affirmative team consisting of Francis Bradley, Herbert Morisse, Fred Schuler, and Otto Gutfreund, alternate, met Soldan at Roosevelt and lost by a two to one decision. Our negative team composed of Irwin Johnson, Julius Orabka, Albert Schoenbeck, and Billy Evans, alternate, debated Cleveland's affirmative team at Cleveland, and lost by a unanimous decision. Although the outcome was not good, we have bright prospects for next year, as the entire negative team of this year will be back.

Soldan and Central won both their debates, so another debate was necessary to decide the winner of the Princeton Cup this year. In this debate, Central won.

To gain permanent possession of the Princeton Cup, a school must win it three times. The standing among the schools is as follows:

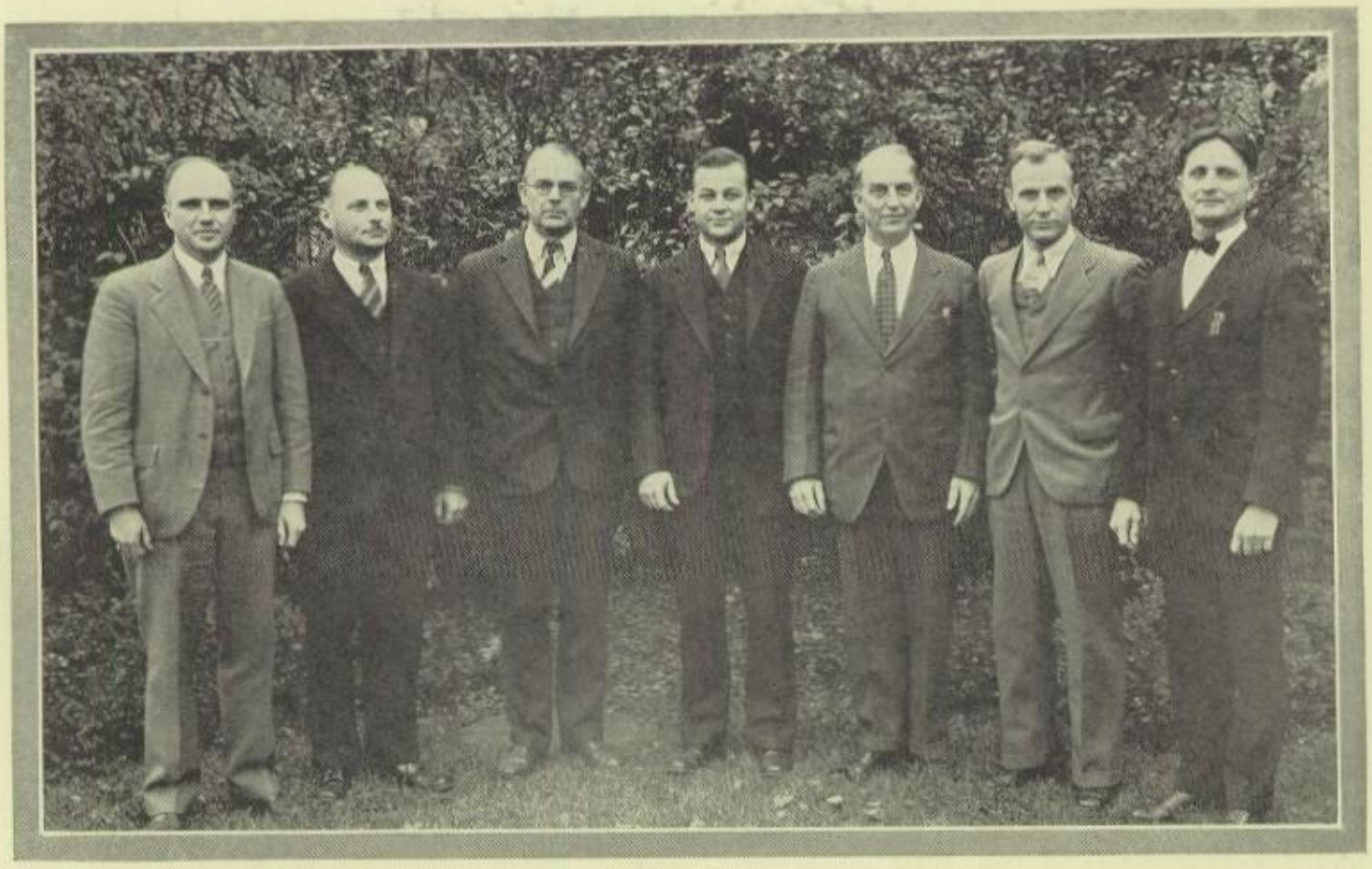
Cleveland	2
Roosevelt	1
Soldan	1
Central	1

ELI PULTMAN



BOYS' DEBATING TEAM

SPORTS



OUR COACHES

Roosevelt is very fortunate in having one of the best sets of coaches in this locality. Roosevelt teams always make a fine showing, and as it is the coach who is mainly responsible for his team's showing, so it is only fitting that we give credit to these men.

The dean of Roosevelt coaches is Mr. Castleman, whose track teams are always of championship caliber. His record at McKinley and Roosevelt is widely known, for he has developed a number of world champions.

To Mr. Carlson we owe thanks, for his splendid coaching of the teams. His splendid work with the baseball team also deserves much credit.

Mr. Lorenzen has good basketball teams and his tennis teams are always to be feared. He is also athletic equipment manager.

Mr. Riley deserves a vote of thanks for his able assistance to Mr. Castleman.

Mr. Neeb is to be credited for the fine showing of his second and midget teams.

Mr. Gerber deserves a great deal of credit for keeping this year's football team physically fit.

Mr. Voss is our athletic director. He has kept up the school spirit, conducted rallies, and carried on the sale of tickets for the games.

ROOSEVELT WINS BASEBALL TITLE

THE hard playing team ably coached by Mr. Carlson, and aided by Mr. Colmey, brought the third title in major sports within a year to Roosevelt. By winning, the team gained its third leg on the Harvard Trophy and brought the league cup to the school. There was only one defeat during the season, and that was when the Central team was victor, 4-1. Incidentally, this was the second championship team of the year coached by Mr. Carlson; he had led the football team to victory in November 1930.

The following are scores of practice games: Roosevelt 7, Webster 5; Roosevelt 6, McBride 2; Roosevelt 10, East St. Louis 9; Roosevelt 14, Western Military Academy 6.

ROOSEVELT 6, BEAUMONT 5

To open the season, Coach Carlson's team came from behind in the ninth inning and defeated Beaumont, 6-5. Merril Baumgartner was knocked out in the third inning by a four-run rally, which gave "Ollie" Steiner a chance to prove his worth. He did his work creditably, allowing but one run in the six innings he pitched and receiving credit for winning the game. Root, with two hits out of five times at the plate, and Baronovic, with the winning run in the ninth, were the stars of the game.

ROOSEVELT 11, SOLDAN 8

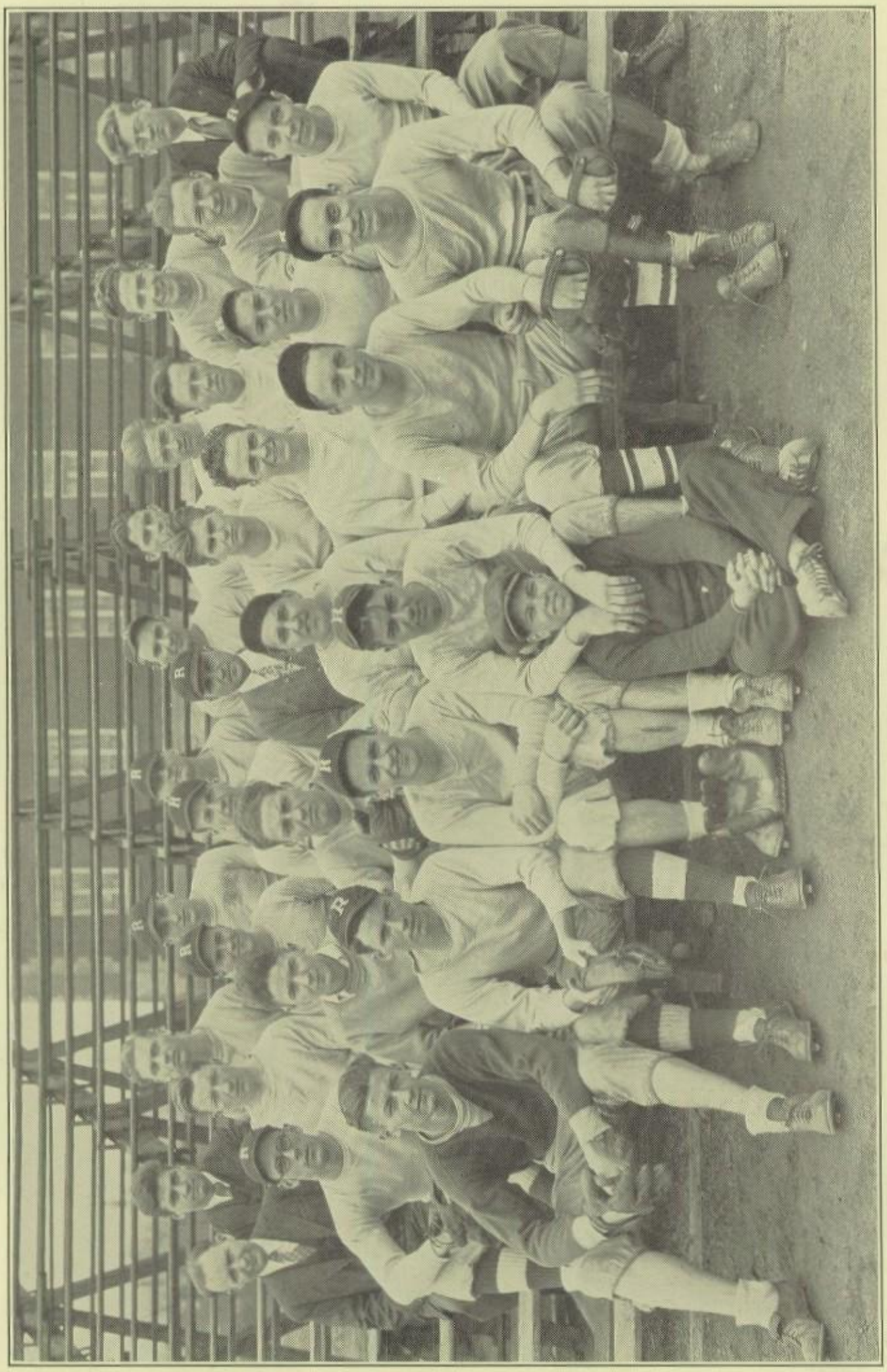
Roosevelt staged at the top of the baseball ladder by beating Soldan, 11-8 in a characteristic last-minute rally. Three runs in the eighth and one in the ninth did the trick. Steiner and Baumgartner were knocked out before Murrill was called in to save the game. However, the Crimson and White batters batted four Soldan pitchers all over the lot. Root with three singles again tied with Baronovic for batting honors; "the Baron" had a single and triple.

CENTRAL 4, ROOSEVELT 1

In the lone defeat of the season, Roosevelt was beaten 4-1 by a team which was surprising everyone. Baumgartner was again knocked from the bill by four runs in the fourth, and did not seem to have hit his stride. From that point on, Murrell pitched scoreless baseball. The Rough Riders got their run on Shy's double and Valci's single. By losing, Roosevelt dropped to a tie with Central for second place.

ROOSEVELT DEFEATS CLEVELAND 9-6 AND TIES FOR FIRST PLACE

As a result of Cleveland's defeat, the Rough Riders were now tied with them for the league lead. Wilfert, Cleveland's ace, was knocked out the first time this year. Steiner also made way for Baumgartner, who showed real form in allowing but two hits and one run in six innings. Baronovic, Drumm, and Jansberg each made two hits to tie for batting honors.



ROOSEVELT BASEBALL SQUAD

ROOSEVELT 8, BEAUMONT 2

Starting the second half of the league season, Steiner pitched the best game of the year by setting down Beaumont with five hits in the nine innings. The game was a pitchers' battle with the score 3-2 in the eighth, but Roosevelt scored five times in the ninth while batting around.

ROOSEVELT 8, CENTRAL 5

Roosevelt gained first place by defeating the Mid-Cityans and also avenged an earlier defeat. Jack Murrell, in his first start of the season, allowed sixteen hits but was invincible in the pinches. Bad base-running by Central helped, for the hidden-ball trick was used twice and Drumm caught two men off first attempting to steal.

ROOSEVELT 13, CLEVELAND 5

Roosevelt clinched the baseball title by overwhelming Cleveland, 13-5. Steiner and Weiss had a pitchers' battle for four innings but it took three pitchers to stop the six-run rally of the Crimson in the fifth.

ROOSEVELT 19, SOLDAN 8

In a game postponed by rain, the Rough Riders ended the season in a blaze of glory by overwhelming their West-End rivals. Baumgartner kept eight hits well scattered and raised his record to two victories and one defeat for the season.

Valci, leading hitter on the team, was sixth in the league; Baronovic and Shy each hit one homer and tied for the lead in this department; Baronovic led in triples with seven, and Root was second with two; Drumm and Shy tied for the lead in swatting doubles with four apiece; and Steiner led the pitchers of the league by winning three and losing no games, while Murrell was second with two won and none lost.

FINAL STANDING

Team	W.	L.	Pct.
Roosevelt	7	1	.875
Cleveland	5	3	.625
Beaumont	3	5	.375
Soldan	3	5	.375
Central	2	6	.250

BOB GRODZENSKY

BASKETBALL 1930-'31

With only three players back from last year's team, Coach Lorenzen was forced to send into competition this year a squad that was unquestionably inexperienced and "green," especially in regard to the reserves. In spite of this, the team displayed determined fighting qualities and gave their opponents hard battles throughout the season's play.

In the season's opening game, Dupo, Illinois, High School took the measure of the Rough Riders by a 43-30 score. Warrenton, Missouri, also downed our boys 41-13, but considering that Warrenton was credited with having one of the best teams in the state, and as we had had only a minimum of practice, the results were not as discouraging as they seemed. Between these two defeats, Roosevelt scored a 28-12 victory over Western Military Academy, displaying evidence of developing a worthy defense.

In the opening game of the Interscholastic League competition, Roosevelt was defeated by Beaumont 27-23. This was one of the hardest fought and most thrilling games of the year, and only through a series of sensational and spectacular "shots" was Beaumont able to win. Kenny Dillman was the outstanding player of the game and led the scorers with twelve points.

Roosevelt was then victorious in one of two non-league encounters. Almost the entire team participated in downing Principia 45-17, but much more opposition was met in the game with C. B. C. in which they were defeated by a score of 25-17.

Returning to league play, the Rough Riders easily outplayed Central and came out on the long end of a 25-12 count. Ward Parker, our captain, was outstanding with ten points.

During the Christmas holidays there was a lull in league activities, but Roosevelt remained active and was victorious in the two games played. Roosevelt journeyed to East St. Louis and came back with another scalp, this time 23-21. Dupo High, playing a return game at Roosevelt, went home on the short end of a 26-19 score. Kenny Dillman paced the attack by ringing up fourteen counters while the entire team was playing an improved game.

In the third league tussle Roosevelt opposed Soldan. Throughout a large part of the game the Rough Riders were leading, but in the final quarter the Soldan attack became too much and our boys weakened. Soldan took advantage and forged ahead to win, 17-15. This game was intensely hard fought and served to show the exceedingly even quality of all the teams in the league. This condition seldom exists, but was clearly evidenced this year.

Suffering a momentary lapse, Roosevelt was hard pressed to defeat Principia 20-19. Both squads engaged in some sensational scoring in the second half, but Roosevelt emerged on the long end. Turning the tables completely the Rough Riders broke loose on a scoring rampage, and defeated Western 55-18. Dillman, Parker, and Bartman paced the scores while the entire team found no difficulty in penetrating the Western defense.

ROOSEVELT BASKETBALL TEAM—1930-1931

BWANA

In the final game of the first round Roosevelt defeated Cleveland 27-17 with Parker outstanding.

Going into the second round Roosevelt engaged Beaumont in what was undoubtedly the greatest game of the season. Howard Bartman reached the peak of his game and through a series of sensational "shots" kept Roosevelt in the running. Beaumont with an equally sensational display, finally won in an overtime game 15-12. Roosevelt lost but she went down fighting.

Though the score does not indicate it, Roosevelt easily defeated Central in the next encounter and were returned the victors 21-15. Soldan again defeated our boys in another intense game. For three quarters the Roosevelt team played on even terms, but late in the game they weakened, and Soldan took the battle 17-15.

Roosevelt, playing a return game, visited Warrenton and avenged the previous defeat, and came home sporting a 32-27 victory.

By defeating Cleveland in the final league encounter Roosevelt finished the league season with four victories and a like number of defeats. The score was 26-15.

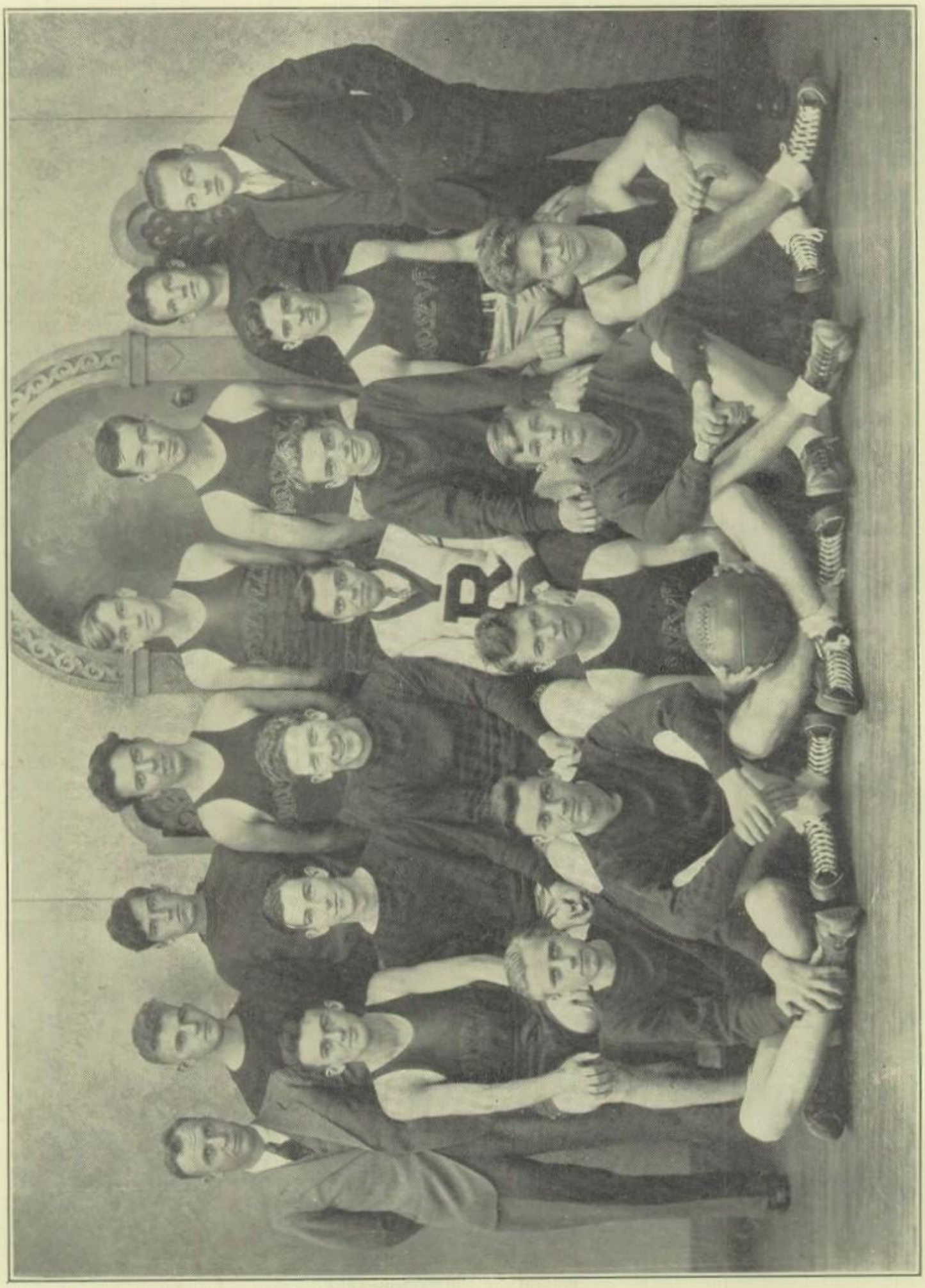
Entering the district tournament, Roosevelt was eliminated in the first round by St. Louis University High: 18-14. Early in the game Root and Patton were out on fouls, thus weakening the Roosevelt defense and paving the way for defeat.

Roosevelt's record for the season's play, including the tournament, was eleven victories and eight defeats. Two players, Captain Parker at forward and Dillman at center, were placed on the League's All-Star Team, while Parker paced the league in scoring with 53 points.

Letters were awarded to Parker, Dillman, Bartman, J. Krause, R. Reese, Root, Patton, Valci, and manager Cuthbertson.

While the record made by this team was not very impressive, it upheld to the fullest extent that famous motto, "Roosevelt fights."

WILLIAM AULT



ROOSEVELT BASKETBALL SQUAD—1931-1932

POINT WINNERS IN TRACK MEET

STATE INDOOR MEET

The 1931 Roosevelt track squad opened the season by taking third place in the State Indoor Meet held at Columbia, March 28.

University City captured first place with 28 points, and Webster Groves shaded the Crimson squad 18 to 17. In the course of the meet eleven records were broken.

Parker, with 7 points, was the high scorer of the Roosevelt squad. Besides establishing a new record of 20 feet 6¾ inches in the broad jump, he took third place in both the high jump and shot put. Shaw performed creditably by tying the record for the 60 yard dash in the preliminaries and then taking third place in the final, which was run in the record breaking time of 6.4 seconds. Shannon also starred by tying the record in the 60 yard low hurdles in the preliminaries and taking second to Miller, University City ace, in the final. Kloepper, who is still a Junior, competed out of his class and took second in the shot put. Fries did well by taking third place in the 880, and Schanzle captured third place in the pole vault. The relay quartet finished third in the medley relay.

MAPLEWOOD RELAYS

In one of the most exciting meets held this year, Roosevelt tied for second place at the second annual Maplewood Relays, held at Maplewood, April 18. The meet was run off under perfect weather conditions and attracted a large number of enthusiastic spectators. Of the fourteen schools entered in this

meet, University City placed first with 28 points. Roosevelt and Maplewood were tied for second place with 27 points each. Webster Groves placed fourth with 20 points. The meet was hotly contested from beginning to end, and the winner was not decided until the last event, the Senior Medley Relay, was run off.

Shaw, Senior captain, took second in the special 100 yard dash. Shannon performed creditably by capturing first place in the special 140 yard low hurdles. Buch, Junior broad jumper, captured first place in the broad jump with a record-breaking leap of 21 feet, and Parker took second in the same event. Parker also tied for second in the pole vault. The mile relay team took third place in that event, and the 440 yard relay team captured second in their event, losing by inches. The Crimson quartet of W. Wood, Dey, Riddick, and Shaw captured first place in the 880 yard relay.

MISSOURI STATE INTERSCHOLASTIC MEET

On Friday afternoon, May 1, the Roosevelt track squad went to Columbia by automobile to compete in the twenty-eighth annual State Interscholastic Track and Field Meet. The weather conditions were ideal except for a mild wind. The meet was a gala event for the schools of the St. Louis district. Webster Groves, rolling up 31½ points, placed first. University City was second with 26 points, Maplewood was third with 22, and Roosevelt was fourth with 16½ points.

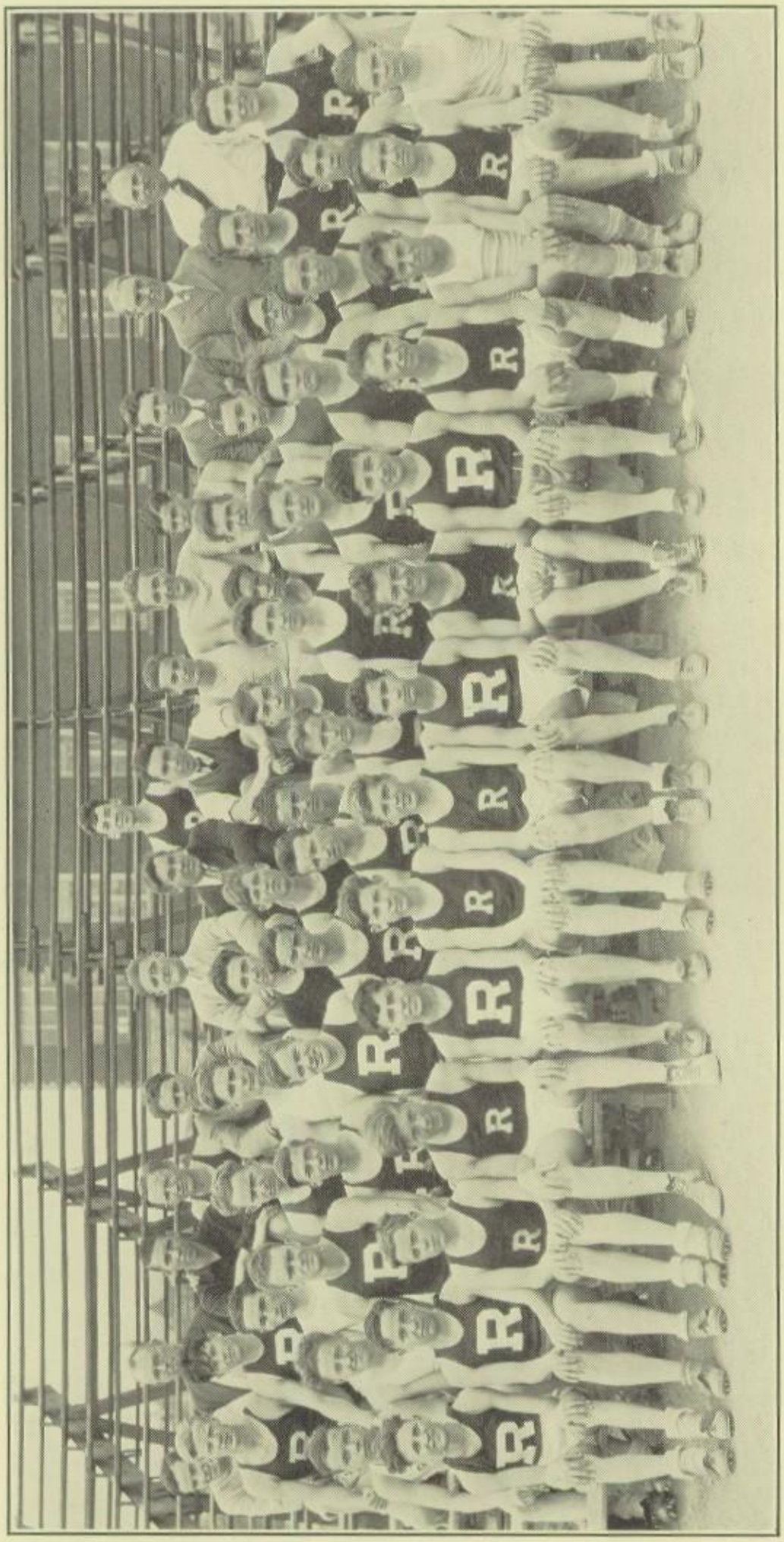
Shaw had some real competition in the sprints, which were run in remarkable time. He took fourth in the 100 yard dash and second in the 220 yard dash. Shannon starred by taking third in the 120 yard high hurdles and tying for third in the 440 yard dash. Buch competed out of his class and took second in the broad jump, and Parker took fourth place in the shot put. The Crimson relay quartet of Shannon, W. Wood, Riddick, and Shaw captured first place in the 880 yard relay by running it in the remarkable time of 1 minute 33.2 seconds.

DISTRICT MEET

The Roosevelt Senior tracksters had to be content with 8 points in the District Meet, held May 9, at the Maplewood Stadium. Webster Groves finished first in the Senior division with 38¾ points.

Shaw starred by taking second place in a record-breaking 100 yard dash and third in a record-breaking 220. Shannon did well by taking fourth in the 120 yard high hurdles. Al was leading the field in the 220 low hurdles but he hit the last hurdle and lost the race. Parker took fourth in the shotput. The relay quartet took fourth place in the 880 relay.

The Roosevelt Junior squad scored a landslide victory in their division, amassing a total of 40⅓ markers, to beat University City by 20 points. Bill Buch was the individual star of the day, taking first place in the broad jump



ROOSEVELT'S TRACK SQUAD

with a record-breaking leap of 21 feet 2 inches. This surpassed the old record by more than 2 feet. Bill also won the 220 and took second in the 100. Riddick starred by taking first place in the 50 yard dash and second in the 220. Kloepper and O'Connor finished first and fourth, respectively, in the shotput. Connors took second in the 120 yard low hurdles, and Whittal took third in the 100. Londe figured in a three-way tie for second in the pole vault, and Saylor did the same for third in the high jump. Waters took fourth in the javelin throw. The relay quartet of C. Wood, Whittal, Riddick, and Buch won the 880 relay.

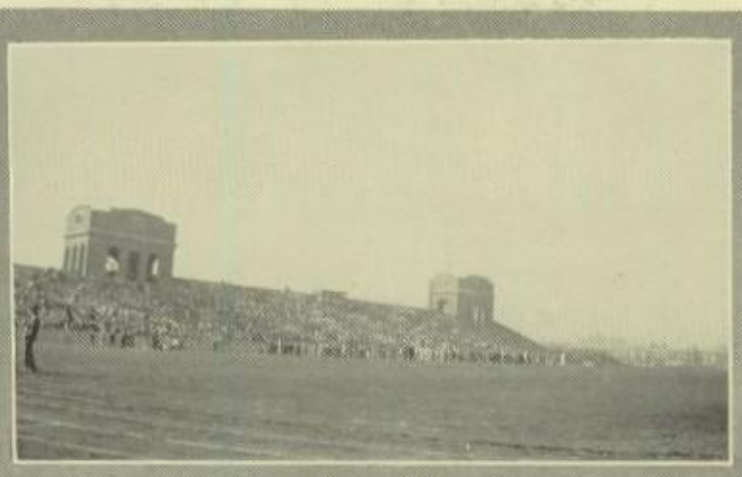
INTERSCHOLASTIC MEET

"Cassie's" boys continued their phenomenal run of track championships by triumphing for the fourth consecutive year in the Interscholastic Meet. This is the first time that any St. Louis High School has won this meet for four successive years.

The Crimson squad amassed a total of 151 markers, the greatest number that any school has scored in the history of the meet. Cleveland finished second with 68 points. Roosevelt lacked only 14 points of accounting for half of the 330, the total of the meet. The Rough Riders ranked first in each of the three divisions.

Ward Parker was the individual star of the day, scoring 16 points by taking firsts in the shotput and broad jump, a tie for first in the high jump, and a tie for second in the pole vault. Shannon performed creditably by taking first place in both the 120 yard high hurdles and the 220 low hurdles. Shaw starred by taking second in the 100 and first in the 220. Fries did well by taking third in the 440 and second in the 880. Schanzle did nicely by winning the pole vault, and Hathaway took third in the broad jump. Koopman finished fourth in the mile run, and Dey took fourth in the 220. Connors took fourth in the 220 low hurdles. The relay quartet of W. Wood, Shannon, Dey, and Shaw won the 880 relay by running it in one-tenth of a second over the record.

Bill Buch was the high point man in the Junior division, taking firsts in the 220 yard dash and the broad jump, and second in the 100. Carl Wood, Junior Captain, won the 120 yard low hurdles and the 440, and scored in a three-way tie for fourth place in the high jump. Riddick starred by taking first in the 50 yard dash and second in the 220. Whittal took fourth in the 50 and won the 100 in nearly record time. O'Connor took second in the shotput, and Johnson took third in the 220. Waters did well by taking second in the broad jump and a tie for fourth in the pole vault. East took third in the 120 low hurdles, and Hellmich took third in the 440. Tietze and Laub finished third and fourth, respectively, in the 880. Resitaritz scored in the three-way tie for fourth place in the high jump. The sweeping victory was brought to a climax by the record-breaking performance of the Crimson Junior relay team, which ran the 880 relay in 1:36.7, five-tenths



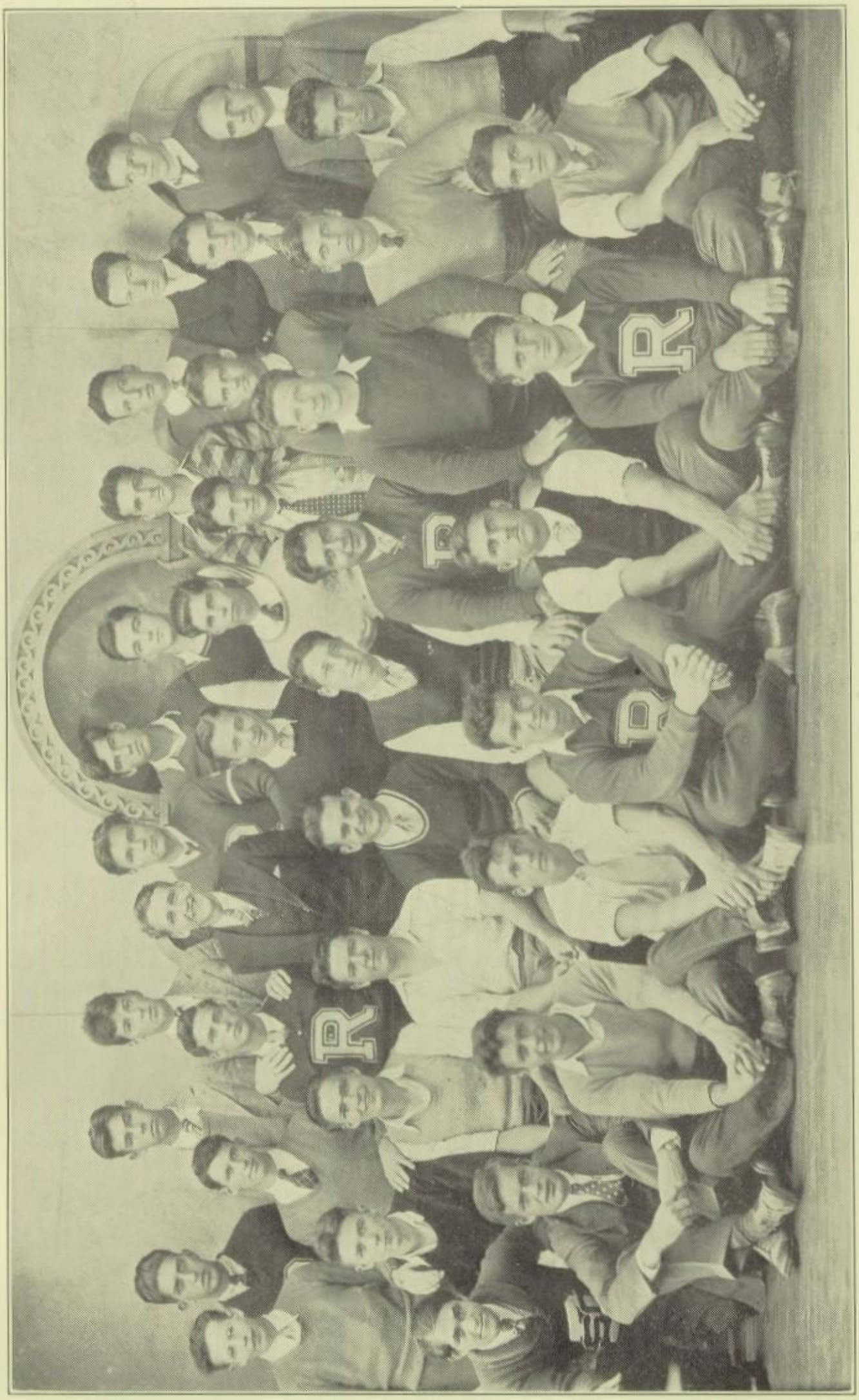
STADIUM GLIMPSES

of a second faster than the record set by Cleveland in 1920. The winning quartet consisted of Roberts, Whittal, Riddick, and Buch.

The Midgets scored more points in their division than all the other teams put together. Dangel, Midget Captain, took second in both the 50 and 75. Hundhausen won the broad jump and tied for first in the high jump. Lederer and Niesen took first and second, respectively, in the shotput. Waldman took third in the 75 yard dash, and Beck scored in a three-way tie for third in the high jump. Levine took second and Lewis took third in the broad jump. Wallace took second in the 75 yard low hurdles. The quartet of Wallace, Waldman, Niesen, and Dangel won the 440 yard relay.

The meet closed a highly successful season for "Cassie" and his boys. The 1931 cindermen added eight trophies to the already large track collection, and brought home the much prized Cornell Cup for the fourth consecutive time. May the 1932 squad be as successful, and bring the Cornell Cup to a permanent resting place at Roosevelt!

PAUL ROBERTS



ROOSEVELT'S FOOTBALL SQUAD

FOOTBALL NOTES

PRACTICE GAMES

Coach Carlson had only three regulars returning from last year's men. These were Ciarniello, all star guard, Beiser, all star full back, and Krause, a brilliant tackle. Brown and Shannon, who won their letters, were also back. These and promising material made it possible for Coach Carlson to build a championship team.

East St. Louis defeated Roosevelt 12-0 in the first encounter. Then the Rough Riders were nipped 19-12 by Springfield in a thrilling night game. Victories of 32-0 and 26-6 followed over Principia and C. B. C. respectively.

ROOSEVELT 19—CLEVELAND 6

The rambling Rough Riders started their triumphs by defeating Cleveland 19 to 6. The big Crimson team started off with a bang when they scored a touchdown in the first few minutes of play on two pretty runs by Root and Kerchanske and a line buck by Connors. This was followed a few minutes later when Connors flipped a 25-yard pass to Kerchanske, who raced the remaining 30 yards for a touchdown.

In the second period, Cleveland started a tricky attack which netted them a touchdown, but that was as far as they went. After a drab third period, the Roosevelt attack again materialized and ended successfully when Connors passed to C. Woods for a touchdown. Connors passed to Drabelle for the extra point.

Although the Crimson gridders were outgained in the first downs, they showed a superior scoring punch and a greater defensive power.

Scoring—Touchdowns: Connors, Kerchanske, C. Woods.

Extra point: Drabelle.

ROOSEVELT 40—BEAUMONT 0

A powerful Roosevelt team met and walloped a supposedly strong Beaumont team 40 to 0. The North Siders were completely outclassed by the big Crimson team and made no serious threat throughout the whole game. The Rough Rider attack was a steady drive in the first three periods; a touchdown was scored in each period. Then as a climax, a three touchdown onslaught was performed by the Rough Riders in the final period.

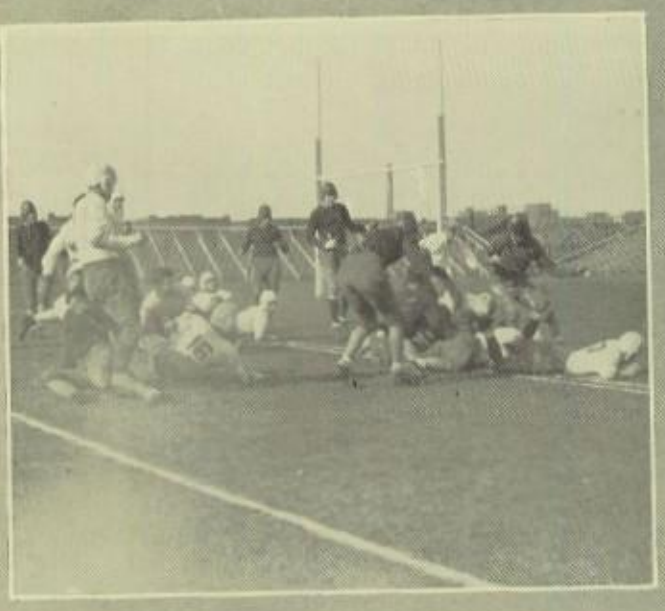
The whole team played exceptionally well, with the backfield doing some brilliant running behind very fine interference.

Scoring—Touchdowns: Connors 2, Root 2, Kerchanske, Beiser.

Extra Points: Krause 3, Root.

ROOSEVELT 43—CENTRAL 0

Roosevelt continued its triumphant march by crushing Central with a 43 to 0 victory. The Rough Riders were supreme all the way through, ripping Central's line to pieces and holding the Mid-Cityans to a standstill on defense.



FOOTBALL HEROES

Shannon and Beiser featured in the Roosevelt backfield, while Ciarniello, Captain Krause, and Brown were outstanding in the line.

Scoring—Touchdowns: Shannon 2, Beiser 2, Root, Connors, C. Woods. Extra Point: Beiser.

ROOSEVELT BEATS SOLDAN

Roosevelt did it! Roosevelt 8, Soldan 2. That's the score, here's how it was done.

Soldan started things popping by scoring a safety on a blocked kick. But that lead lasted only till the second quarter. A thrilling Crimson march down the field was stopped by the West-Enders on their seven yard line. Hudson of Soldan dropped back to kick. But Ciarniello, Roosevelt's star guard, broke through the Soldan line and blocked it, the ball going over the goal line where Arbini, Crimson's right tackle, fell on it for a touchdown.

The final score was made in the last quarter when the Soldan center threw the ball over Hudson's head, the ball rolling over the goal line where a Soldan man fell on it for a safety.

The Soldan team played a wonderful game and deserve much credit for their brilliant stand when their goal line was threatened. But most of their desperate playing was on defense as their offense was stopped dead by the big Crimson line. Shannon directed his team at quarter back while Beiser, Connors, and Root did some very commendable work. Captain Krause, Ciarniello, Limmer, and Arbini were outstanding on the line while Mueller at center and Drabelle and Woods at ends did some very nice work.

Scoring—Touchdown: Arbini. Safety: Connors.

Lineup:

L. E.—Drabelle
L. T.—Krause
L. G.—Ciarniello
C.—Mueller
R. G.—Brown or Limmer
R. T.—Arbini
R. E.—Woods
Q. B.—Shannon or Kerchanske
L. H.—Connors
R. H.—Root
F. B.—Beiser

Captain Krause, left tackle, Ciarniello, left guard, Beiser, full back, were selected on the all-star team of the four city newspapers. Connors, left halfback, was selected on three of them, Arbini, right tackle, on two of them, and Root on one of them. Shannon, Brown and Mueller were put on the second all star team.

W. Woods, Rafalowski, Iezzi, Campanello, Draper, Watts, E. Mueller, and Johnson were used as substitutes at various times.

ROOSEVELT SPORTS

During the entire season Roosevelt scored 180 points to their opponents 45. The record was six won and two lost. This does not include the Tilden Tech. game.

TILDEN TECH. GAME

Roosevelt suffered the worst beating it has ever experienced when it was whitewashed 45-0 by Tilden Tech. on an icy gridiron. The Rough Riders were unprepared for the game that was played; the Tilden boys had a special kind of cleat made for an icy gridiron. But in spite of that fact our boys played a courageous game against big odds.

Due to the ineligibility of Allison Shannon, quarter back, Roosevelt forfeited the Central and Soldan games in which he played, thereby losing the championship. After an investigation, Shannon was discovered to have been twenty years of age. Because of his ineligibility, there was no award of the Yale Bowl and the Hellmich Trophy for the year 1931. This also affected the Senior Track and the championship trophies.

THE ROUGH RIDERS' FOOTBALL COACH AND CAPTAIN

TENNIS—1931

Roosevelt Places Third

Roosevelt's tennis team made a commendable effort to win this year's tournament, but was somewhat handicapped by not having any veterans on the team. The team, ably coached by Mr. Lorenzen, put up a hard fight against each school, so that only the experienced Soldan team managed to defeat us. James Rothery, the third man, was easily the star of Roosevelt's team, winning all four of his matches.

The following is a summarized account of the tournament:

Cleveland 2—Roosevelt 2

Roosevelt fared very well against an experienced Cleveland team. Froehly and Rothery won their matches easily.

Central 1—Roosevelt 3

Central was easily defeated by Roosevelt's netsters. All the singles matches were won by Roosevelt players, but the doubles team lost a hard-fought battle.

Soldan 3—Roosevelt 1

Soldan's experienced team managed to eke out victory over our players, but every point was hotly contested. Rothery was the only player successful in defeating a Soldanite. He defeated Soldan's captain in three sets: 6-3, 3-6, 6-4.

Beaumont 1—Roosevelt 3

Froehly, Frye, and Rothery easily defeated the Beaumont players, but the doubles team was defeated for the fourth time.

In the final standings, Soldan was first; Cleveland, second; and Roosevelt, third.

The individual rating of each member of Roosevelt's team is as follows:

	Won	Lost
Russell Froehly, first man	3	1
Conway Frye, second man	2	2
James Rothery, third man	4	0
J. Saylor, G Stamm, doubles team	0	4

ELI PULTMAN

HUCK
FINN
CLUBS

SPANISH CLUB

Purpose: To acquaint the members with Spanish countries and customs and foster an interest in them.

Moderator: Miss Marian C. Comfort

Time and Place of Meeting: "A" Tuesdays in Room 324.

OFFICERS

January to June 1931

President	Robert Martinez
Vice-President	Vera Bartman
Secretary	Wilma Nowotny
Treasurer	Robert Schroeder
Editor del *Arco Iris*	Ruth Marschel
Editor Assistente del *Arco Iris*	Margaret Habenicht

September 1931 to January 1932

President	Vera Bartman
Vice-President	Frances Fuller
Secretary	Florence Keightley
Treasurer	Margaret Habenicht
Editor del *Arco Iris*	Virginia Rebbing
Editor Assistente del *Arco Iris*	Arthur Kuhl

CARTOON CLUB

Purpose: To improve the cartoon work of the boys, and to give them an opportunity for self-expression along this line. The lessons given are the same as those used by The Chicago Academy of Fine Arts.

Moderator: Miss Louise S. Barbee

Time and Place of Meeting: Wednesday—3:00—Room 306.

OFFICERS

January to June 1931

President	Paul Struckmeier
Vice-President	Joe Lawler
Secretary	Arnold Diebert
Treasurer	Albert Hunn

September 1931 to January 1932

President	Arnold Deibert
Vice-President	Paul Struckmeier
Secretary	Hanford Edsall
Treasurer	Thomas Harris

SPANISH CLUB

Won First Place in Contest

ATHENAEUM

Purpose: To stimulate interest in history.

Moderator: Miss Elmore

Time and Place of Meeting: First and third Thursdays—Room 8.

OFFICERS

January to June 1931

President	Francis Bradley
Vice-President	Irene Mundy
Secretary	Betty Schmitz
Treasurer	Thomas Eaton
Sergeant-at-Arms	Fred Caesar
Editor of Mercury	Elinor Franzel
Associate Editor of *Mercury*	Fern Helm

September 1931 to January 1932

President	Eli Pultman
Vice-President	Betty Schmitz
Secretary	Otto Gutfreund
Treasurer	Gerald Cowan
Sergeant-at-Arms	Albert Schoenbeck
Editor of Mercury	Fred Caesar
Associate Editor of *Mercury*	Billy Evans

ROOSEVELT AVIATION CLUB

Purpose: To stimulate interest in the promotion of commercial aviation and scientific model building.

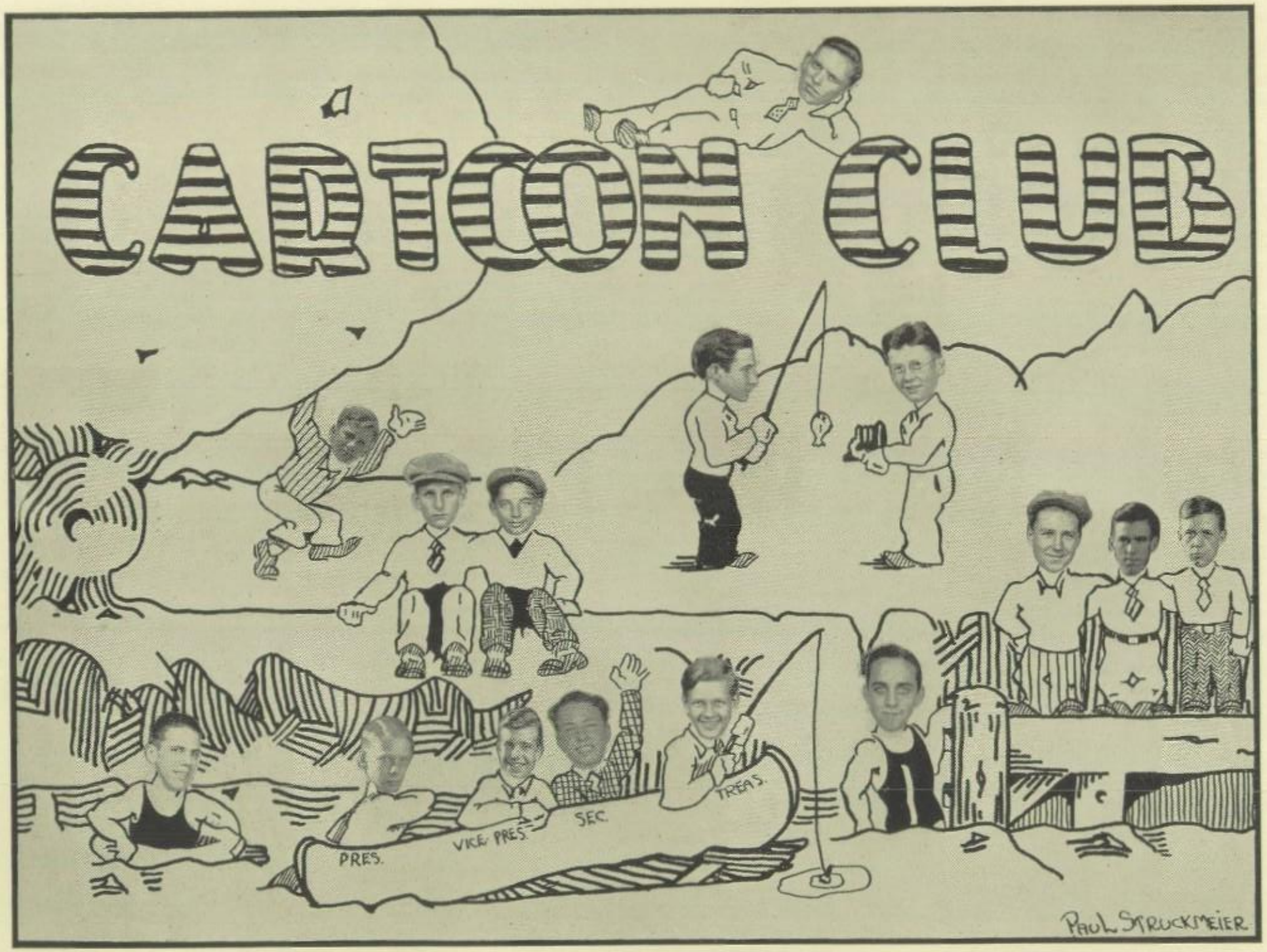
Moderator: Mr. E. D. Piliboss

Time and Place of Meeting: Tuesday—Room 233.

OFFICERS

September 1931 to January 1932

President	Alphonso Welhausen
Vice-President	Oliver Schwartz
Secretary and Treasurer	Charles Traber
Librarian	Russell Hofmeister



CARTOON CLUB

Won Second Place in Contest

ART CLUB

Purpose: To foster interest in art among members, to create articles of artistic merit, and to be of service to school and community.

Moderator: Miss Anna L. Place

Time and Place of Meeting: Second and fourth Tuesdays at Art Museum. First and third Tuesdays in Room 308.

OFFICERS

January to June 1931

President	Elsie Rogers
Vice-President	Eugenia Brockmeyer
Secretary	Letha Jost
Treasurer	Jane Kelly
Sergeant-at-Arms	Florence Richardson
Librarian	Carroll Huffstot

September 1931 to January 1932

President	Muriel Braeutigam
Vice-President	Virginia Cordiay
Secretary	Dorothy Brockmeyer
Treasurer	Ruth Becker
Sergeant-at-Arms	Rosemary Rapp
Librarian	Gertrude Armbruster

ROOSEVELT BAND

Purpose: The band comprises an enthusiastic membership of boys and girls who meet for rehearsal twice a week under the joint direction of Mr. Piliboss and Mr. Maginn.

Moderators: Mr. Piliboss, Mr. Maginn

Time and Place of Meeting: Seventh period, Tuesday and Thursday —Room 403.

OFFICERS

January to June 1931

President	Edward Meyers
Vice-President	Walter Harmacek
Secretary	Carl Lange
Treasurer	Joseph Wagner

September 1931 to January 1932

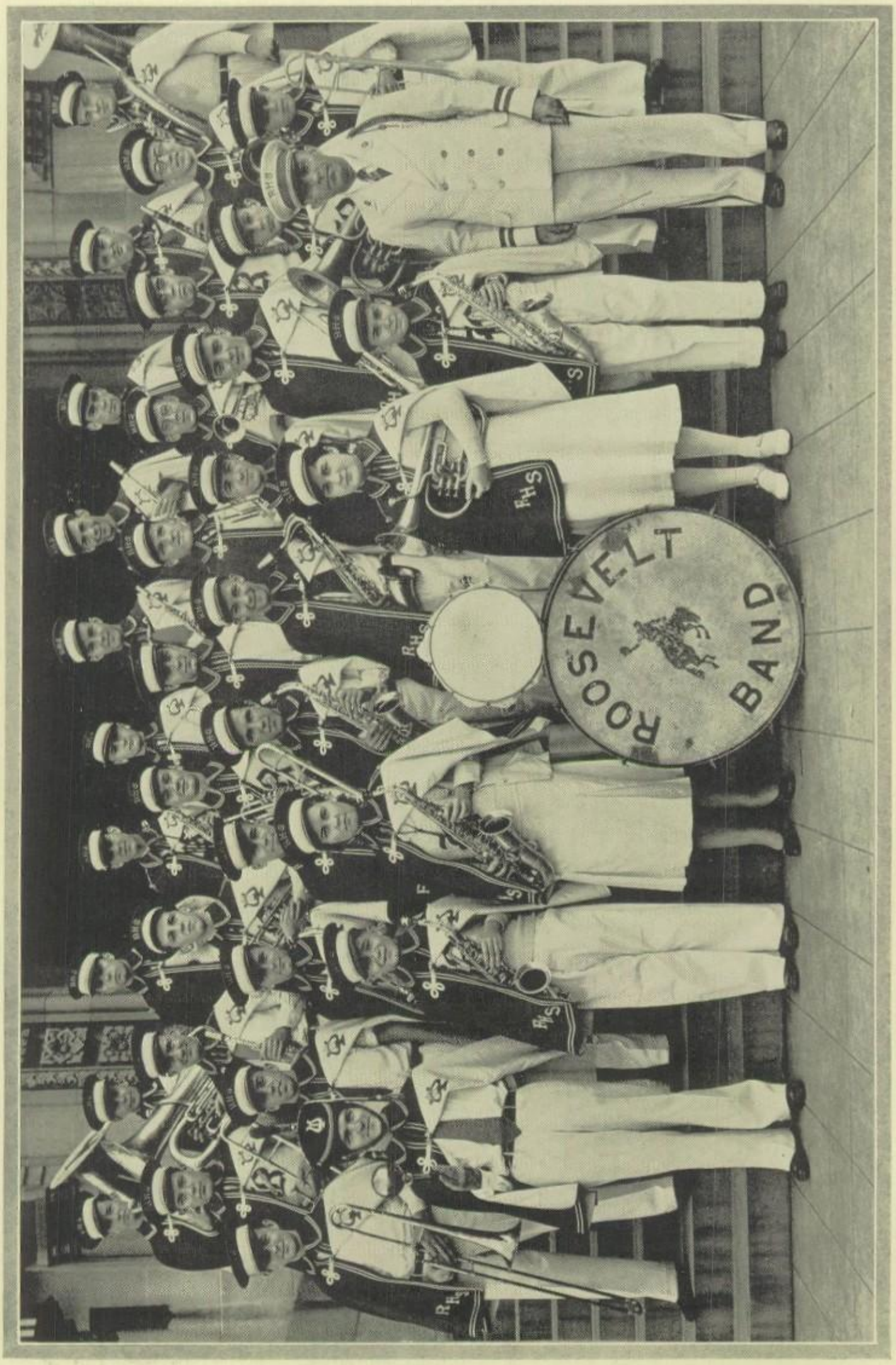
President	Raymond Dutchik
Vice-President	Joseph Wagner
Secretary	Edgar Pagan
Treasurer	James Mueller

ART CLUB

AVIATION CLUB

ATHENAEUM

BASKETBALL



THE ROOSEVELT BAND

CAROL CLUB

Purpose: The development of skill in ensemble singing.

Moderator: Miss Hilb

Time and Place of Meeting: Tuesday and Friday, fourth period—Room 301.

OFFICERS

January to June 1931

President	Alberta Reden
Vice-President	Virginia Mueller
Secretary	Norma Wendt
Treasurer	Virginia Gardner
Librarians	Pherell Pemberton, Alberta Shoemaker

September 1931 to January 1932

President	Margaret Pearson
Vice-President	Frances Feichert
Secretary	Pherell Pemberton
Treasurer	Henrietta Knecht
Librarians	Mildred Valleroy, June Kunkel

CHESS CLUB

Purpose: To promote interest in chess and to further the scientific knowledge of this ancient game.

Moderator: Mr. Bock

Time and Place of Meeting: Mondays—2:45—Room 310.

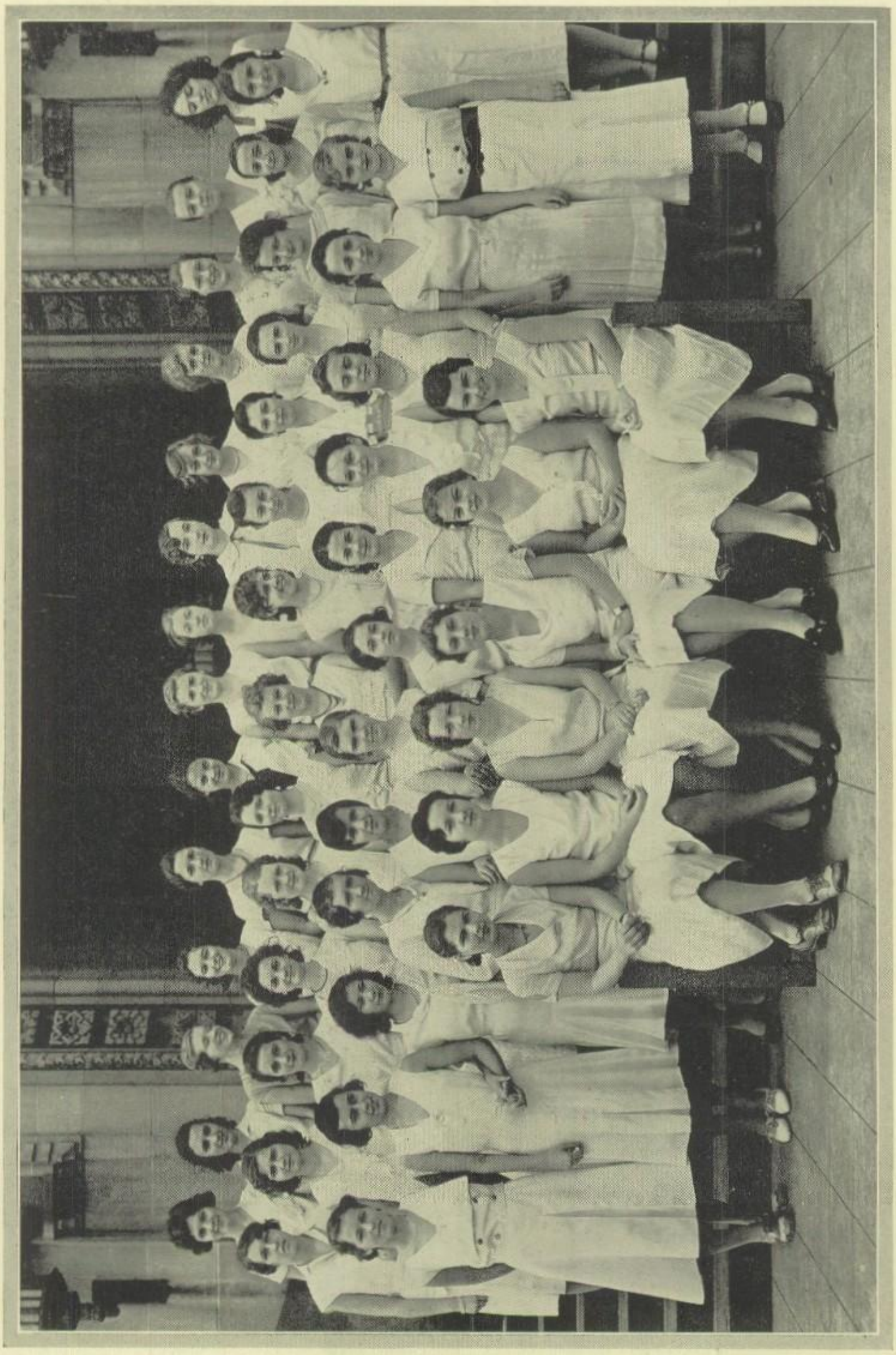
OFFICERS

January to June 1931

President	Vernon Meyer
Vice-President	Arnold Hermann
Secretary and Treasurer	Albert Giesecke
Sergeant-at-Arms	Irwin Johnson
Librarian	Ralph Striker

September 1931 to January 1932

President	Arnold Hermann
Vice-President	George McClure
Secretary and Treasurer	Robert Silber
Sergeant-at-Arms	Albert Giesecke
Librarian	Wright King



CAROL CLUB

CITAMARD

Purpose: To develop and encourage the dramatic art, and to stimulate appreciation of it.

Moderator: Miss Binnington

Time and Place of Meeting: "B" Tuesdays in 301.

OFFICERS

January to June 1931

President	Richard Anschuetz
Vice-President	Josephine Kumbera
Secretary	Elsie Hobelman
Treasurer	Rena Mandel
Sergeant-at-Arms	Betty Fales
Librarians	Jean Schaffer, Hughbelle McRoberts

September 1931 to January 1932

President	Charlotte Anschuetz
Vice-President	Helen Krewinghaus
Secretary	Josephine Kumbera
Treasurer	Elsie Hobelman
Sergeant-at-Arms	Laura Press
Librarians	Margaret Brookes, Anna Marie Lottman

COLLEGE CLUB

Purpose: To promote opportunity for the development and expression of individual talent, especially in the literary line; and to train its members in the art of public speaking.

Moderator: Miss M. C. Dockery

Time and Place of Meeting: Second and Fourth Fridays—Room 301.

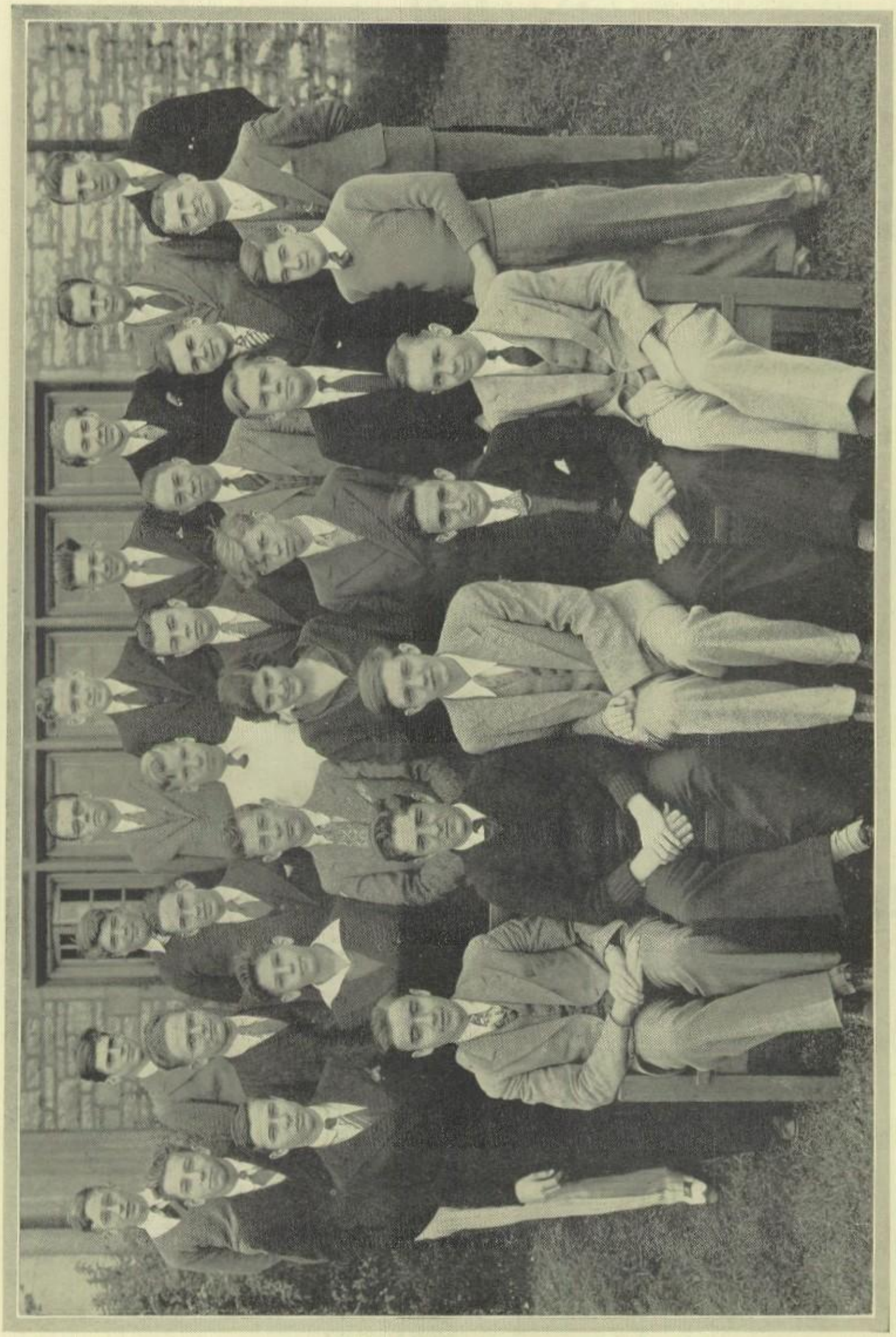
OFFICERS

January to June 1931

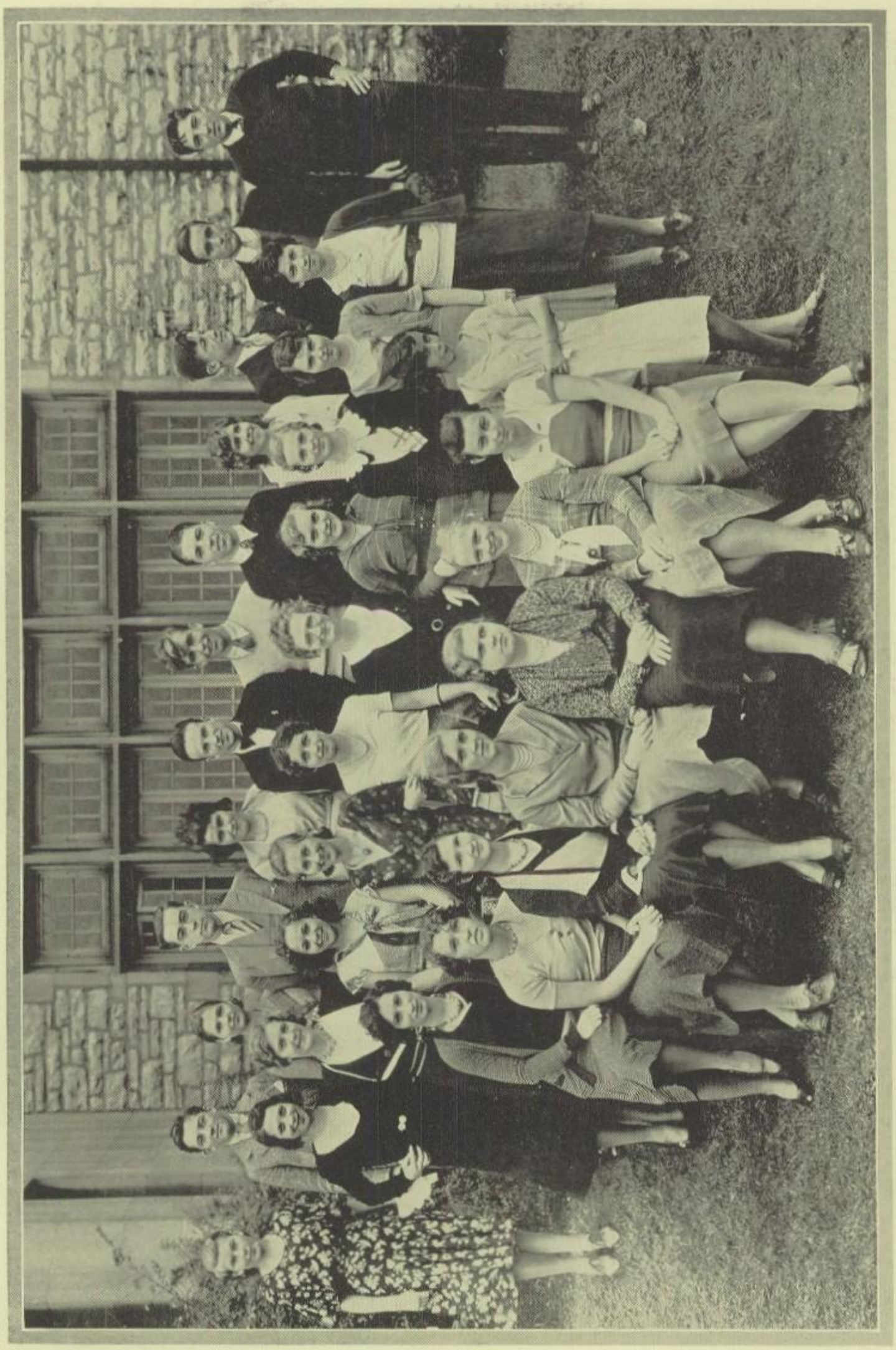
President	Helen Boling
Vice-President	Virginia Braun
Secretary	Kathleen Wiggin
Corresponding Secretary	Bernice Caram
Treasurer	Carol Schatts
Sergeant-at-Arms	Bernice Whitney

September 1931 to January 1932

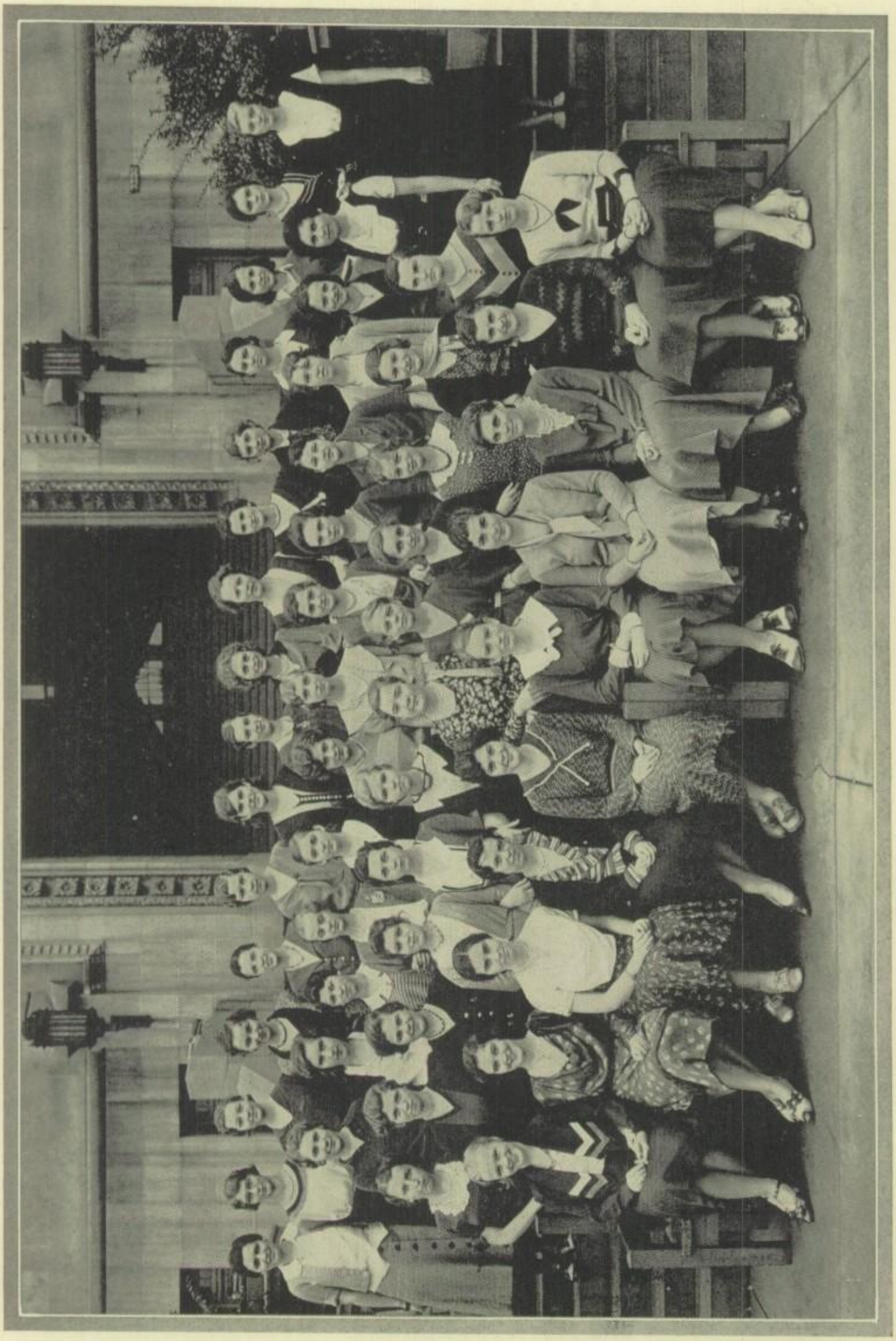
President	Bernice Whitney
Vice-President	Ruth Crowder
Secretary	Helen Mardorf
Corresponding Secretary	Esther Marie Schnaedelbach
Treasurer	Mary Alice Grant
Sergeant-at-Arms	Georgia Pipes



CHESS CLUB



CITAMARD



COLLEGE CLUB

CRAFT CLUB

Purpose: To promote interest in wood working and to give the boys, who do not take manual training as part of their school work, an opportunity to satisfy their desire for manual activity.

Moderator: Mr. Reynolds

Time and Place of Meeting: Tuesday—3:00 in 41.

OFFICERS

January to June 1931

President	Milburn Shaw
Vice-President	Tennyson Fuller
Secretary and Treasurer	James Eckert
Sergeant-at-Arms	William Kozney

September 1931 to January 1932

President	Otto Knell
Vice-President	Tennyson Fuller
Secretary and Treasurer	Milburn Shaw
Sergeant-at-Arms	Ralph Moegle

ENGINEERING CLUB

Purpose: To furnish vocational guidance to prospective engineering students by presenting to them the work and the conditions of the various engineering professions.

Moderator: Mr. Gammeter

Time and Place of Meeting: Every Tuesday in 307.

OFFICERS

January to June 1931

President	Everett Best
Secretary	Walter Haase
Treasurer	Christian Hammann

September 1931 to January 1932

President	Everett Best
Secretary	John Backers
Treasurer	Frederick Le Roy

CRAFT CLUB

ENGINEERING CLUB

THE FORUM

Purpose: To arouse and promote an interest in public speaking and literature.

Moderator: Mr. D. E. Tugel

Time and Place of Meeting: Every other Tuesday in Room 4.

OFFICERS

January to June 1931

President	Albert Schoenbeck
Vice-President	William Withington
Secretary	Harry James
Treasurer	John Ahrens
Sergeant-at-Arms	Irwin Johnson

September 1931 to January 1932

President	Albert Schoenbeck
Vice-President	Julius Orabka
Secretary	Eli Pultman
Treasurer	Irwin Johnson
Sergeant-at-Arms	Billy Evans

ANATOLE FRENCH CLUB

Purpose: To encourage the study of French by making it more interesting.

Moderator: Mr. De la Roche

Time and Place of Meeting: Wednesday at 3 o'clock in Room 320.

OFFICERS

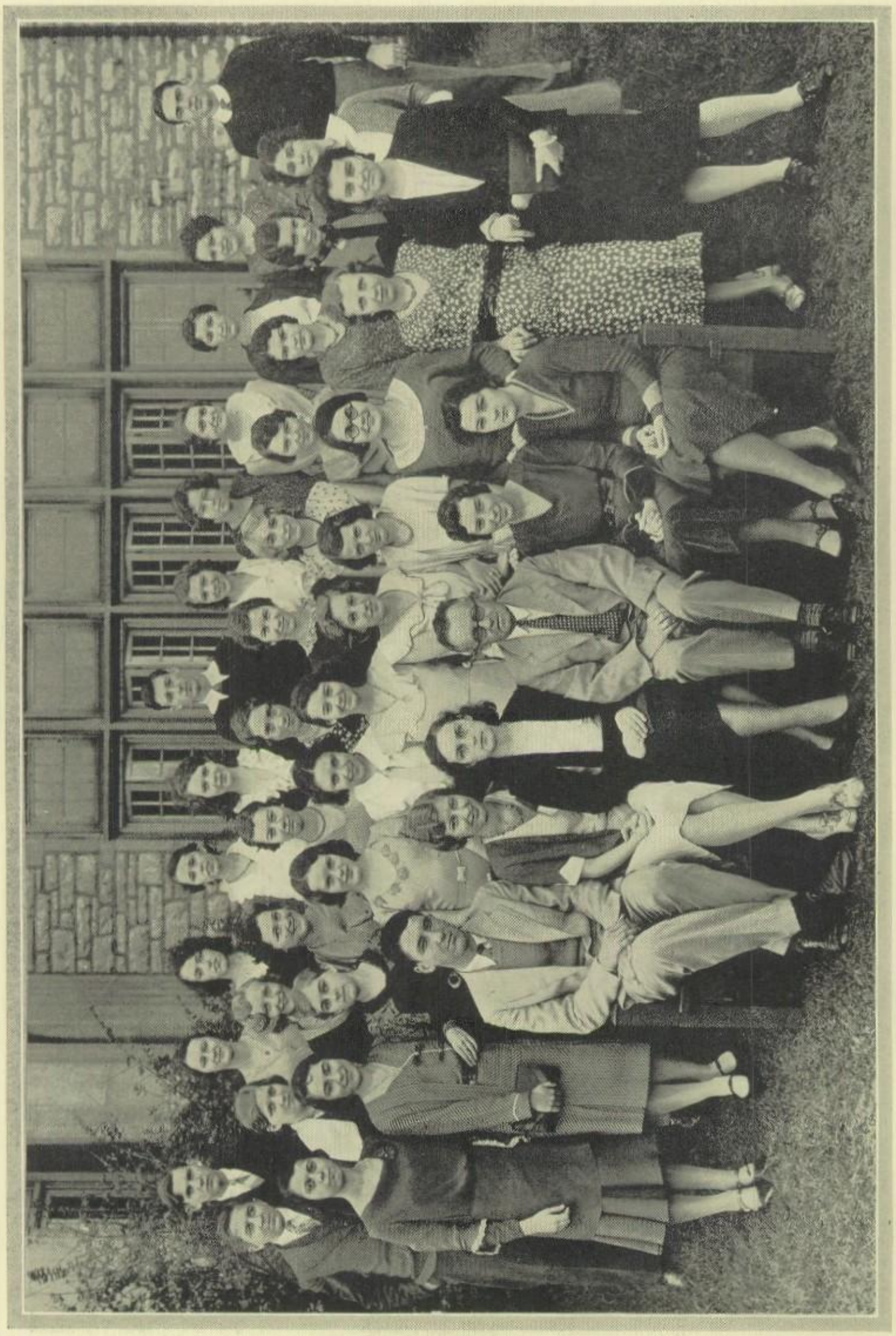
January to June 1931

President	Margaret Spargo
Vice-President	Mary Hall
Secretary	Bernice Caram
Treasurer	Camilla Best
Sergeant-at-Arms	Betty Jane Bergs

September 1931 to January 1932

President	Mary Hall
Vice-President	Ruth Becker
Secretary	Margaret Spargo
Treasurer	Mildred Lyman
Sergeant-at-Arms	Thomas Draper

FORUM



FRENCH CLUB

GERMAN CLUB

Purpose: The German Club not only furnishes entertainment for its members, but it also strives to give them as much practice in German as possible. The work of the Club consists in acting German plays, singing German songs, playing interesting German games, reading German poetry and prose, and presenting German folk-dances.

Moderator: Miss Debatin

Time and Place of Meeting: "B" Wednesday in 402.

OFFICERS

January to June 1931

President	Gertrude von der Au
Vice-President	Charlotte Anschuetz
Secretary	Charlotte Tuenge
Treasurer	George Voges

September 1931 to January 1932

President	Carl Brehm
Vice-President	Catherine Doellefeld
Secretary	Dorothea Carl
Treasurer	Charlotte Anschuetz

GLEE CLUB

Purpose: The development of skill in ensemble singing.

Moderator: Miss Hilb

Time and Place of Meeting: Monday and Wednesday, fourth period—Room 301.

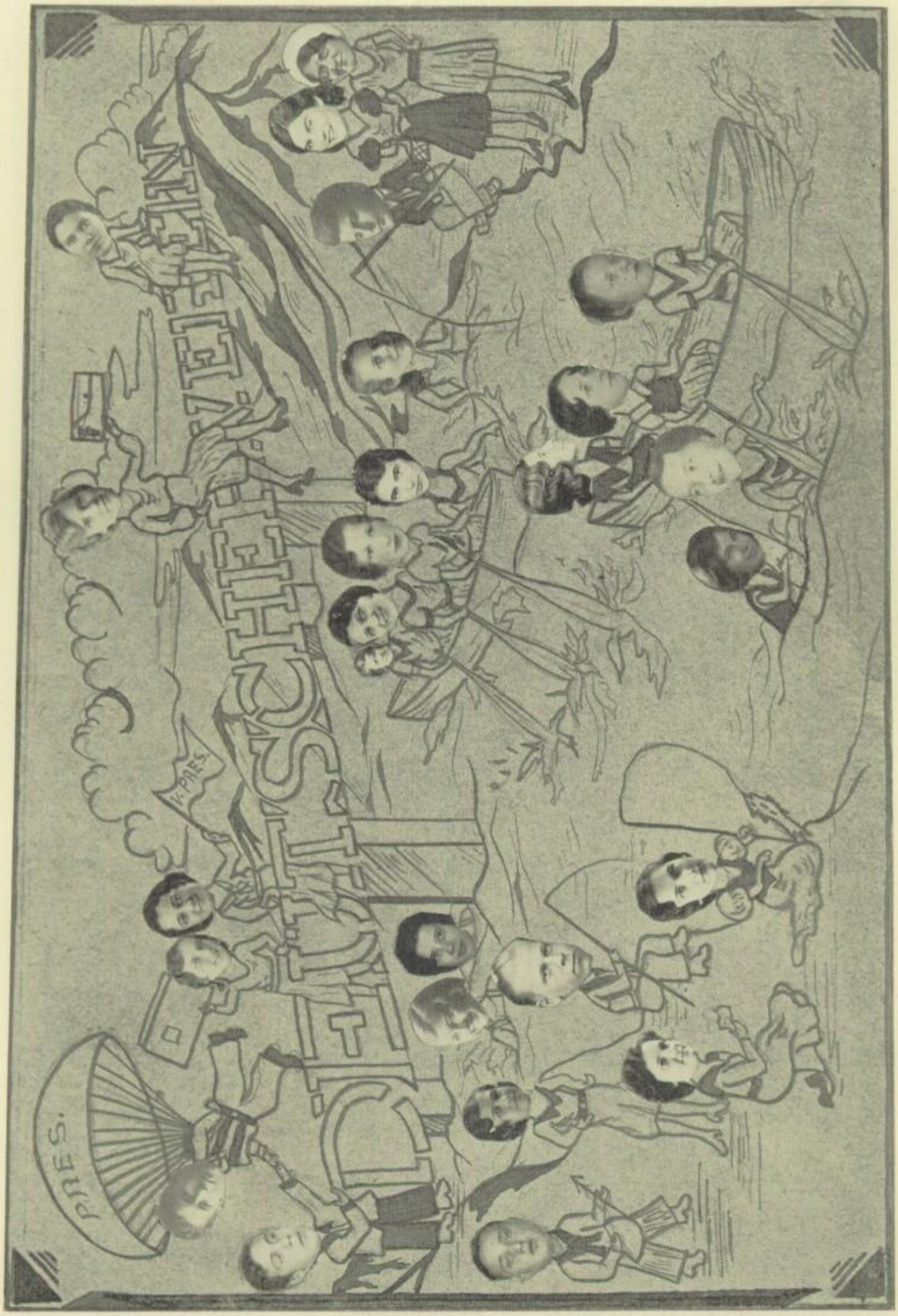
OFFICERS

January to June 1931

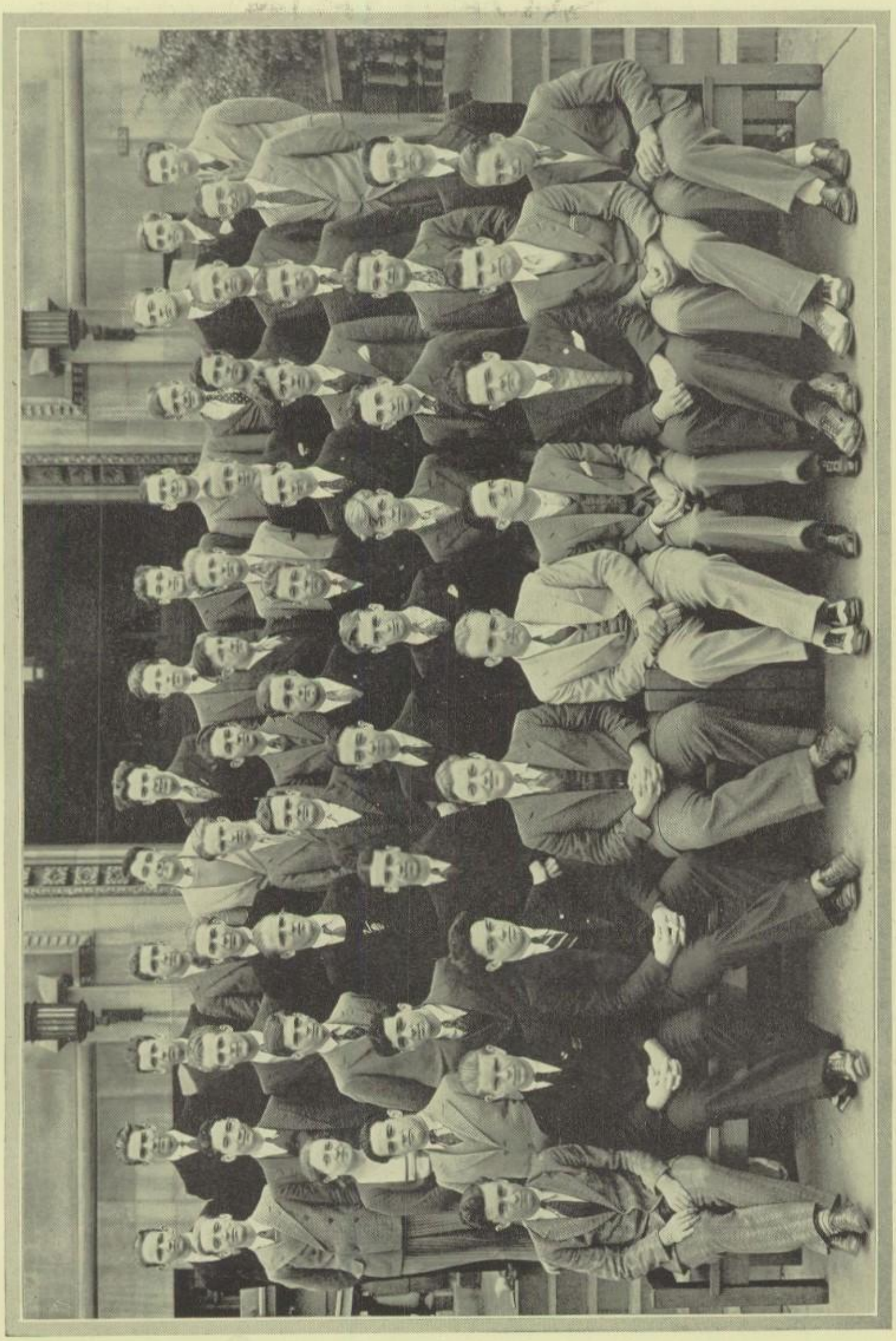
President	George Stamm
Vice-President	Frederick Saussele
Treasurer	Robert Kirby

September 1931 to January 1932

President	George Stamm
Vice-President	James Price
Secretary	Frederick Saussele
Treasurer	Robert Kirby



GERMAN CLUB



GLEE CLUB

GOLF CLUB

GIRLS' GOLF CLUB

Purpose: To encourage America's greatest sport.

Moderator: Miss Flanigan

Time and Place of Meeting: Every Saturday morning at Forest Park Municipal Golf Course.

OFFICERS

January to June 1931

President	Jane Corn
Secretary	Mildred Steideman
Treasurer	Mary Parker

September 1931 to January 1932

President	Dorothy Siebenman
Secretary and Treasurer	Goldie Birk

ROOSEVELT GOLF CLUB

Purpose: To bring together all lovers of golf and promote matches with other schools and make golf a major sport recognized by the Athletic Commissions.

Moderator: Mr. De la Roche

Time and Place of Meeting: Friday at 2:50 in Room 320.

OFFICERS

January to June 1931

President	Lyle Shontz
Vice-President	George Stamm
Secretary	Clarence Fairchild
Treasurer	Gilbert Stieglits

September 1931 to January 1932

President	Thomas Draper
Vice-President	James Black
Secretary	Happy Stein
Treasurer	George Stamm

ROOSEVELT ICICLES

Purpose: Ice skating.

Moderator: Miss L. Eisenhardt

Time and Place of Meeting: 317 every Friday.

OFFICERS

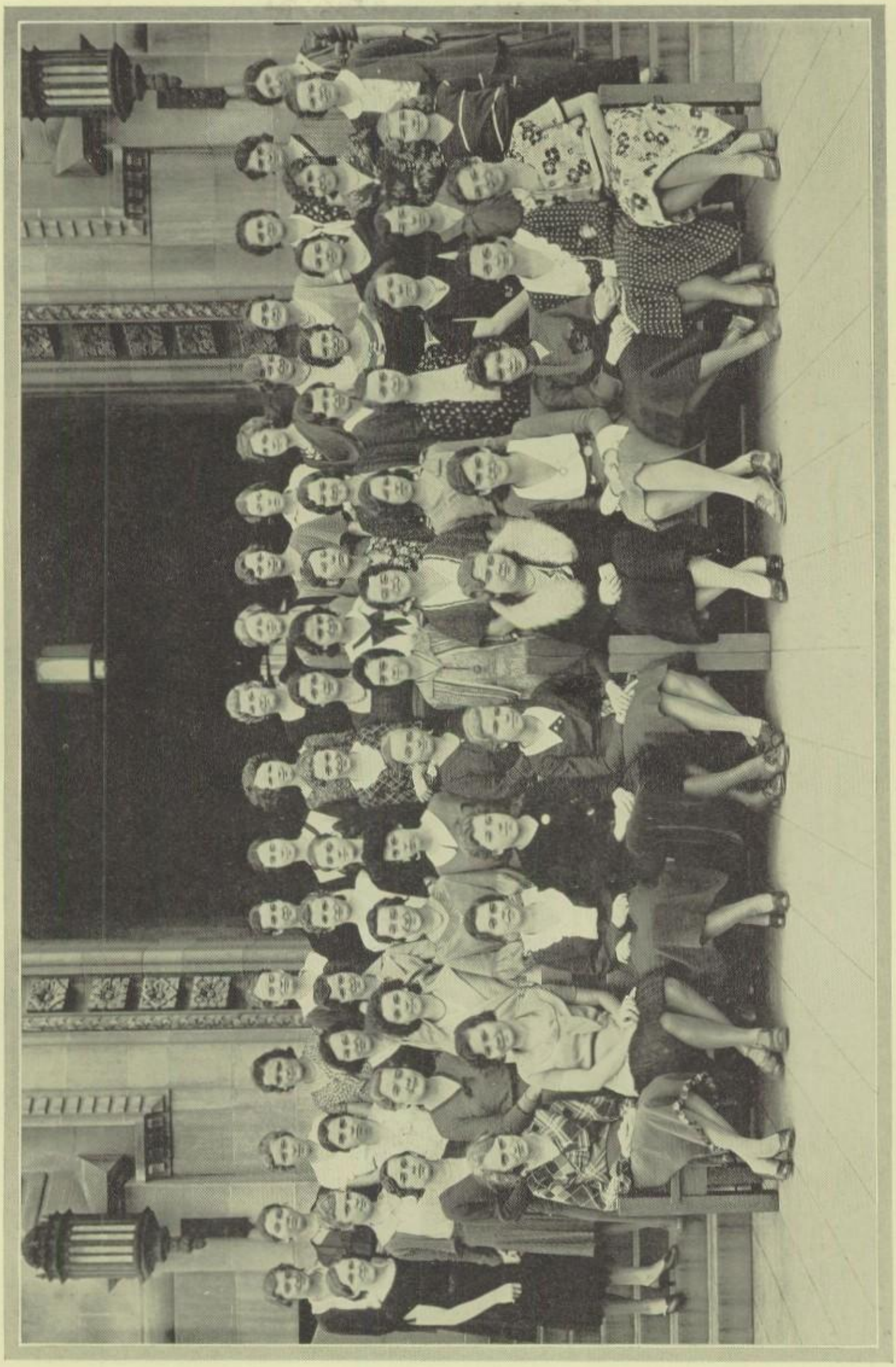
January to June 1931

President	Mildred Steideman
Vice-President	Nancy Brown
Secretary	Elise Poupeney
Treasurer	Elsie Hobelman

September 1931 to January 1932

President	Elsie Hobelman
Vice-President	Elise Poupeney
Secretary	Lavina Niehaus
Treasurer	Bernice Teuteberg

BOYS' GOLF CLUB



ICICLES

LATIN CLUB

LATIN CLUB—COMITES

Purpose: To encourage interest in the classics.

Moderator: Miss Meehan

Time and Place of Meeting: Second and fourth Wednesdays in 227.

OFFICERS

January to June 1931

President	Mercedes Voelpel
Vice-President	Virginia Dorsch
Secretary	Edith Tidrow
Treasurer	Mildred Winsby
Corresponding Secretary	Juliana Bauer
Sergeant-at-Arms	Flora Bauer
Program Chairman	Margaret Libby

September 1931 to January 1932

President	Margaret Libby
Vice-President	Ruth Nowotny
Secretary	Helen Brettle
Treasurer	Sybil Swartout
Corresponding Secretary	Marie Woehr
Sergeant-at-Arms	Ruth Cochran
Program Chairman	Bernice Brauch

LITERARY SOCIETY

Purpose: To encourage and develop ability in speech and debate.

Motto: Vita sine litteris mors est.

Moderator: Mr. Schmale

Time and Place of Meeting: Every Friday—Room 7.

OFFICERS

January to June 1931

President	Herbert Morisse
Vice-President	Francis Bradley
Secretary	Fred Schuler
Treasurer	Charles Lorenze
Sergeant-at-Arms	Julian Hoffman
Librarian	Arthur Kuhl
News Editor	Wright King

September 1931 to January 1932

President	Julian Hoffman
Vice-President	Arthur Kuhl
Secretary	Otto Gutfreund
Treasurer	Carl Morisse
Sergeant-at-Arms	Allen Johnson
Librarian	Ben Vinovich
News Editor	Jack Losse

LITERARY SOCIETY

O'ITA

Purpose: To improve its members in literary attainments.

Moderator: Miss Eva C. Thiesen

Time and Place of Meeting: First and third Fridays of each month in Room 301.

OFFICERS

January to June 1931

President	Jean Shaeffer
Vice-President	Rena Mandel
Recording Secretary	Grace Rotenhagen
Corresponding Secretary	Marie Naumann
Treasurer	Anita Schuler
Sergeant-at-Arms	Elizabeth Kouri
Editor of *Gold Bug*	Vernita Bighem
Associate Editor of *Gold Bug*	Helen Krewinghaus

September 1931 to January 1932

President	Vernita Bighem
Vice-President	Marie Naumann
Recording Secretary	Janita Walters
Corresponding Secretary	Pauline Biggs
Treasurer	Gertrude van der Au
Sergeant-at-Arms	Esther Ellesperman
Editor of *Gold Bug*	Helen Krewinghaus
Associate Editor of *Gold Bug*	Laura Press

PEP R CLUB

Purpose: To promote school spirit by backing school activities.

Moderator: Miss Schlutius

Time and Place of Meeting: "A" Wednesdays in 228.

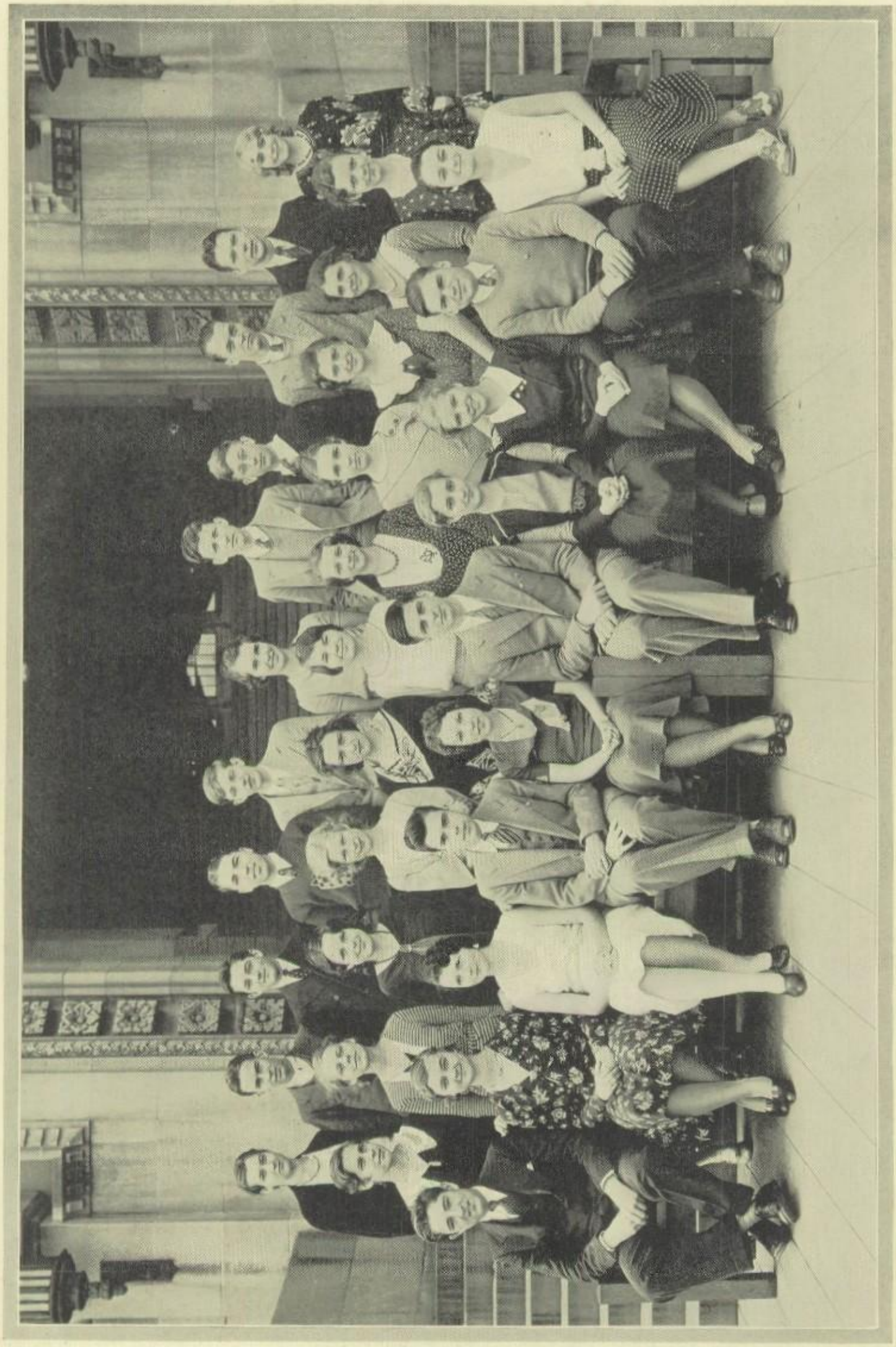
OFFICERS

January to June 1931

President	Jane Corn
Vice-President	Bernice Whitney
Secretary	Betty Fales
Treasurer	Dorothy Whitney
Sergeant-at-Arms	Bessie Tutinsky

September 1931 to January 1932

President	Virginia Koerner
Vice-President	Frances Feichert
Secretary	Esther Marie Schnaedelbach
Treasurer	Josephine Kumbera
Sergeant-at-Arms	Lorraine Wiber



MASK AND BUSKIN CLUB

NOVELTY ORCHESTRA

ROOSEVELT NOVELTY ORCHESTRA

Purpose: To furnish to those who are talented an opportunity to receive experience in orchestra work.

Moderator: Mr. Grossman

Time and Place of Meeting: 2:45 Wednesday, Room 403.

OFFICERS

January to June 1931

President	Ralph Johnson
Vice-President	William Vogel
Secretary and Treasurer	Edward Stolze
Librarian	Richard Hayes

September 1931 to January 1932

President	Ralph Johnson
Vice-President	Edward Stolze
Secretary and Treasurer	Raymond Dutchik
Librarian	Eugene Babbit

NATURALISTS' SOCIETY

Purpose: Conservation and more complete knowledge of plant and animal life.

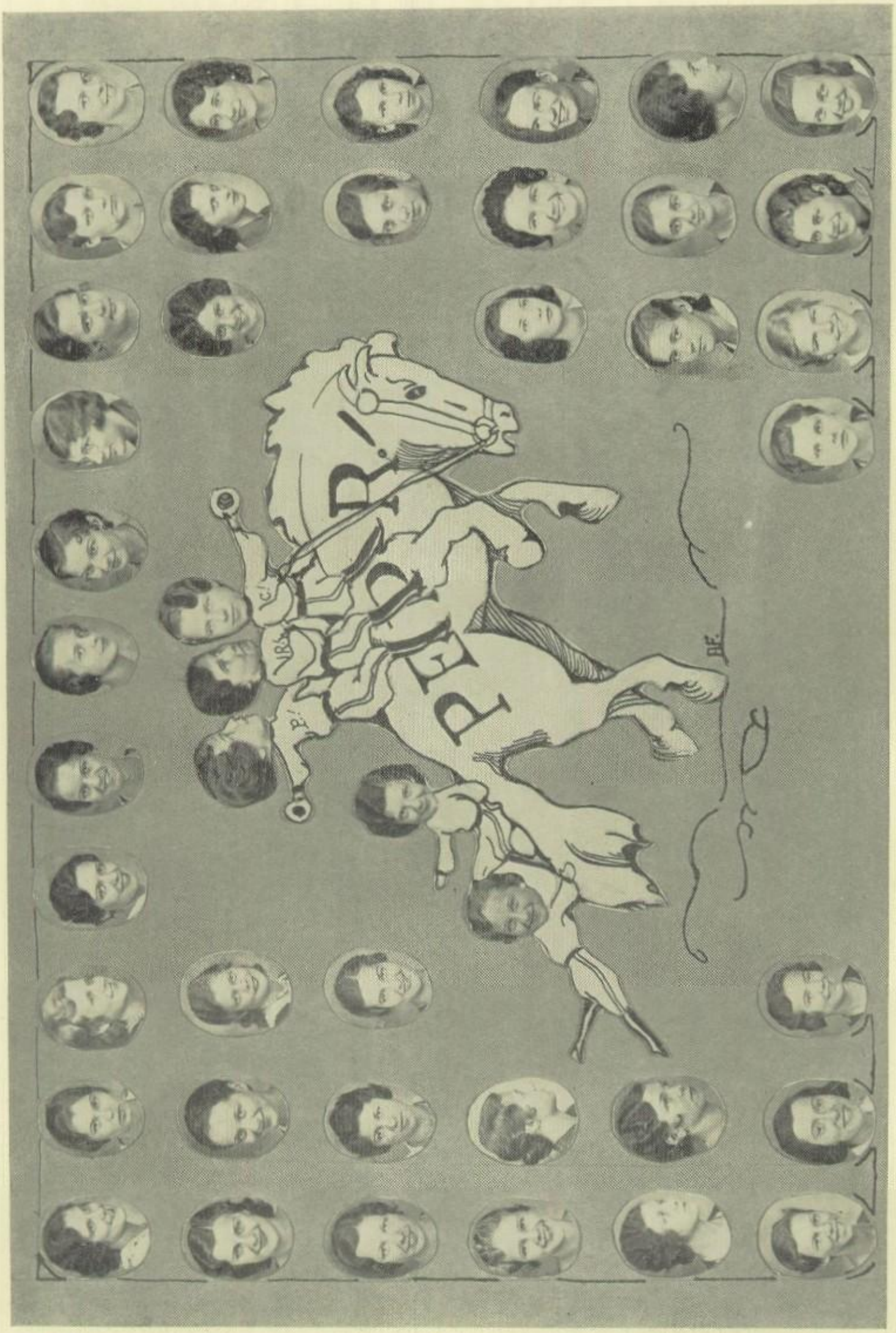
Moderator: Miss Ewers

Time and Place of Meeting: Every Friday in Room 130.

OFFICERS

September 1931 to January 1932

President	George Gundlach
Secretary	Robert Cooper


PEP R CLUB

MONDAY AND WEDNESDAY ORCHESTRA

Purpose: To study, in detail, the higher types of musical composition, and learn to appreciate music of higher orchestral composition.

Moderator: Mr. Maginn

Time and Place of Meeting: Monday and Wednesday, Fourth period —403.

OFFICERS

January to June 1931

President	William Mattingly
Vice-President	Fred Caesar
Secretary	Frances Bumstead
Treasurer	Robert Graul
Librarian	Lillian Bryant

September 1931 to January 1932

President	James Coughlin
Vice-President	Herman Laub
Secretary	Mary Williams
Treasurer	Marcia Planthold
Librarian	George Voges

TUESDAY AND THURSDAY ORCHESTRA

Purpose: To give those pupils who otherwise would not have the opportunity a chance to play classical music.

Moderator: Mr. Maginn

Time and Place of Meeting: Tuesday and Thursday, Sixth period—Room 403.

OFFICERS

January to June 1931

President	Delbert Melton
Secretary	Mary Williams
Treasurer	Walter Cooper

September 1931 to January 1932

President	Adeline Doellefeld
Vice-President	Curtis Hamblin
Secretary	James Ginn
Treasurer	Robert Graul
Librarian	Lillian Bryant

O'ITA

PRISCILLA CLUB

Purpose: To make garments and toys and to entertain poor children.

Moderator: Miss Jennie W. Gilmore

Assistant Moderator: Miss Meta Mier

Time and Place of Meeting: Thursdays at 2:45 in Room 16.

OFFICERS

January to June 1931

President	Virginia Ruemmler
Vice-President	Helen Hammer
Secretary	Georgia Pipes
Treasurer	Louise Alewel
Sergeant-at-Arms	Mary Louise Cornet

September 1931 to January 1932

President	Amy Brenner
Vice-President	Thelma Stevens
Secretary	Helen Ray
Treasurer	Margaret Szasz
Sergeants-at-Arms	Dorothy Steidemann Virginia Ruemmler

MASK AND BUSKIN

Purpose: To give its members practice in public speaking and dramatic art.

Moderator: Miss Binnington

Time and Place of Meeting: Every "B" Tuesday in Room 301.

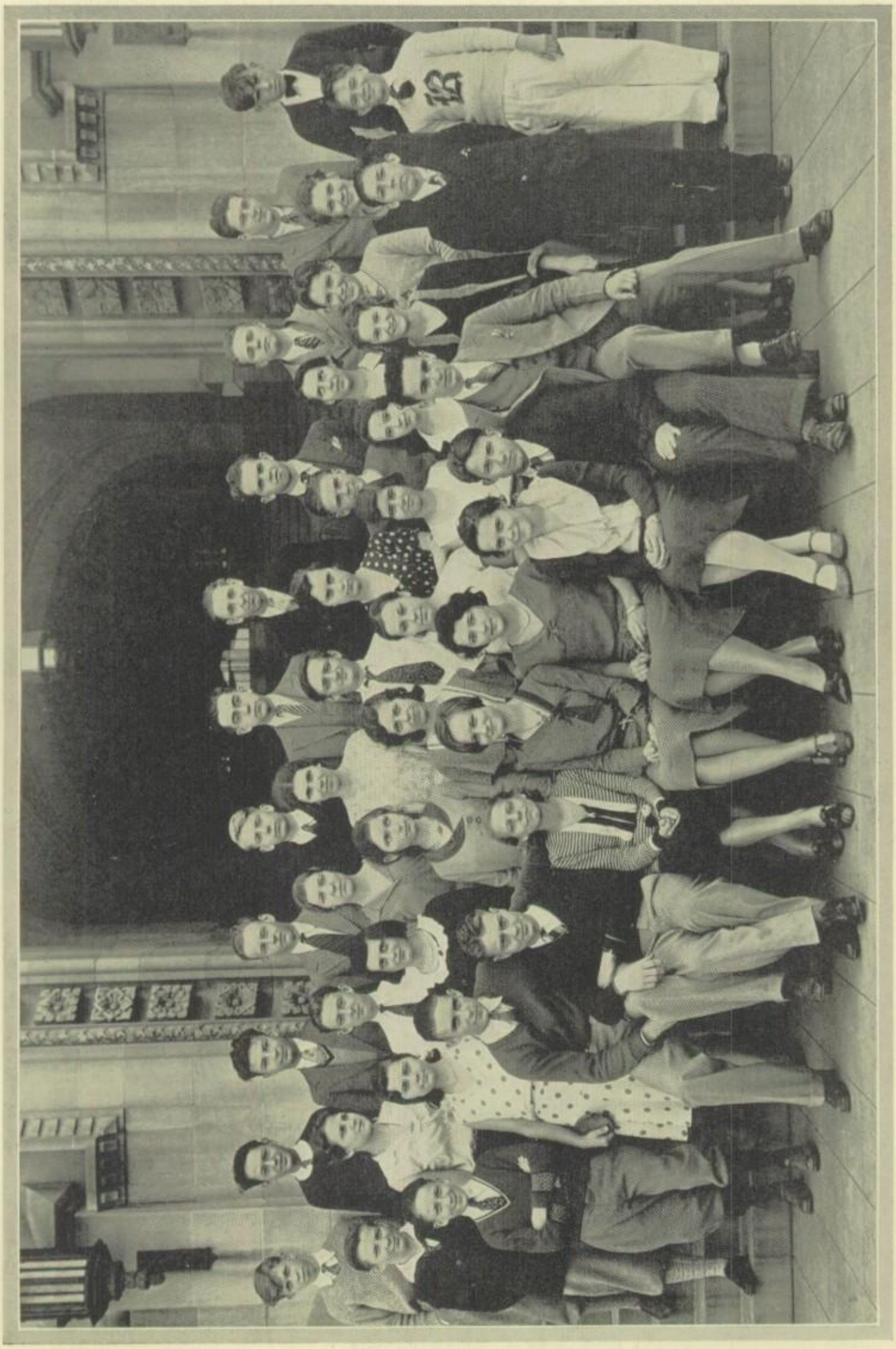
OFFICERS

January to June 1931

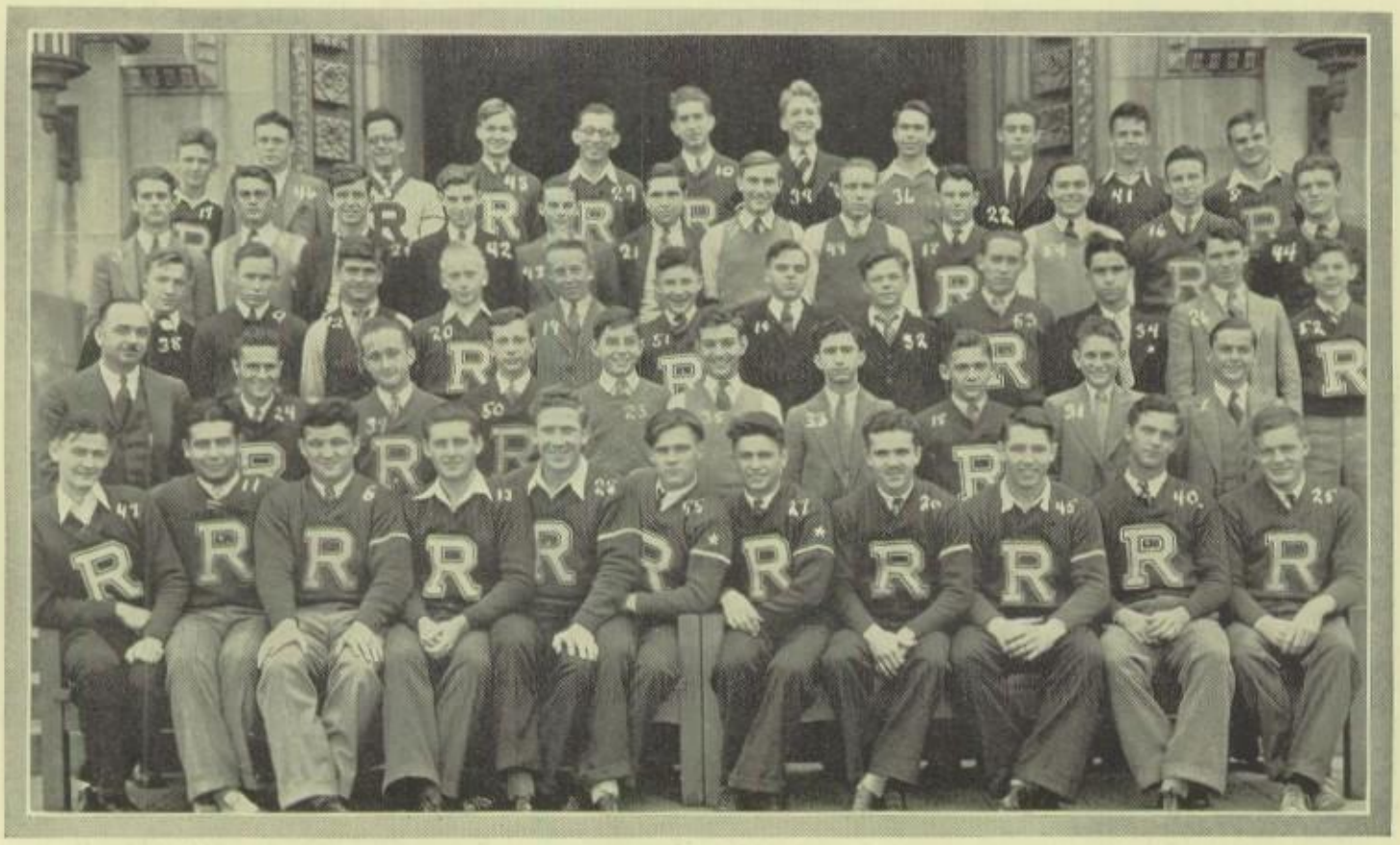
President	Oren Early
Vice-President	Rose Sharney
Secretary	Virginia Braun
Treasurer	Vernon Meyers
Sergeant-at-Arms	Ralph Striker
Librarian	Arnold Hermann

September 1931 to January 1932

President	Julian Hoffmann
Vice-President	Betty Rose
Secretary	Betty Avery
Treasurer	Gerald Cowan
Sergeant-at-Arms	Russell Hibbert
Librarian	Lavina Niehaus



ORCHESTRA



"R" CLUB

Purpose: The "R" Club is an organization composed of Roosevelt athletes who have won their letters in one or more of the five major sports—track, baseball, tennis, football, and basketball. The purpose of this club is the maintenance of Roosevelt's high standards of athletics and sportsmanship.

Moderator: Mr. Inbody

Time and Place of Meeting: Every other Friday, 3:00—Room 206.

OFFICERS

January to June 1931

President	Ward Parker
Vice-President	Wallace Wood
Secretary and Treasurer	Maupin Patton

September 1931 to January 1932

President	William Buch
Vice-President	Jack Connors
Secretary and Treasurer	Don Root

MEMBERS OF "R" CLUB

1. Edwin Alcorn
2. Harry Asher
3. Al Avery
4. Howard Bartman
5. Merrill Baumgartner
6. Augustus Beiser
7. Vincent Bick
8. James Brown
9. John Bruen
10. William Buch
11. Amelio Ciarniello
12. Joe Codemo
13. Jack Connors
14. William Cuthbertson
15. Hugh Dangle
16. Dean Dey
17. Joe Drabelle
18. J. M. East
19. Roy Emmert
20. William Evans
21. John Feuerbacher
22. Elmer Hellmich
23. Robert Hundhausen
24. George Jansberg
25. Montgomery Johnson
26. Jack Kennedy
27. William Kerchanske
28. Henry Krause
29. James Krause
30. Gustave Kristen
31. Norman Lavine
32. Joe Lederer
33. Philly Louis
34. Sam Louis
35. Edward Niesen
36. Gish O'Connor
37. Richard Pelikan
38. Stanley Rafalowski
39. Robert Reese
40. Paul Roberts
41. Don Root
42. James Rothery
43. James Saylor
44. Allison Shannon
45. Milburn Shaw
46. Paul Shy
47. Oliver Steiner
48. Irving Tietze
49. Charles Valci
50. Edwin Velten
51. Herman Waldman
52. Jack Wallace
53. Harold Whittal
54. Carl Wood
55. Wallace Wood

Charles Baronovic
Jack Compton
Norman Kloepper
Harold Maile
Whitten Platt
Dan Stewart
William Sturm
Russell Froehly

PRISCILLA CLUB

SHAKESPEAREAN CLUB

PHILATELIC SOCIETY

BWANA

ROUGH RIDER

Faculty Advisers ..... Mr. Kammerer, Miss Runge

STAFF

January to June 1931

Editor ..... Kenneth Koerner
Associate Editor ..... Marjorie Williams
Business Manager ..... Robert Grodzensky
Assistant Business Manager ..... Jack Mitchell
Exchange Manager ..... Arden Gray

REPORTERS

William Ault, Helen Boling, Norma Branditz, Virginia Braun, William Buch, Helen Jane Colvin, Ruth Crowder, Oren Early, Betty Fales, Frances Feichert, Robert Grodzensky, Russell Hibbert, Elizabeth Kouri, Helen Mardorf, Edward Miller, Robert Morris, Virginia Mueller, Lavina Niehaus, Maupin Patton, Robert Pelton, Georgia Pipes, William Randall, Betty Schmidt, Esther Schnaedelbach, Alfred Schoenig, Albert Schoenbeck, Robert Schroeder, Glenn Thomas

CARTOONISTS

Dan Boon, Carroll Huffstot, George Morgan, Louis Rassieur, Helen Schneider, Alene Sanders, Ted Stewart

PHOTOGRAPHER

Charles Lorenz

TYPISTS

Lily Budrovich, Katherine Carley, Frances Fuller, Helen Hartman, Eleanor Nowotny, Geraldine Webb, Mildred Winsby

DISTRIBUTORS

Edwin Alcorn, Harry Babbitt, Harold Furtney, Ferdinand Gast, Orville Harris, Larry McDougall, Bill Pembertin, James Reese

September 1931 to January 1932

Editor ..... William Buch
Associate Editor ..... Lavina Niehaus
Business Manager ..... Glenn Thomas
Assistant Business Manager ..... Al Avery
Exchange Manager ..... James Rothery

REPORTERS

Charlotte Anschuetz, Muriel Braeutigam, Ruth Crowder, Gary Davidson, Thomas Draper, Jane Evans, Frances Feichert, Beth Frye, Virginia Gamble, Ferdinand Gast, Russell Hibbert, George Jansberg, Irwin Johnson, Eugene Kipp, Virginia Koerner, Jack Losse, Helen Mardorf, Edward O. Miller, Robert Pelton, Georgia Pipes, William Randall, Betty Schmidt, Esther Schnaedelbach, Arleen Thyson, Albert Schoenbeck, Robert Schroeder, Bernice Teuteberg, Elsie Yehling

CARTOONIST

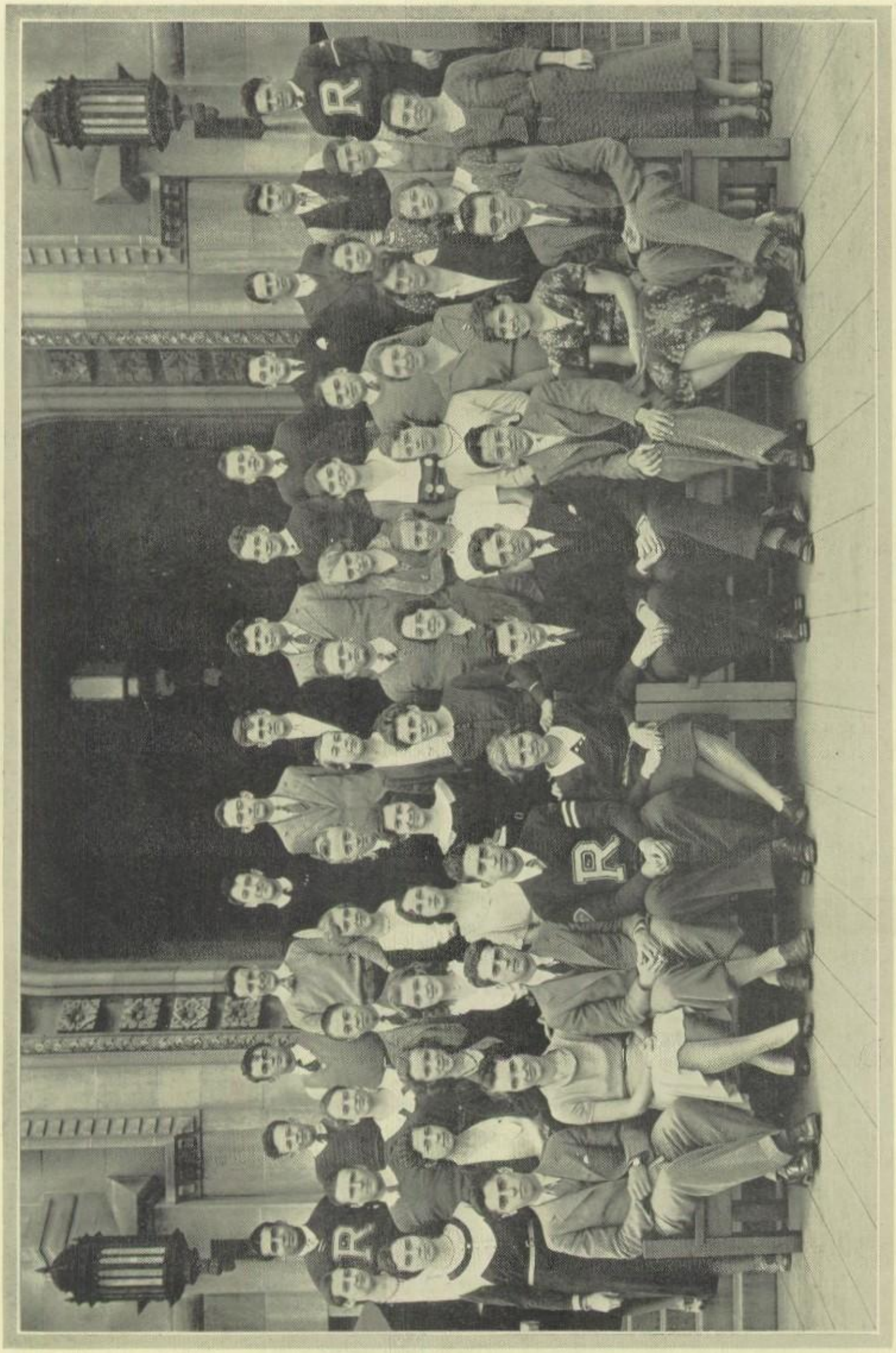
George Morgan

TYPISTS

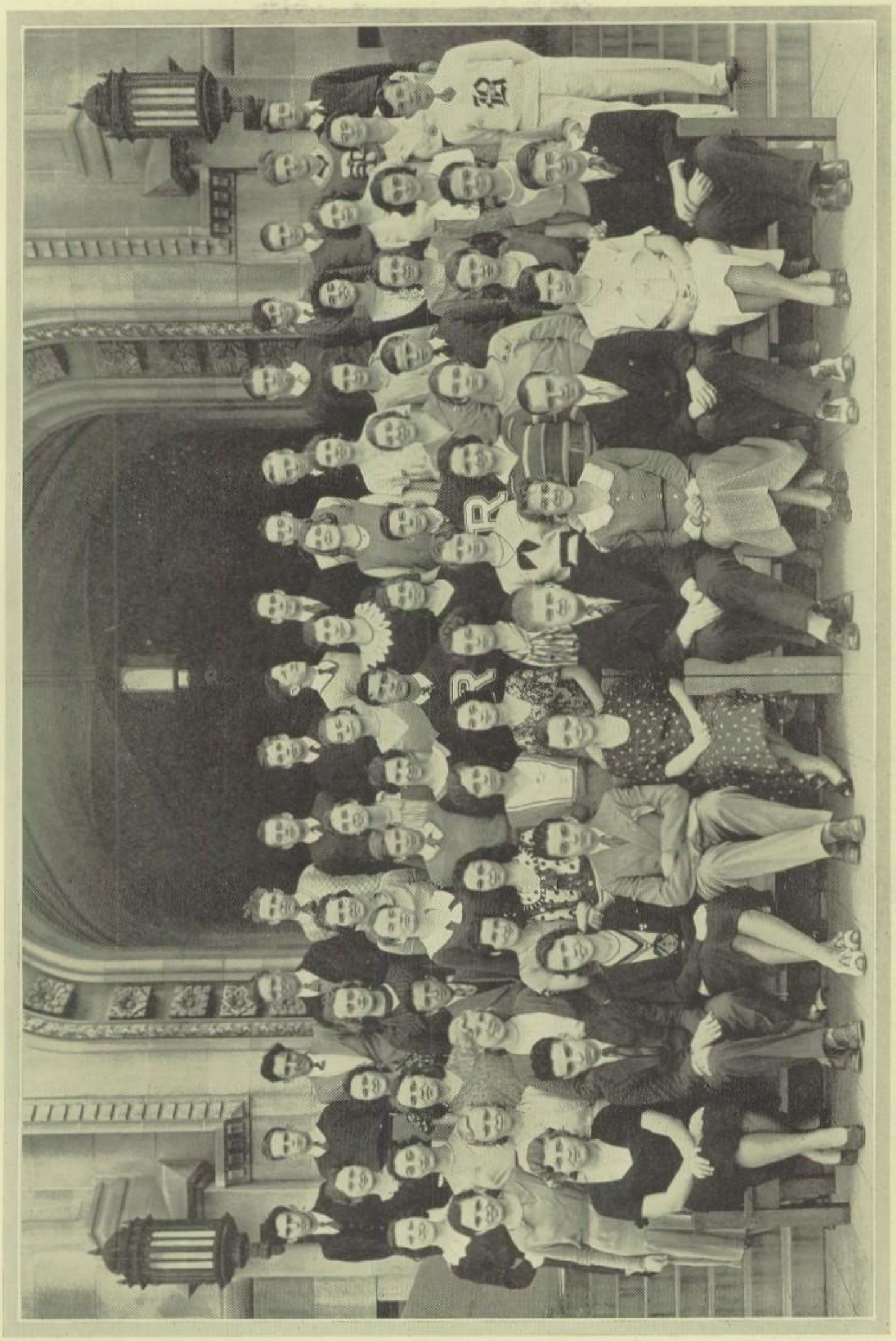
Vivian Dempster, Frances Fuller, Ellen Hammond, Helen Hartmann, Leona Hubert, Robert Hutzel, Mary Pope, Alberta Schoemaker, Genevieve Schmiederer

DISTRIBUTORS

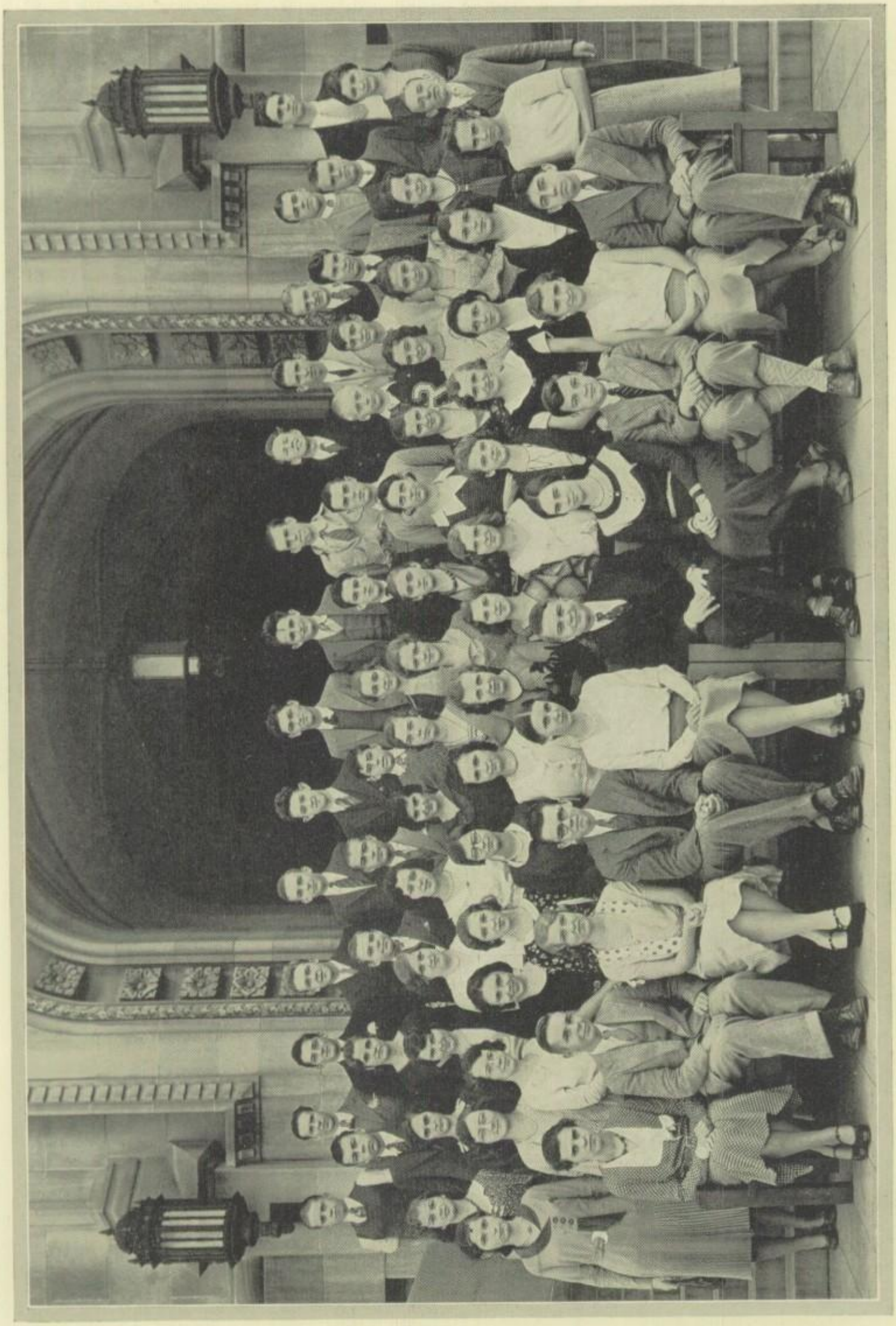
Charles Baronovic, Howard Bartman, Richard Brown, Amelio Ciarniello, Joe Codemo, Sidney Gold, George Gundlach, Bill Kerchanske, George McClure, George Melas, Bud Nall, Al Schattgen, Frank Stern



ROUGH RIDER STAFF



SIXES—GROUP 1



SIXES—GROUP 2

THE SERVICE BUREAU

The Service Bureau, an active factor in our school, was organized in September, 1930, and has been carrying on its work successfully ever since. It is doubtful, however, whether the majority of the students really understand the way it functions.

Every student who wishes to do service of any kind must enroll in the Service Bureau if he desires credit. Those students who have no position but desire one, may enroll, and positions are found for them as soon as possible. No student is permitted to serve unless his grades are above sixty-five per cent, and if a student should fail during the term, he is removed from office and replaced by another student.

Records are kept of each student doing work in the school and an account is kept of the total number of points earned by each pupil. The record card shows the name of the student, type of service, and the number of points received. Each moderator gives the students under his supervision the number of points either maximum or less (each type of service varies in regard to maximum number of points) according to what he believes the person has earned. The records are kept from year to year and at the end of each term the credits for each student are added. Those students having fifteen points to their credit receive a Service R and any student receiving four Service R's receives a Service Pin.

The Service Bureau is organized not only to promote the spirit of service but to stimulate good scholarship. Anyone wishing service work must first prove himself capable of holding a position by getting good grades and then keep up his scholarship in order to retain the position.

The Bureau operates during the seventh period every day in Room 214 and is under the direction of Miss O'Leary. The students who assist in this work are Eileen Sutton, chairman, Fred Caesar, typist and the staff, consisting of Vernita Bighem, Erna Garling, Lucille Hoffman, and Eleanor Schoppe.

SPORTSMAN'S CLUB

Purpose: To encourage cleanliness and conservation in all sports, especially in hunting and fishing.

Moderator: Miss Whitelaw

Time and Place of Meeting: First and Third Tuesday—Room 221.

OFFICERS

January to June 1931

President	Henry McQuade
Vice-President	Irby Bunding
Secretary	Charles Collins
Treasurer	James Greenway
Librarian	Oliver Schiele

ROOSEVELT "UKE" CLUB

Purpose: To enjoy the singing of songs with ukelele accompaniment.

Moderator: Miss Gerdes

Time and Place of Meeting: Thursday at 3 o'clock in Room 227.

OFFICERS

September 1931 to January 1932

President	Shirley Ewart
Vice-President	Marian Hyman
Secretary	Rosemary Phillips
Treasurer	Camilla Best
Leader	Virginia Billmeyer
Pianist	Mildred Grossman

STAMP CLUB

Purpose: To promote interest in the art of collecting stamps and studying philatelic principles.

Moderator: Mr. Lenney

Time and Place of Meeting: Tuesdays—Room 11.

OFFICERS

January to June 1931

President	George Pearcy
Vice-President	Gish O'Connor
Secretary	Carl Morisse
Treasurer	Gary Davidson

September 1931 to January 1932

President	Carl Morisse
Vice-President	Jerry Dunajick
Secretary	Charles Koch
Treasurer	Gary Davidson

SWIMMING CLUB

TRIPLE QUARTET

Purpose: To develop skill and pleasure in ensemble singing and to assist in school activities.

Moderator: Miss Hilb

Time and Place of Meeting: Tuesday and Friday before school and Thursday the fourth period in 301.

OFFICERS

January to June 1931

President	Fred Schuler
Vice-President	Richard Anschuetz
Secretary	Clifford Fischer
Treasurer	Robert Kirby

September 1931 to January 1932

President	George W. Stamm
Vice_President	Fred Saussele
Secretary	Frank Klemsch
Treasurer	Robert Kirby

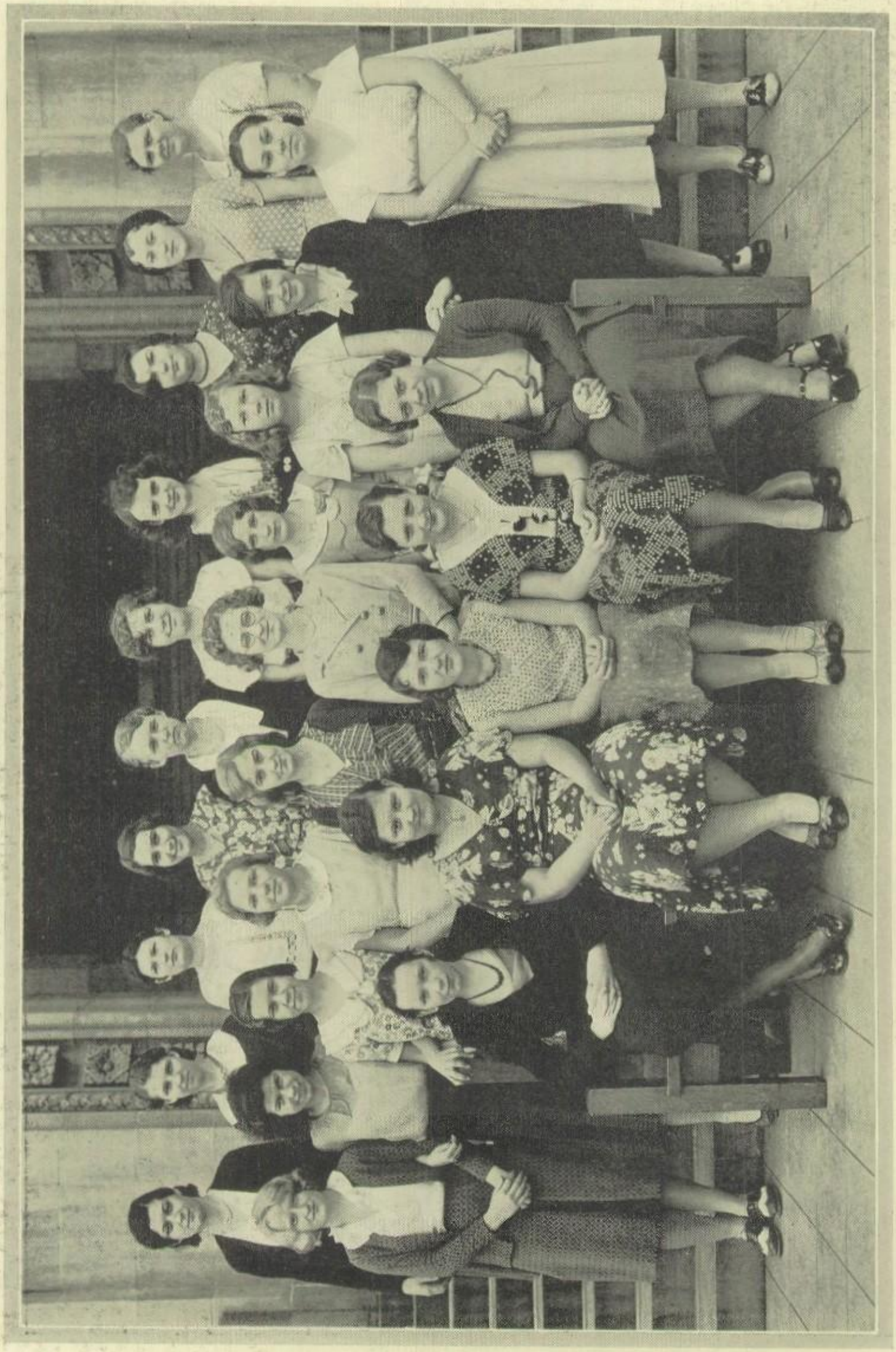
SIXES

Moderator: Miss Long

CLASS OFFICERS

President	Albert Schoenbeck
Vice-President	Billy Evans
Treasurer	Esther Hinnendahl
Assistant Treasurer	James Coughlin
Secretary	Margaret Habenicht
Sergeant-at-Arms	Jack Losse

UKE CLUB



VOCATIONS CLUB

SHAKESPEAREAN CLUB

Purpose: Organized for the study of Shakespeare.

Moderator: Miss Kathleen Nicholson

Time and Place of Meeting: "A" Fridays—2:55—Room 231.

OFFICERS

January to June 1931

President	William Reese
Vice-President	Ruth Henziek
Secretary and Treasurer	Edward Miller

September 1931 to January 1932

President	William Reese
Vice-President	Ruth Henziek
Secretary and Treasurer	Edward Miller

VOCATIONS CLUB

Purpose: To acquaint children with the methods, systems and requirements of various occupations.

Moderator: Miss Esther R. Simon

Time and Place of Meeting: Thursdays—trips to various places.

OFFICERS

January to June 1931

President	Jewell Fish
Secretary	Elaine Fults

September 1931 to January 1932

President	Elaine Fults
Secretary and Treasurer	Virginia Garrett

VOLLEY BALL CLUB

Purpose: To afford recreation for girls interested in this wholesome activity.

Moderator: Miss Cromer

Time and Place of Meeting: Friday, girls' gym.

OFFICERS

January to June 1931

President	Charlotte Anscheutz
Secretary	Elsie Yehling
Treasurer	Hertha Bruckmann

September 1931 to January 1932

President	Nellie Walsh
Secretary	Lena Durbin
Treasurer	Helen Hammel

VOLLEY BALL

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

Moderator: Miss Crowder

OFFICERS

September, 1931—January, 1932

President	Robert Grodzensky
Vice-President	Conway Frye
Secretary	Betty Schmitz
Sergeant-at-Arms	Thomas Draper

A MEETING OF THE STUDENT COUNCIL

"The meeting will please come to order," booms the voice of our mayor, Bob Grodzensky.

Once again, at three minutes of twelve, the mighty student council is in session to ponder on the weighty affairs of Roosevelt.

The secretary monotonously calls the roll and attempts to read the minutes in one breath.

"We will now hear the reports," declares the president. Notebooks flutter, and each "rep," with his or her pencil poised alertly, is "all ears."

Bill, the chairman of the Athletic Committee, slowly rises to his full height and rushes through his report on football tickets, buttons, and football clothing.

Then Virginia, of the Auditorium Committee, rises daintily. Each "rep" listens with bated breath, hoping against hope that the seventh period will be omitted on Monday.

Mary Alice then takes the floor with her complicated citizenship report. We all strain our mentalities to the utmost as she leads us through the mazes of a scholarship report, or tries to explain the coöperative advisory charts.

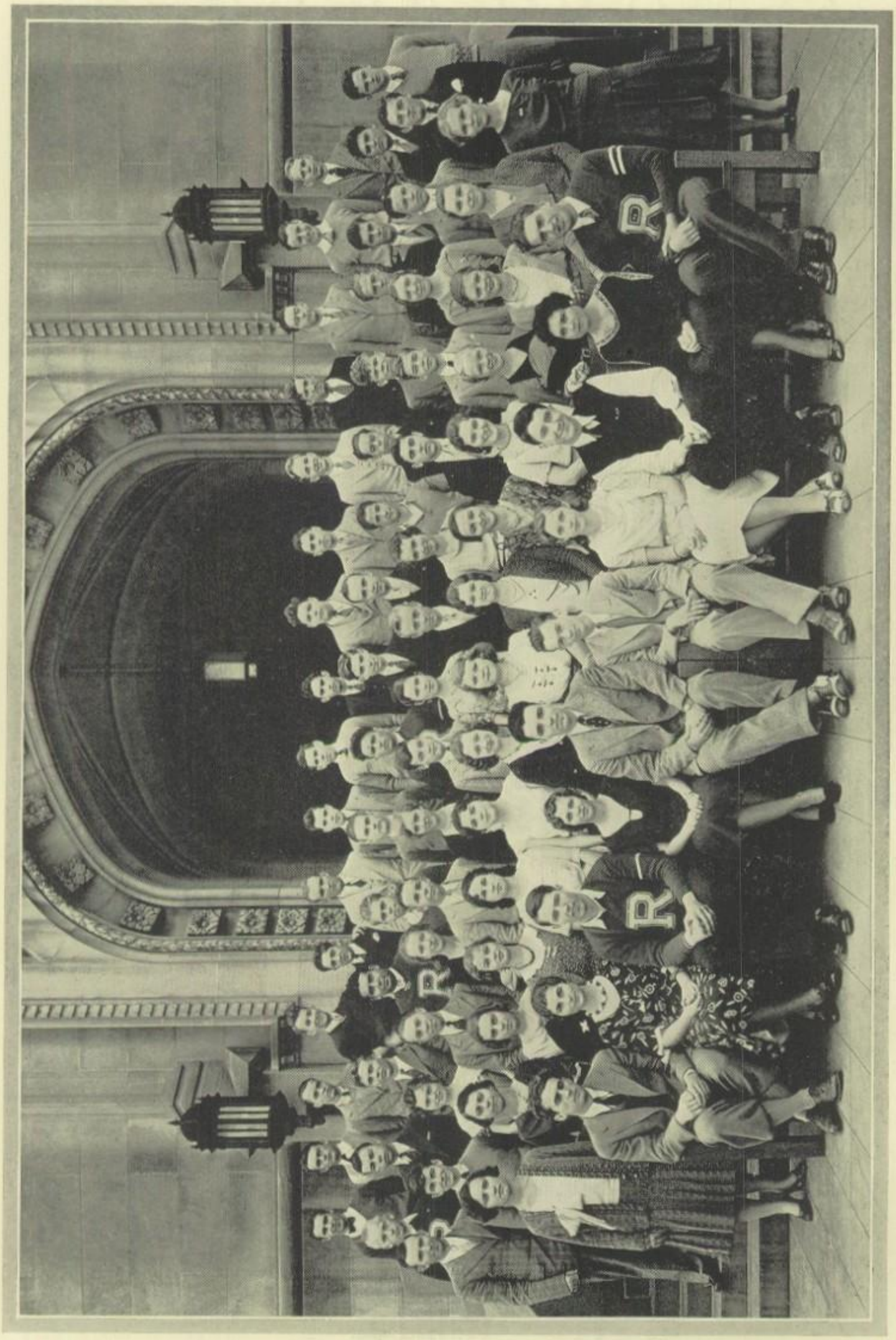
Next, amid the groans of the entire council, up springs Al, holding in his hand several bills, or the inevitable bulletin on how to collect *Rough Rider* or *Bwana* pledges.

Now Milburn, who does his best to keep our school from falling to wrack and ruin, announces that the clock in Room 6 will be repaired as soon as possible.

And, finally, Betty Weideman, who is our diligent welfare guardian, takes the spotlight. She sets the date of the New Jay party at November 6. (Look at the glee registered on all faces. Each "rep" has evidently decided to keep November 6 an open date.)

But no—that isn't the last report. It seems to be a habit with Bob to forget the Thrift Committee. Eli prances down the steps to the front. "Cleveland has whipped us again," he mourns, with a reproachful look round the room. All heads are bowed in shame at this dreadful news.

"Mr. Bishop's group had one hundred per cent!" Eli adds, and Jerry Cowan tries not to look proud of his group.



STUDENT COUNCIL

Then Mr. Grodzensky asks for suggestions as to ways in which this council can benefit the school. In the lengthy discussion which follows, many original, and some too original ideas, are forthcoming. Among the latter, Mr. Draper's suggestion is outstanding. He proposes that a large statue of Teddy Roosevelt be placed in front of the school.

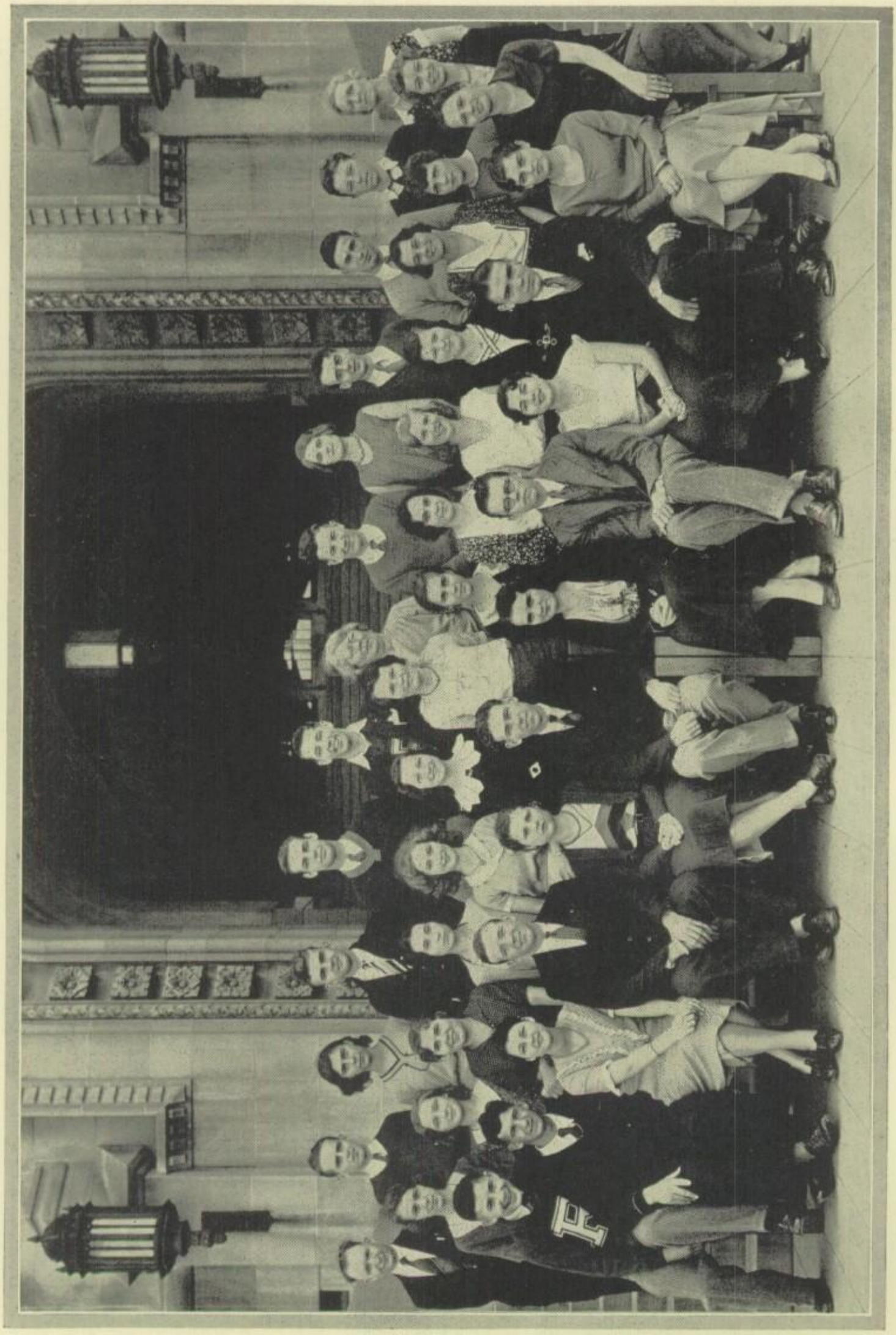
But some kindhearted soul finally puts an end to this futile haranguing by stating that there is hardly enough money for expenses, let alone for visions of this kind. Thomas gives up his brilliant idea with a pathetic sigh.

I am afraid this council will have to be remembered for their spirit and willingness to work rather than for any outstanding accomplishments.

"Is there any old business?" queries Bob, looking suspiciously at Ferdinand Gast.

But the mighty bell waits for no one, and before its peals have reëchoed in the corridors, seventy-three tired and hungry representatives stroll "slowly and sedately" down to their soup and buns.

Submitted by BETTY SCHMITZ



LUNCHROOM SQUAD

Alumni Notes

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

Kenneth Koerner
James Gamble
Larry McDougall
Roy St. Jean
Herbert Morisse
Arthur Sand
Fred Schuler
Kurt Von Bauer
William Ault
Collins Hoy
Vernon Meyer
Jack Weaver
Robert Lungstras
Billy Bolz
Oren Early
Charles Lorenz
Louis Rauscher
Joe Machaschek
Sylvia Detjen
Helen Winkler

Virginia Braun
Norma Branditz
Kathryn Bishop
Helen Boling
Dorothy Whitney
Emily Chipley
Ruth Dougherty
June Edwards
Virginia Dorsch
Carroll Huffstott
Dorothy Rauscher
Genevieve King
Louise Kanasireff
Carol Schotto
Mildred Steidemann
Jane Russell
Katheryn Barrington
Mary Moore
Thelma Young

HARRIS TEACHERS COLLEGE

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Bonner Kennedy
Merceina Weiss
Virginia Langen
James Langen
Sally Breitschuh
Loretta Schipke
Charles Page
Bob Miller
Paul Ransford

James Reese
Bill Turner
Dorothea Knecht
Arleene Carroll
Helen Schneider
Jack Mitchell
Leona Quinn
Eugenia Henke
Elfrieda Salzmann
Alice Stark

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Josephine Flory
Helen Jane Colvin
Muriel Bensinger
Albert Hanser

Ruth Follenius
Mary Louise Renard
Albert Davis
Edwin Hambly

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Betty Fales
Alice Garvin
Edna Dauernheim
Ruth Helscher
Elsie Rogers
Bob Adams

Genevieve Hart

RUBICAM BUSINESS COLLEGE

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Virginia Coon
John Gates
Lillian Lamme
Mildred Ries
Elsa Brandt

Marjorie Ruhle

MISCELLANEOUS

Nathan Tutinsky—University of Illinois
Bob Morris—University of Southern California
Ward Parker—University of Wisconsin
Virginia Emig—William Woods College
Marjorie Williams—Webster College
Louis Tirmenstein—Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Indiana
John Ahrens—College of Worcester, Worcester, Ohio
Donald Dutton—Missouri School of Mines
August Koopman—Missouri School of Mines
James Sloss—Missouri School of Mines
Susan Barrington—Central College
Ruth Brookes—Oberlin College
Oliver Schnitker runs a nut stand at Union Market.
Bernice Caram is staying in Greece.
Richard Anschuetz is studying music in Germany.
Gladys Scrown is taking a P. G. course at Roosevelt.
Helen Thorup is taking a P. G. Course at Roosevelt.
Viania Ireland is working in the office at Stix, Baer & Fuller.

HUMOR

BWANA

On the tardy slips there is a space labeled "Reasons for Tardiness." Here are some of the "reasons" that have been given:

"House was robbed and I had a hard time getting away."

"No good reason."

"Bell rang before I got here."

"Had a flat tire."

"Late."

"Forgot I had an 'A' period class."

"Clock all wet."

And last, but not least, old reliable: "Slept too late."

* * *

FAVORITE SAYINGS OF TEACHERS

Miss Grace—"Look at me, people."

Miss Schlutius—"Such nice people."

Miss Debatin—"Passen Sie auf!"

Mr. Grossman—"You bluffer."

Miss Mills—"All in favor say 'Aye'!"

Mr. Lindsay—"Already so soon yet now!"

Mr. Tugel—"Go to the library."

Miss Lawton—"Attention to the bulletin!"

Mr. Parrott—"Does it register?"

Mr. Lenney—"Do you see?"

Miss Solfronk—"Get some ads, folks!"

* * *

HEARD IN CLASS

"What did Mohammedan have to do to save his soul?" asked the teacher.

"He had to feed the poor and filthy," replied the boy in the front seat.

"What!" cried the teacher. "Where did you learn that?"

"That's what the book says."

The teacher reached for her book and turned to the paragraph in question. She read: "Fourthly, he had to feed the poor, and fifthly——"

* * *

"James I was son of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, and Queen Elizabeth."

A bald-headed man, who has just heard that the hairs of our heads are all numbered, wants to know if there is any place where he can get back numbers.

* * *

Teacher: "What is an organizer?"

Pupil: "The man who makes the music in church."

* * *

"Why do you wear glasses in bed?"

"I am so short-sighted that I can't recognize the people I dream about."

* * *

The teacher was doing her best to explain the points of the compass to her class.

"Willie Jones," she said, "step out here for a moment."

Willie did as he was bid. "Turn around and face the north," ordered the teacher.

Willie turned and faced it. "Now, what's on your right hand?" A flush crept over Willie's face. It's candy," he confessed. "I didn't have time to wash it off before the bell rang."

* * *

Mrs. Newlywed to husband helping her dry the dishes: "Hurry and dry the silver, dear, before it rusts."

* * *

WANT ADS

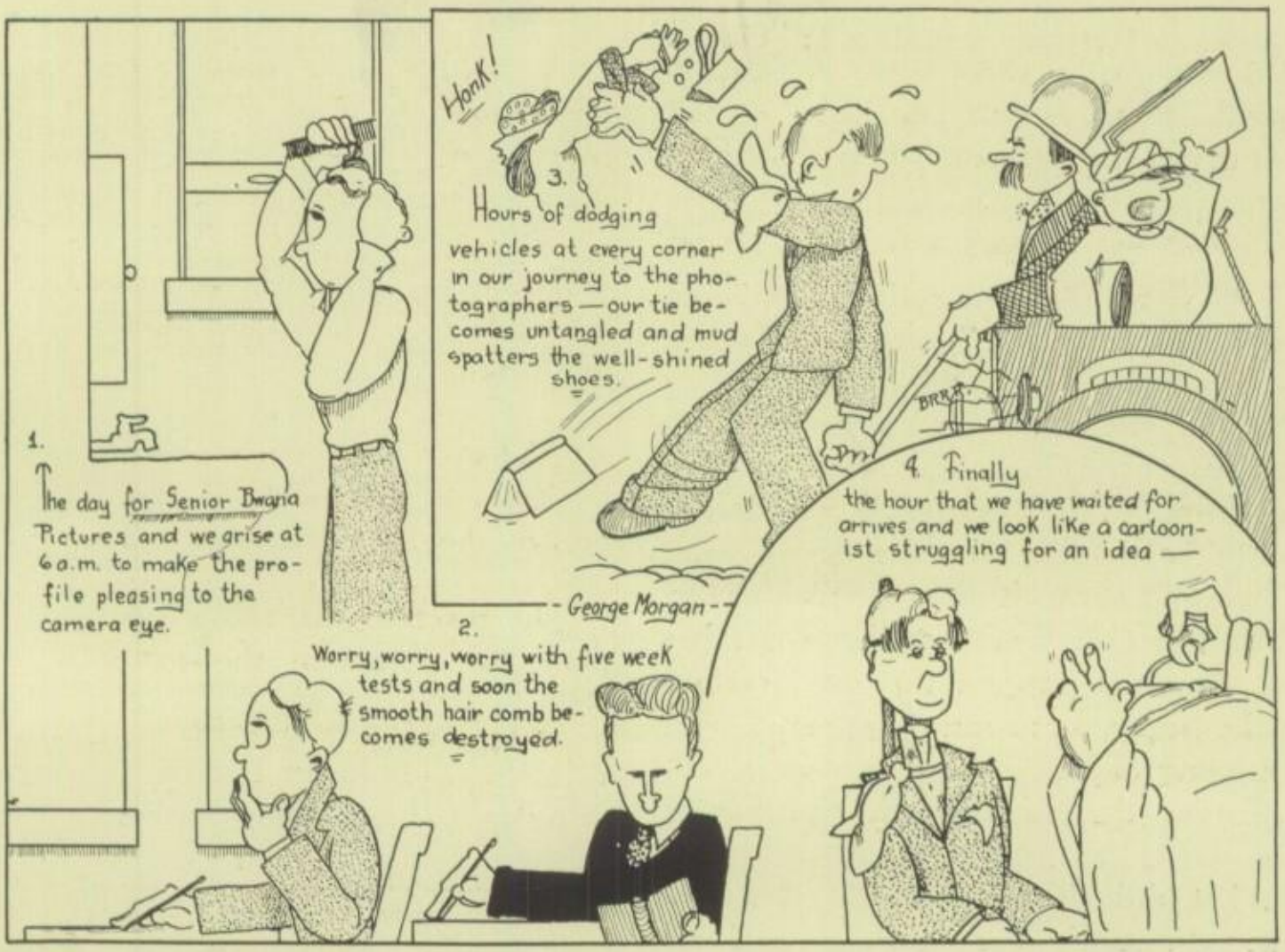
Lost—One good reputation in English through the Tressler test. Finder notify A. S. (Any Six).

Trade—A good diploma and several service R's for 25c, or what have you.—Any Senior.

Lost—Assorted kinds of patience, temper, and ideas about teaching—between September and January 1931. Finder notify A. Teacher.

For Sale: Various excuses for absence, tardiness, etc. Reasonable prices.—A. Senior.

BWANA


1.
The day for Senior Bwana Pictures and we arise at 6 a.m. to make the profile pleasing to the camera eye.
2.
Worry, worry, worry with five week tests and soon the smooth hair comb becomes destroyed.
Honk!
3.
Hours of dodging vehicles at every corner in our journey to the photographers — our tie becomes untangled and mud spatters the well-shined shoes.
BRR
4. Finally
the hour that we have waited for arrives and we look like a cartoonist struggling for an idea —
- George Morgan -

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Our mayor not thinking he's a cheer leader when introducing a speaker?

Bob Kirby not singing?

Your friends paying you the borrowed money on time?

Arleen Thyson and Margaret Habenicht not getting all "E's"?

Al Avery not making wise cracks?

H. Mardorf and E. M. Schnaedelbach separated?

Arthur Kuhl not using 20-syllable words?

Roosevelt's having a girl mayor?

Gerald Cowan not imitating Kingfish, Amos, and Andy?

Miss Runge not busy with articles for the R. R.?

Miss Mills not asking for literary contributions for Bwana and Miss Solfronk for ads?

Bernice Whitney not being sweet and smiling?

Everyone making a deposit on Tuesdays?

Al Schattgen racing?

Mask and Buskin and Citamard not being rivals?

Al Hunn being serious?

Krause with slick, black hair?

Everyone in a tap class on time?

Julian Hoffmann not being president of something or other?

A new-jay party without Mr. Grossman?

Lunch checks without holes?

The Bwana Staff agreeing perfectly?

Mr. Tugel's not talking during a Forum meeting?

Everyone subscribing to Bwana?

BWANA

Salesman (retreating to door): "Good-day, sir."

Business Man: "Aren't you going to try to sell me something?"

Salesman: "No; I sell memory courses."

They were discussing dogs, and the tales were becoming "pretty tall" when one of the group took the lead.

"Smith," he said, "had a most intelligent retriever. One night Smith's house caught fire. All was instant confusion. Old Smith and wife flew for the children and bundled out with them in quick order.

"Alas, one of them had been left behind. But up jumped the dog, rushed into the house, but soon reappeared with the missing child. Everyone was saved, but Rover dashed through the flames again.

"What did the dog want? No one knew. Presently the noble animal reappeared, scorched and burned, with—what do you think?"

"With the fire insurance policy, wrapped in a damp towel, gentlemen."

It is now rumored that an attempt was recently made to form a society to suppress jokes about the Scotch, but that it failed for want of financial support.

Politician: "Congratulate me, dear, I got the nomination."

Wife: "Honestly!"

Politician: "Why bring that up?"

Forgetful husband (to friend): "I want you to help me. I promised my wife I'd meet her at one o'clock for luncheon, and I can't remember where. Would you mind ringing her up at our house and asking her where I'm likely to be at that time?"

HEADLINES

"10 Wildcats Hurt in Elevator Fall on Eve of Battle." I never knew wildcats rode elevators.

"Southern California Star to be Married."—Imagine a Constellation wedded.

"Eli and Princeton to Meet in 55th Battle on Gridiron." Eli must be a pretty strong fellow.

"Heavy Gridiron May Handicap Stanford." Imagine any team on a light gridiron.

"Tulane Claims Title as Tennessee is Tied." Sounds like a rodeo.

"Improved Gunners to Battle Cleveland Team." Looks like a slaughter.

"Washington and Jefferson Jars West Virginia." It looks like W. and J. are going into the pickling business.

WHAT IS A SLEEPER?

A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is the name of a coach in which the sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is the name of the piece of wood that holds the rails on which the sleeper runs while the sleeper sleeps. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper, the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper under the sleeper which carries the sleeper, jumps the sleeper, and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by striking the sleeper under sleeper on the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleep for the sleeper who was sleeping in the sleeper on the sleeper.

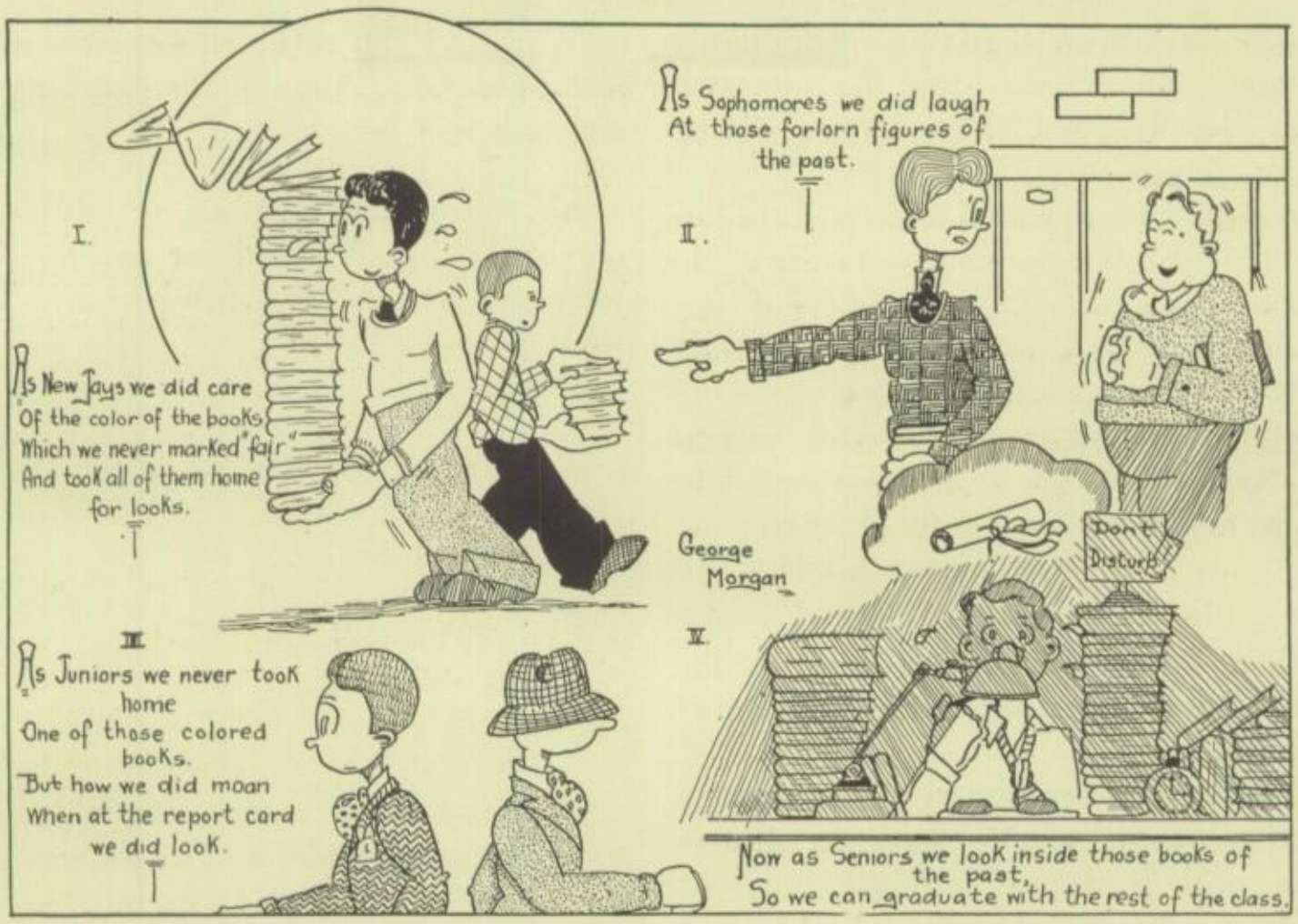
Mr. Kammerer: "What did King Charles become when he was beheaded?"

Krause: "A corpse."

Ladies and gents cleaned, dyed, pressed and remodeled.

"College bred is a four year loaf."

BWANA



WHEN WILL THIS BE?

Lunch room	Less crowded
Some people	Less conceited
Books	Less large
Teachers	Less hard
School days	Less long
Auds	Less far apart
Advisory sessions	Less short
Some people	Less talkative
Tests	Less often
Days	Less long
Nights	Less short
Human race	Less inquisitive

* * *

Magistrate (to prisoner): "How big was the brick you threw? Was it as big as my head?"

Prisoner: "Yes, your honor, but not so thick."

HEARD AT THE CUSTOMS OFFICE

"Born?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"Russia."

"What part?"

"All of me."

"Where were your forefathers born?"

"I have only one father."

"Your business?"

"Terrible."

"Where is Washington?"

"He's dead."

"I mean the capitol of the United States."

"Oh, they loaned it all to Europe."

"Now do you promise to support the Constitution of the United States?"

"Me? How can I? I have a wife and six children to support."

BWANA

Jessie had been sent to a fashionable boarding school, and after the first two weeks she signed her letters home "Jessica."

Presently she received a letter from her father, a plain but prosperous farmer. He wrote:

"Dear Jessica: I received your welcome letter. Mammaica and Tomica are quite well. Tomica has a new friend named Samica Jonesica. Aunt Maryica and Uncle Georgeica have gone to Mississippica.

Your loving Dadica."

When Booth Tarkington was visiting Naples, he was present at an eruption of Vesuvius.

"You haven't anything like that in America, have you?" said an Italian friend, with pride.

"No, we haven't," replied Tarkington, "but we've got Niagara Falls that would put that thing out in five minutes."

Little Emily had been to school for the first time in her life.

"Well, darling, what did you learn there?" asked her mother on Emily's return.

"Nuffin," sighed Emily hopelessly. "I've got to go back tomorrow."

"Oh, yes," said the boaster, "I suppose I've traveled to every corner of the globe in my time."

"That's impossible," said the bored listener. "The globe is a spherical body, and therefore has no corners."

"Bill," said Bert during a duet at the village concert, "they must be in a hurry now; they're puttin' two on at the same time now."

Warning! To touch these wires means instant death. Anyone disregarding this warning will be arrested.

Mr. Grossman (explaining addition in algebra): Let A stand for apples, B for bananas, and C for cranberries. Then what you you have?

Pupil: Fruit.

Teacher: Now tell me what kind of clothes a pussy wears.

Pupil: Clothes?

Teacher: Yes, clothes. Does she wear wool? Does she wear feathers?

Pupil: You poor lady. Ain't you never seen a cat?

An Englishman was visiting this country for the first time, and as he was driving along the highway, he saw a large sign, "Drive slow. This means YOU!"

The Englishman stopped in surprise and exclaimed, "My word! how did they know I was here?"

"Well, Willie," said the uncle jovially, upon the return of the little boy, "what do you do in school all day?"

Willie pondered. "Well," he said gravely, "mostly I wait until it's time to go home."

"What is raised in damp climates?"

"Umbrellas."

Sign at a roadside service station: "Cars Washed, $1; Austins Dunked, 25c."

The teacher was putting questions to the class. "What do we call a man," he asked, "who keeps on talking when people are no longer interested?"

"Please, sir," replied a boy, "a teacher."

BWANA

Very few big jobs are held by men who honk and honk in a traffic jam.

How is it possible that some men can sleep soundly all through a band concert and yet wake up in the middle of the night if the nightwatchman happens to whistle "Rock of Ages?"

Mrs. Brown: "Dear, I saw the sweetest little hat downtown today."

Mr. Brown: "Put it on and let me see how you look in it."

"We shall reside at the Old Manse," answered the bride.

And the reporter wrote:

"When they return from their honeymoon the newlyweds will live with the bride's father."

First Student: "Did you ever take chloroform?"

Second Ditto: "No, I didn't. Who teaches it?"

A dentist says that he had an absent-minded motorist in his chair the other day. "Will you take gas?" he asked.

"Yeah," replied the a.-m. patient, "and you'd better look at the oil and water."

Mr. L.: "How is your boy getting along in high school?"

Mr. S.: "Ach! He is halfback on the football team and all the way back in his studies."

Punctuate this: He said that that that that man used should have been which.

First: "What becomes of all these love triangles?"

Second: "Most of them turn into wrecktangles."

Weather-man: "Put down rain for a certainty this afternoon."

Assistant: "Are you positive, sir?"

Weather-man: "Yes, indeed. I've lost my umbrella, I'm planning to play golf, and my wife's giving a lawn party."

Golfer (to players ahead): "Pardon me, gentlemen, but would you mind if I played through? I have just heard that my wife has been rushed to the hospital for an operation."

Judge: "Why did you hit the dry goods clerk?"

Mrs. Knocker: "Well, your honor, I asked her to show me something suitable in neckwear for myself, and she looked at my neck and then handed me a wash cloth."

Sunday School Teacher (reading of the deluge): "And then it rained for forty days and forty nights."

Bright Pupil: "And were the farmers satisfied then, teacher?"

Waiter (at the club): "There is a lady outside who says that her husband promised to be home early tonight."

All (rising): "Excuse me a moment."

The fire brigade of a small village had turned out in response to a fire call. While they were rushing their hand cart through the village, an excited villager dashed up to the chief of the brigade.

"Chief," he shouted wildly, "another fire has started at the other end of town!"

The officer turned on the man and looked at him fiercely. "Can't help that!" he snapped. "We've got our hands full here. They'll have to keep the other fire going until we get there."

ADVERTISEMENTS

BWANA

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"If there were four flies on a table, and I killed one, how many would be left?" inquired the teacher.

"One," answered the bright little girl. "The dead one."

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10. 74

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3142 Morganford

LAclede 4770

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See

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PRospect 9582

"Do you remember that couple we met on the steamer we took such a violent fancy to—I mean the couple we invited to visit us?"

"Yeah. You don't mean to say——"

"Yes, the idiots are actually coming."

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5. Approximately 943

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ANSWER TO "DO YOU KNOW"
9. 520

Midnight came. "Wow—wow—wow." And another, "Wow-o-oww!"

"Four bawls, I walk," sighed the baseball playing father as he slid out of bed.

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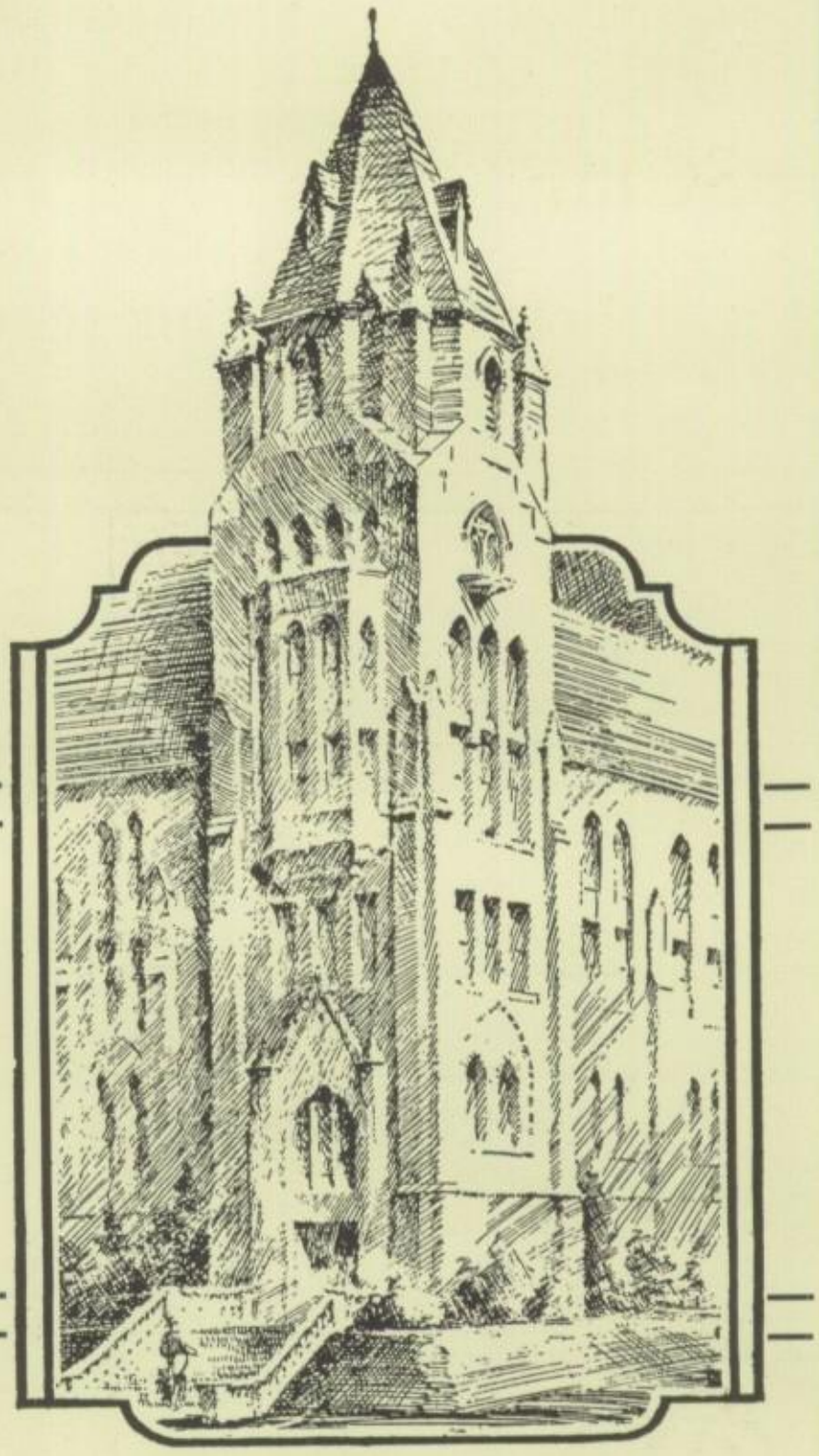

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2. 2660

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And he said unto the light,
"Either you or I, old feller,
Will be turned down tonight."

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ANSWER TO "DO YOU KNOW"

4. About 40

Bather (to old negro sitting on bank): "Sam, there are no sharks here are there?"

Sam: "No, suh."

Bather: "Are you sure?"

Sam: "Yas, suh, de alligators done chased dem all away."

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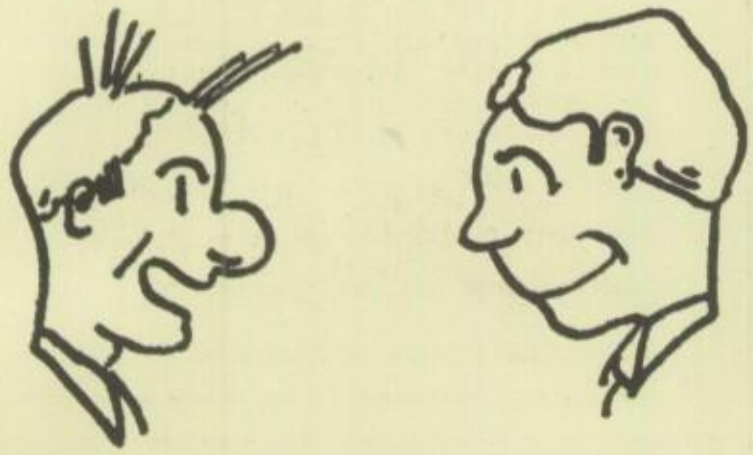

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6. 52

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ANSWER TO "DO YOU KNOW"
8. 1256

Teacher: "Give me a sentence with the word 'eclipse' in it."

Boy: "When my brother sees a funny joke in the paper, eclipse it out."

Farmer: "What are you doing up in my apple tree?"

Small boy: "Believe it or not, mister, I just fell out of an aeroplane."

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ANSWER TO "DO YOU KNOW"

1. 104

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ANSWER TO "DO YOU KNOW"
14. 99

Aunt Dora was taking her first trip on a train. When the conductor came through the car, calling for tickets, Auntie readily gave up hers. A few minutes later the peanut butcher came down the aisle.

"Chewing gum," he shouted.

"Never!" cried Aunt Dora courageously. "You can take my ticket but not my gum!"

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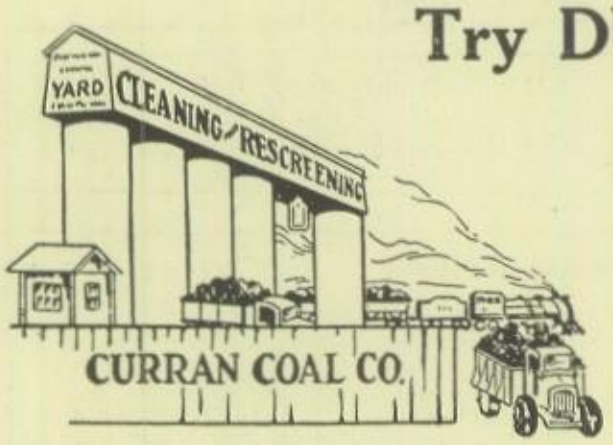

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ANSWER TO "DO YOU KNOW"
11. 101

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Florist

Gravois at Mississippi

Phones:
VIctor 4963 VIctor 4964

A dishevelled stranger made his way to the police station.

"Are you the sergeant in charge?" he asked.

"I am," replied the man in uniform, who was seated at the desk.

"I'm lost," said the dishevelled stranger.

"You are, eh?" replied the sergeant, as he continued writing. "Well, if you can prove that anybody's missing you, we'll take up the case."

Foreman: "Now, Murphy, what about carrying some more bricks?"

Murphy: "I ain't feeling well, sir; I'm trembling all over."

Foreman: "Well, then, get busy with the sieve."

* * *

Now, then, Tommy Brown," said the teacher, "I want to ask you a problem. Suppose there were 5 children in a family and their mother had only 4 potatoes to share between them. She wants to give each child an equal share. How would she do it?"

"Mash the potatoes," said the boy.

* * *

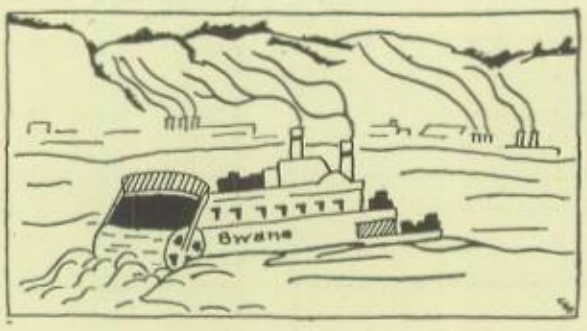
The absent-minded professor was busy in his study.

"Have you seen this?" said his wife, entering. "There's a report in the paper of your death."

"Is that so?" returned the professor without looking up. "We must remember to send a wreath."

* * *

Vicar (at village concert): "Miss Jones will sing again—'I Cannot Tell You Why!' "



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